Collier's

TEN CENTS

FEBRUARY 6, 1943

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TEN YEARS OF JOY

ARIAS BETYN

CHINA FLIGHT

The Gripping Story of an American Girl in the Hands of the Japanese. By

P CK

J H HENDERSON
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Feb 6 '43

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SHEAFFER'S TOOLS OF WAR *for Writing!*

A trim, slim thing of efficient beauty is this pen of pens, Sheaffer's Tuckaway, built for a life of comfortable pen satisfaction. It doesn't matter where you carry it, nor in what position. That's one reason why it's a perfect pen for any uniform pocket—clipless, it tucks away SAFELY in any pocket or purse. Into it are built those staunch qualities that cement life friendships—the instant readiness to be useful; unfaltering, smooth efficiency that you so quickly take for granted because it's a Sheaffer *Lifetime*,* identified by the White Dot.

Note: Your dealer is doing his best to provide you with Sheaffer writing instruments under a rationing program to conform with curtailed production. Sheaffer hopes that those available will perform useful functions in vital war work on the Home and Battle Fronts.

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Write the men in the Services frequently. Your letters are the next thing to actual bullets in keeping up their morale. When writing overseas, use Uncle Sam's fast, new V···– Mail service. V···– Mail letters are photographed on 16 mm. film, flown overseas, and there reproduced and delivered one-fourth the original size. Thus, it's important that your letters are written in the color which photographs best —BLACK. Ask for V-BLACK SKRIP, ideal for V···– Mail, because it writes a lustrous, ebony black, sure to give clear, legible reproduction.

Above: "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY *Lifetime* pen, $12.50—pencil, $4—for men or women, without clip, carries safely *in all positions* in purse or pocket. • V-BLACK Skrip, Fineline leads, 15c each; economy sizes 25c each

*All *Lifetime* pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c

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3:15 P.M. E.W.T.; 2:15 P.M. C.W.T.;
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Copyright, 1943, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.
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It takes nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we can make just to supply the boys in uniform with their favorite dentifrice. They come first, so they will continue to get Pepsodent . . . even if the rest of us may have to use it more sparingly for the duration.

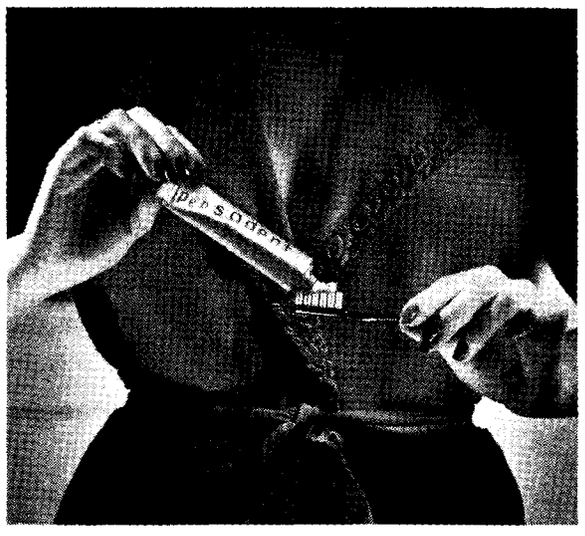
The biggest number of new customers in history are asking for Pepsodent these days. Yet, despite this record demand, there are wartime limitations on how much Pepsodent we can make. So it's easy to see why there may not always be enough to go around.

If your druggist has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent, don't blame him. He, too, is limited. Try him again in a few days when his next allotment comes in. And remember: Don't hoard. Help save enough for others . . . and there will be enough for you.

Keep your smile bright...but

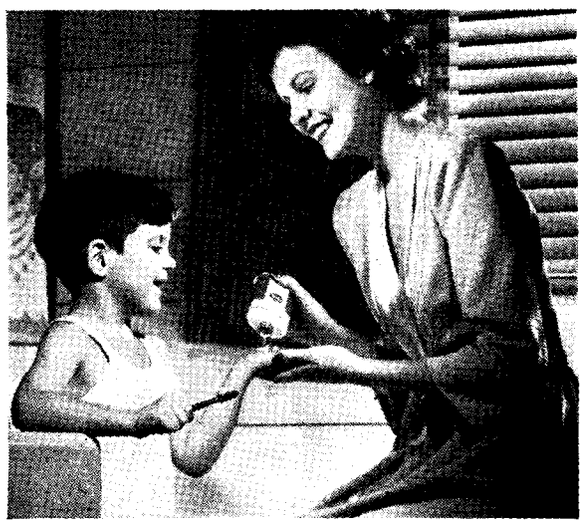
DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

1. MOISTEN your brush before applying tooth paste. Otherwise paste may wash down the drain. Finish brushing teeth before rinsing brush.



2. MEASURE out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube from the bottom. Replace cap after using.

3. POWDER should be held in the palm of the cupped hand. *Don't* sprinkle powder onto tooth brush. Dab—don't rub—moistened brush in powder to pick it up.



4. SHOW children that a small amount of tooth powder is all that is needed. About enough to cover a five-cent piece is plenty. Always measure it out for them.

5. GET the full effectiveness from tooth brushes by hanging them up to dry after you use them. Soggy, worn, wilted brushes are inefficient, waste Pepsodent.

6. DENTAL SCIENCE knows no more
dients than those in Pepsodent—
need only a little to make teeth

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Don't Put a Cold in Your Budget!

DURING THE "COLD" SEASON I HIDE MY HANKIES, PRAISE THE THOUGHT AND PASS THE *KLEENEX TISSUES.* IT'S EASY ON HUBBY'S NOSE ...EASY ON MY LAUNDRY BUDGET!

(from a letter by V. P. B., Newark, N. J.)

WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) **WAR SAVINGS BOND** FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH

WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.

ADDRESS: KLEENEX 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

War Blonde!

NEATNESS IS A WAAC ESSENTIAL. SO, I CARRY FOLDED *KLEENEX TISSUES* IN MY UNIFORM POCKET TO WIPE OFF SHOES AFTER MARCHING...TO SAVE HANKIES!

(from a letter by H. H., 5th Co., 1st Reg. Fort Des Moines, Ia.)

No Strain on Me!

SAVING GREASE FOR UNCLE SAM IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT AND MIGHTY EASY TOO WHEN YOU STRAIN IT THRU *KLEENEX!*

(from a letter by D. M., Kansas City, Mo.)

DON'T ARGUE— ONLY KLEENEX* HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!

SAVES TISSUES-SAVES MONEY

BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME

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Collier's

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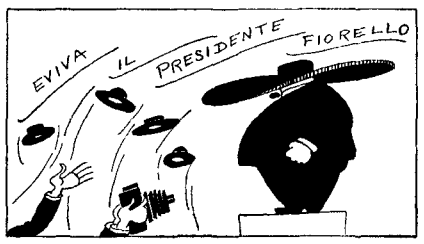
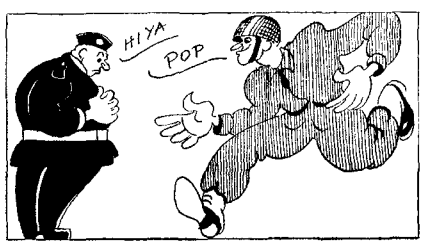
ANY WEEK

FROM Colonel Wm. L. Boyd, commander at Hickam Field, comes a rebuke. In our December 12th issue we published a paragraph by Freling Foster stating that six Japanese machine gunners had sneaked into Hickam Field in a milk truck on the morning of December 7, 1941 and shot down 80 American soldiers. This, says the colonel, who knows, is purely an old woman's tale. It didn't happen, despite reports. We are sorry.



EVER since Winston Churchill called upon the people of Italy to get rid of Mussolini—or else—we've been worried. Our readers have offered numerous solutions for the disposition of the fellow after he is given the much-demanded bum's rush. Some see a fortune in managing him as a wrassler. A group of advertising men want him to ballyhoo reducing foods—after treatment of course. A large packing plant wants to render him for lard. A circus wants to clown him. A department store in New York wants him for a blimp in its Thanksgiving parade. The Navy suggests he be used for target practice for dive bombers. A clothier who specializes in oversize pants wants to fit him out and stand him in his window. A theatrical producer would like to have him for a comedy role in a burlesque show. A chemist thinks that Musso could be transmuted into a rubber substitute. Several jobs as doorman are offered by hotels, night clubs and shops. But no one except our dependable friend, Colonel Dudley Silent Haddock of Tampa, Florida, has come forward with a suggestion for the deflated Duce's successor. The colonel nominates Fiorello H. La Guardia, now mayor of New York City, as first president of the Republic of Italy. "Of course," writes the colonel, "there would be a certain amount of confusion in Italy, to say nothing of quite a little noise, but Fiorello would soon have Axis affairs far, far beyond mending and Adolf would be glad to settle for a good night's sleep."

FREQUENTLY have we wondered why letters seldom if ever are written to us by Chinese. It's not that we lack Chinese readers. Consulting our circulation department, we discover that we have quite a number, some of them being pretty important businessmen. Some years ago we heard occasionally from Mr. Leon Ming-shu from Manila, but either he got sore at us or just quit or something. Now, however, comes one from Mr. George Kwan Yen of San Francisco, whose letter concludes with: "With despise and distain for the ultimate impotent enemies." Mr. Kwan's letter is filled with regret that the United States is not equipping vast armies of Chinese to barge eastward against the Jap, instead of sending "numerous and brave white boy soldiers westward, who learn with pain and reluctance the manner in which to kill the soldiers of Japan which is the only manner—complete killing and no acceptance of surrender. The Japanese," he goes on, "spread the propaganda that the white Western powers fear the too great strength of the Chinese and so will not arm too many. Gladly would the Chinese exterminate if given the arms and permitted to approach the enemy in his unlawful lairs. It is the difference between the Occidental view of humanitarianism and the Oriental. We the Oriental believe it is most humane to exterminate from beginning (the child) to the end (the adult) all Japanese. This we would do because it is merciful to the Japanese, who would not then hope to exterminate us, a hope that will always be Japanese unless he is removed from the possibility of hope —i.e. exterminated. For the Chinese, it would be a gracious gesture to do so."



BUT some of the letters lean toward the nasty side. Here, for example, is one from Pfc. Ray Hannagan of Fort Ethan Allen in Vermont. "That heavy wind that swept eastern United States a few days ago," says Pfc. Hannagan, "was not the ordinary atmospheric disturbance. It was the combined sigh of relief from a large number of guys who have just passed their thirty-eighth birthday." We detect a fear in other correspondence. From Mr. Herbert Belstein of Minneapolis, Minnesota, we learn that his son, Corporal Herbert Belstein, has written him from England to this effect: "Dear Pop: For years I had to listen to your stories of the first World War. Also I had to see you strutting around in that American Legion outfit of yours. Just wait until I get home. Oh, boy!" . . . W. D.

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THIS WEEK

FEBRUARY 6, 194

SHORT STORIES

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Fourteen Dollars and a Girl. You Hilary learns that everything has price. Page

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They Can't Hurt Us, Kid. He sa ficed his future for a memory. Page

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Strangers on the Place. Think tw before you call a man yellow. Page

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St. Olaf's Day. It brought gc fortune to the Viking. Page

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Are You a Short Snorter? Step ri up and lose your shirt. Page

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●

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Keep Up with the World. Page

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EDITORIAL
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COVER ARIAS BERI

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HOPPING is hard work. Charley Allen is puffing, perspiring—and feeling foolish. But he gladly follows the doc's directions.

Charley's buying another life insurance policy—*and, at the same time, another stake in his electric light and power company.*

Probably, like most folks, he doesn't look past the policy. But it's a fact that *his* insurance company will take *his* premium dollars and put them to work for *him*—partly in utility securities.

Here are interesting figures furnished by the Institute of Life Insurance:

1. As of December 31, 1942, some *67 million people* owned 134 million life insurance policies in 300 different companies.

2. These companies, in turn, owned $5,060,000,000 of utility securities.

3. Through the life insurance companies alone, therefore, *90% of the adult population* of the United States has a big stake in the utility industry.

The electric companies under business management—which provide the great bulk of the power for America's war production—are literally built by *the savings of the same people they serve.*

Clearly, almost *every American* has a real interest in preserving the American system of business management under public regulation—the system that has produced more goods and more services for more people at lower cost than any other in the world!

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 98

ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

**Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.*

Invest in America! Buy War Bonds and Stamps

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REMEMBER: 5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT

...GIVE YOU GOOD LOOKING HAIR!

HERE'S HOW: Shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb or rub it on your scalp . . . that's all you'll need to keep your hair right from morning till night! Simple—yet it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff, by supplementing the natural scalp oils. And as an extra aid, before every shampoo, massage your scalp vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—and rub a little on afterwards. Remember . . . for double care, both scalp and hair, use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly. Remember, too . . . it's different because it contains no drying ingredient

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Hitler's high regard for the numeral 7 is shown by the fact that he holds Membership Card No. 7 in the Nazi party, that he allowed himself seven years to prepare for war and that he admits he will need seven years to conquer the world and another seven to teach the German people how to rule all humanity forever.

A warplane, when firing a torpedo, must travel very close to the water so the projectile will land horizontally. If the plane is too high, which occasionally happens, the torpedo may strike the surface at too sharp an angle, flip over backward and travel in the opposite direction.—*By Roderick M. Grant, River Forest, Illinois.*

Today London broadcasts the voice of Hitler more than that of any other man. Hour after hour and day after day for many months, the BBC has broadcast to Germany recordings of his war speeches so Germans will not forget his arrogant assertions and extravagant promises.

Among the many articles now in use that are better than those they have replaced, owing to scarcity, are nylon paintbrushes, which are superior to hog-bristle brushes: atabrine, which is superior in some ways to quinine in the treatment of malaria; and Foamglas, which is superior to cork, balsa and kapok as a filling for life preservers and life rafts.

New petroleum derivatives include ammonia, glycerin, toluene for explosives, butadiene for artificial rubber, styrene for plastics and a wide variety of alcohols for industrial solvents and extractants. Some of these petroleum alcohols are being produced at such a low cost that other kinds can no longer compete with them.

Sicily, the steppingstone between Africa and Europe, has a highly vulnerable coast of seven hundred miles, probably one of the reasons why it has been invaded and occupied, at one time or another, by fifteen different nations.

Nelson Stepanyan, an Armenian dive-bomber pilot in the Red Air Force, was recently made a Hero of the Soviet Union after he had destroyed five bridges, five ammunition dumps, seven long-range guns, twelve armored cars, thirty-three ships, thirty-six railroad cars, sixty-three antiaircraft guns, sixty-seven tanks and seventy-eight trucks.

Plates of artificial teeth are now being held in place by magnets, four being inserted in the upper molars and four in the lower molars. Each set of magnets has like poles, which repel each other and therefore hold the plates firmly in place.

The United States Army today contains only about twenty corporals and twenty-five sergeants, of all grades, for every hundred privates. As the Army's Tables of Organization provides for ratios of approximately thirty-five corporals and forty sergeants, there is ample opportunity for promotion to these noncommissioned grades.

In Frascati, Italy, a prosperous town fifteen miles from Rome, the Germans have ordered out the entire population of 20,000, taken control of their homes, hotels and famous wineries, and made the place into a fortress. No Italian has ever been permitted to visit it since.

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To the World She Was an Angel . . . to 8 Men She Was a Devil!—Her Father, Husbands, Sons, Lovers!

THE Strange Woman

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Retail Price of Both Books, $3.75 in the Publisher's Edition

JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to all men that when she was only four years old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Carruthers to elope with her mother! She drove her father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her! But as a child-bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living—for all his seventy years!

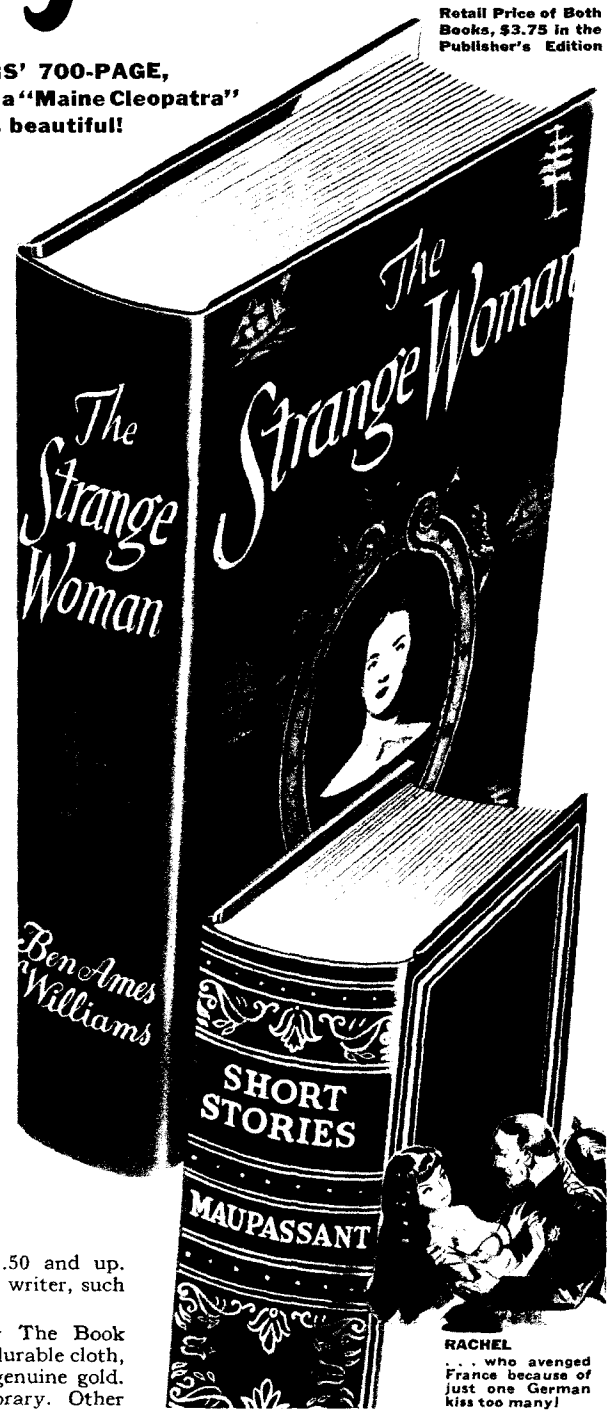
A strange excitement shone in Jenny's eyes whenever she saw pain inflicted—a passion which drove her to do strange things under its impulse. To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature more naked and shameless and merciless than death itself! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

"Every Woman Is a Wanton"

Yes, she was more than a match for Ephraim, who had once boasted to his friend John Evered that "he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met, and usually found it, too!" Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But the truth was beyond belief—and John, too, fell under her witch-like spell. Who wouldn't—after he had spent a bitter winter's night under a Cape Cod haystack with her?

But John was different. Jenny loved him and their four sons—until she deceived even him with pious Elder Pittridge, to whom she whispered, "You're really good, aren't you? I like making you do things you think are wicked. It torments you so."

In *The Strange Woman* you'll meet an utterly amazing, human character at the heart of a rich, gaudy, full-bodied novel—and a character you'll long remember!



RACHEL . . . who avenged France because of just one German kiss too many!

and THIS THRILLING, SHOCKING, 502-PAGE SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT

IN addition to receiving free THE STRANGE WOMAN you ALSO get—on this special offer—the 502-page SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT: *complete, unexpurgated.* Nearly 100 stories of love, hate, intrigue, passion, madness, jealousy—the frankest, most daring stories of their kind ever written! Read *Forbidden Fruit*—in which Henriette, tired of marriage, begs her husband to take her out one evening as he would a mistress! Read about "*Ball-of-Fat,*" buxom girl of easy virtue who alone could save a party of more respectable folk in a dash through German-occupied France—and what she did! And read *The Diamond Necklace, Love, The Piece of String, The Mad Woman, Mademoiselle Fifi, Story of a Farm Girl, Bed No. 29, The Wedding Night,* all the best works that made de Maupassant "father of the modern short story."

The Best of the New—And of the Old

Each month ONE of the Book League's selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, John Steinbeck, Ethel Vance, Erskine Caldwell, or Somerset Maugham—a book selling everywhere for $2.50 and up. The OTHER book is the collected works of a great writer, such as this de Maupassant volume.

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Miles high, meeting a stream of bullets, or holding steady through a volcanic eruption of explosive shells, or pulling out of a power dive with a shock that brings mental blackout—our eager young pilots have the physical, mental and spiritual equipment to master every danger. But whether the pilot comes back often depends on his plane, on what the engineers designed into it—on what the manufacturers built into it . . . and finally on the devoted servicing of the ground crew. Therefore, the men and women who are making Sealed Power piston rings, pistons and cylinder sleeves for airplane engines are keenly aware of the need for precision, for toughness and utter reliability in every part. These craftsmen are working hard for volume, but also working carefully for quality.

* * *

On the home front Sealed Power engine parts are helping to save oil and gas, to keep our irreplaceable cars and trucks at top efficiency. Sealed Power Piston Rings are still available in packaged sets, individually engineered for each particular make and type of engine. Ask for them by name. They cost no more than ordinary rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

Every gun, tank and ship is half scrap. Send your scrap to war.

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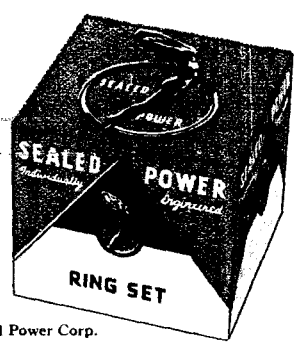
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves



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WING TALK

Former Texas cowboys, now in the Army Air Forces, ride the Gunnery School's fence line to safeguard straying cattle

THE Navy had the laugh on the nation's volunteer aircraft spotters recently. That Japanese Zero fighter they salvaged in the Aleutians and rebuilt at San Diego, California, was flown across the continent to Washington, D. C., without being detected. At least, say naval airmen, not a single report was made to a spotter control station during the entire flight, so far as the Navy can determine.

Of course, the captured Zero had been repainted and bore American insignia, but aircraft spotters are trained to recognize planes by their silhouettes. Painted insignia cannot be seen except at very low altitudes and moreover they can be easily faked.

And lest the Navy's laugh should turn out to be not so funny next time, naval experts are turning to a new system of aircraft identification which promises to outstrip existing methods. It was developed by Doctor Samuel Renshaw, professor of experimental psychology at Ohio State University, and is being taught at a new Navy school established at that institution.

The older systems of aircraft recognition require spotters to identify planes by their parts. Best known of these is the WEFT system. Students learn the shapes of the wings, engines, fuselages and tail assemblages of all American, Allied, enemy and neutral airplanes, and can determine one from the other accordingly. Several different types of planes may have the same shape wings, perhaps the similar number and outline of engines, but the silhouette of their tails or fuselages would hardly be the same also.

While the WEFT system has worked fairly well—training films of this type are still in use in the Navy—it has one failing. Spotters often have only a split second to decide whether a high-speed modern plane is friend or foe before it is on them, and the mental operation involved often takes longer than that.

The Renshaw system operates on an entirely different theory. Under it, recognition of planes depends, say Navy men, upon the visual perception of the whole plane rather than by analyzing and adding up its parts. A detailed description of how the system works cannot be given but it seems to involve training and exercising the mind to instant and accurate perception.

Beginners first are shown a card bearing a half-dozen numbers for a split second. They then try to repeat them. At the start, they can remember only one or two of them, but with practice, they not only get them accurately, but can be given more numbers and less time to see them. More difficult mental exercises of this kind are given as the course progresses.

The Ohio State school is training Navy instructors now to teach the system throughout the service. Our Army and the British are also interested. American Army Air Forces officers as well as members of the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. are under instruction there.

WHO said the horse no longer has a place in warfare, just because the cavalry is not so important as it once was? We've had Horse Marines, mounted Coast Guard beach patrols, and now the first horse Army Air Forces unit!

Down at the new Army gunnery school at Laredo, Texas, the government has leased large areas of ranch land for a gunnery range, which runs for sixty-three miles along the Rio Grande. Army authorities agreed, under the leases, to fence in the range and keep the cattle from wandering into the path of machine-gun bullets.

They hadn't counted, however, on one thing every rancher knew very well—that fences need tending. Lest the government be constantly presented with claims for shot-up steers, the Army commander at Laredo procured some horses and established a regular patrol. Former Texas cowboys who enlisted to fight in the air found themselves riding range mending fences again.

THERE'S such a thing as doing a job too well. Glenn Martin officials found it out after the camouflage experts got through with their airfield and plant. Field runways were not only invisible at any bombing height, they couldn't be seen by pilots trying to land. Result: The runways had to be enlarged to avoid accidents. . . .

JOHN G. NORRIS

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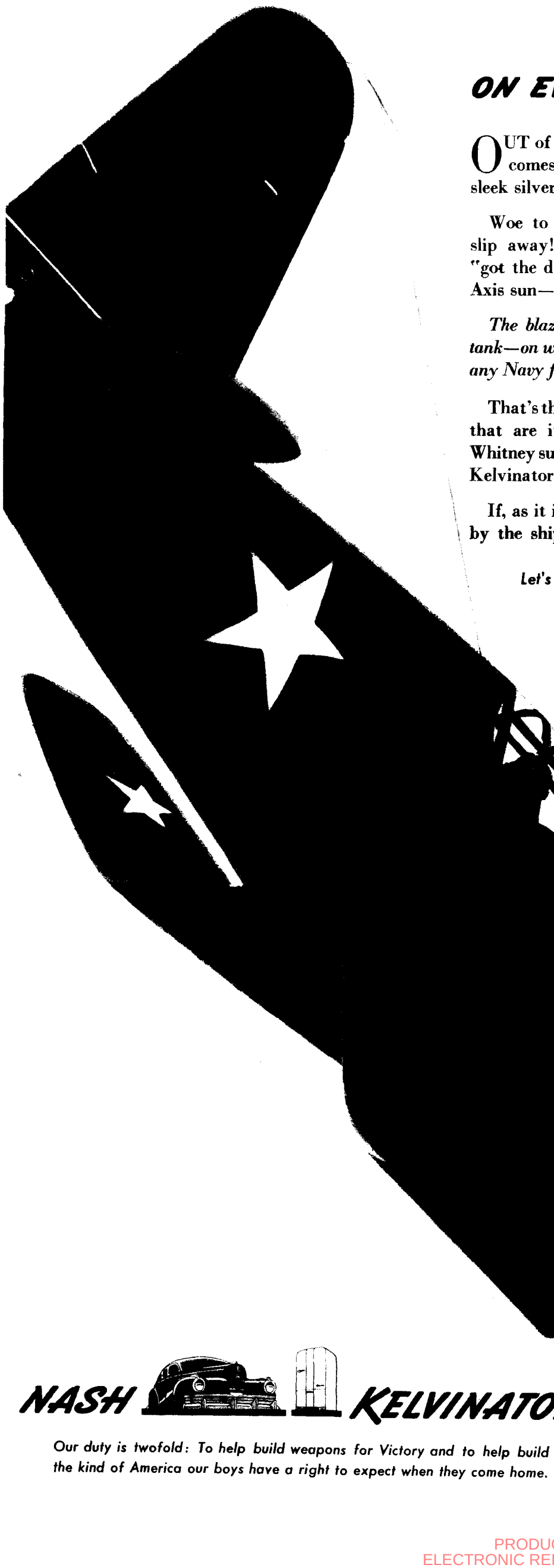

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ON EVERYTHING UNDER THE AXIS SUN!

OUT of the blue of the stratosphere he comes—a lad from the U. S. A. in a sleek silver bullet.

Woe to any Jap or Nazi that tries to slip away! This new Navy fighter has "got the drop" on everything under the Axis sun—

The blazing, blasting sock of a mighty tank—on wings that fly it higher, faster than any Navy fighter now known!

That's the *Corsair*—and the 2,000 horses that are its fighting heart—a Pratt & Whitney supercharged engine—are a Nash-Kelvinator war responsibility.

If, as it is said, the victory will be won by the ships that outfly the Axis—then the men of Nash and Kelvinator can take particular pride.

For their colors have long been flying there. Swarms of British and American bombers that have been blasting the Axis are equipped with Nash-Kelvinator propellers. Yes, made by the men who yesterday built the refrigerators and automobiles for America at peace.

In this blood-bond of men at machines and men at the battle fronts is the strength of America.

They shall not fail, any more than our gallant flyers shall falter, until the last shot is fired—the last bomb finds its target in blazing Tokio.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Let's keep the battle rolling—with War Bonds and all the scrap we can collect!

NASH KELVINATOR

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Collier's

Will he bring soldiers in with him? she thought. Her pistol was loaded and ready. She would manage so

CHINA FLIGHT

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Beginning a great new novel by one of the world's most distinguished women. In ten parts

THE three Americans standing in front of Shigo Kuyoshi drew a little more closely together. They had never seen one another before and it was altogether by chance that they met here now before the tall, slender, smiling Japanese who sat behind the heavy mahogany desk of an office, the Japanese Foreign Office, in Shanghai.

"Lieutenant Daniel James," Shigo Kuyoshi read slowly from the card in his hand. A few minutes ago Daniel James had written his name on the card at the door, two Japanese guards holding his elbows while he did so.

"Your name?" Shigo looked across his desk at the young American. He smiled, and his handsome face was instantly charming.

"Yes," Daniel James said shortly. This was the sort of Japanese he had never seen before, this fellow behind the desk. He spoke English like an Englishman and he was taller than most Americans.

"And why are you here?" Shigo asked gently.

"I was stopped on my way back to my ship," Daniel James said in the same curt tones.

"Your ship was—?" Shigo's pleasant voice had the slightest of rising inflections.

"The U. S. S. Petrel," Daniel replied.

"Ah, she has sailed," Shigo said. "Regrettably you could not have caught her in any case. She sailed two days ago."

Daniel's heart stuck in his bosom for a second. "I left her two days ago on shore leave, so I don't believe you," he said.

"No?" Shigo said. He leaned forward and the light fell on his face. His skin was pale and fine and his oval eyes were as clear as a child's. The light glimmered upon his polished black hair. "Why not? It would only be usual for all ships to try to clear port before war was declared."

Daniel James did not answer this. It was perfectly true that Larry Harmon would try to clear his ship of port before he got caught and interned. But somehow he had felt by one means or another Larry would try to hold the ship until he got there.

"You were where?" Shigo's voice, resonant and low-pitched, put the question.

"I was—outside the city," Daniel said. "Naturally the moment I heard about Pearl Harbor—"

The words choked him. He could not bear to mention the name of Pearl Harbor before this foul Jap? The blood rose thickly

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The houseboat had been furnished with everything to make a holiday gay, and Leone had been the prettiest decoration of all

up his neck and flushed his face suddenly crimson.

"Damn the lot of you!" he said loudly.

Shigo laughed. "Were I in your shoes, after Pearl Harbor, I should be saying worse than that," he said gaily. He took out a gold cigarette case from his pocket, opened it and held it out to the American girl who had risen to her feet a few moments ago, with what purpose he did not know.

"Miss Barchet, a cigarette?" he asked.

She shook her head, and the elderly American woman to whose side she had come to stand, smiled at her. "I'm glad one young girl don't smoke, my dear," she said in a loud, plain, comfortable voice. She was a short, stout, strong-faced woman, dressed in a plain gray suit of a cut worn ten years ago, and her white hair was drawn back under a man's felt hat with a large hatpin driven through the crown. "Seems like they all do, though. I know my girls always do when they come to the house, and I have a time breaking them of the habit. But I always try, for I notice that with us women one thing leads to another, and if I can get them to stop smoking it's often the beginning of a new life."

Jenny Barchet smiled faintly. She was an extremely pretty girl of the blond, blue-eyed American type whose ancestors had come from Sweden.

"I do smoke sometimes," she confessed. "But not now."

"That's right," the older woman said heartily. "Shipman's my name, Mrs. Shipman. Give it up for good, dear. It gives men the wrong idea about what you are. You listen to me, child—I know. Maybe you never heard about the Gate of Hope, but—"

"Yes, I have heard of it," Jenny Barchet said. "I am a newspaper reporter and there isn't much about Shanghai I haven't heard. I think everybody knows you, Mrs. Shipman, and the good you do."

Mrs. Shipman laughed. "Have we met before, my dear? I meet so many girls."

"No, we haven't met before," Jenny said.

She caught the dark eyes of the Japanese fastened upon her as she spoke, appreciative and warm. She pressed her lips together.

"This young lady is scarcely one of the girls you might know, Mrs. Shipman," Shigo said smoothly. "She is an honorable young lady from the United States of America, who is the correspondent for a very important newspaper, quite one of the leading American newspapers, and she was sent here to cover the war in China—am I correct, Miss Barchet?"

"Yes," Jenny Barchet said. "And now if you please, Mr. Kuyoshi, I would like my passport."

THE smooth black eyes slid away from her. Shigo turned to the older woman.

"And you, Mrs. Shipman—why are you here this morning? Do you want to go away, too?"

"You know why I am here," Mrs. Shipman said loudly. She held her large, worn, black handbag firmly over her stomach with both hands. "I'm here for exactly the same reason I'm here any day in the week. I want you to keep your men out of my house, that's what I want! That's the first thing. The second thing is that my rice allowance has been cut. Now you told me last week that wouldn't happen again. Last week you said—"

Shigo held up both his hands in front of his face, laughing and pretending to shield himself from her. They were striking hands, rather large and very muscular, but as smooth and beautifully kept as a woman's.

"Now, now, Mrs. Shipman," he protested. "Last week we were not at war with you."

"What do you mean at war with me?" Mrs. Shipman demanded. "You and I never have been friends."

Shigo dropped his hands and shook with laughter. "Oh, Mrs. Shipman," he sighed. "You will kill me with laughing! Dear lady—"

"Don't you dare call me dear lady!" Mrs. Shipman retorted belligerently. "I don't like being called out of my name by anybody."

Shigo rolled his eyes in mock helplessness from Daniel's face to Jenny's. In neither did he find the slightest response. They stood both of them motionless, their faces grave, and suddenly he sobered.

"Very well," he said sharply. "Here are the facts—for all of you. You, Lieutenant Daniel James, will go to prison—for the duration, if you live so long as that. You, Miss Jenny Barchet, will be interned. You will return to your hotel, and remain there within its bounds. I believe there is a compound about it large enough for you to exercise yourself. But you will not leave the gate. Mrs. Shipman, since we are not friends, we are enemies. You also will be interned. Because of your age and your good works, I will not put you in prison, although it is within my right to do so, and I will do so, if you give me any trouble whatever. If my men come to your house, they come. If you have not enough rice to eat, you will do without rice to eat—"

"You snipe, it's not for me but for my girls I want the rice," Mrs. Shipman said coldly.

"You will speak to me with respect or go to jail," Shigo said. He rose and shouted in Japanese to the four guards who stood at the two doors of the room. They closed in upon the three Americans and forced them together, bayonets at their backs.

"Forward—march!" Shigo shouted.

Jenny Barchet walked proudly at the side of the tall young man she had never seen until half an hour ago when he had been led in between guards. Now she looked up at him, and sent him a smile and he smiled down at her.

"We'll get out of this, one of these days," he said in a quick, low voice. "Meet me at Jack's, will you, in San Francisco?"

"Or before," she answered. At their backs two bayonets pricked.

"What's your hotel?" he asked against the pricking bayonet.

"Cosmopolitan," she answered.

"Floor?" he asked again.

"Third, room second to the right from the elevator," she said.

He nodded.

But Mrs. Shipman turned violently at the other side of him and gave the bayonet a great push with her bag.

"You take that thing out of the small of my back, you vagabond," she said to the Japanese soldier in her big flat voice. "I'm goin' of my own free will anyway."

The guard crouched as if to prod her through, but Shigo Kuyoshi shouted suddenly in Japanese and the man fell back sullenly.

"You had better be careful, Mrs. Shipman," Shigo said. "I shall not always be at your side."

"For that, thank God!" Mrs. Shipman said firmly.

The door closed behind them on his peculiar bright smile.

OUTSIDE the door the two women turned together to cling to the young man's hands.

"Take good care of yourself," Mrs. Shipman said. Her large kind face was full of anxiety. "I don't like what I hear about these Jap prisons."

"Don't you worry," Daniel said, "I won't let them do anything to me. I'll be safe enough locked up in jail. But what about you two?"

(Continued on page 28)

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How Doth the Busy Beaver—

By Bill Cunningham

Nature taught the beaver how to build dams because he couldn't survive without them when winter cracks down. She also taught him to work hard, stay home and mind his own business—which makes this likable Little Guy one of our best citizens

MAINLY, it's because winter's here, and the Little Guy has to eat. Also, he has family responsibilities. There's the wife, for instance. He must love her, because in the spring he gets married for keeps and when the ice king cracks down through the birches and balsams there are from four to eight youngsters clamoring for groceries.

Nature forgot to teach the Little Guy how to hate and almost didn't teach him how to be afraid. He won't fight—so he has to work.

That's why he and all the other beavers build dams.

A beaver is a submersible woodchuck with a bigger displacement. Normally about the size of a well-grown Scottie, his sitting-up build is along the lines of a tenpin. He sits up a lot. He does a lot of two-footed walking. An average beaver is two and a half feet long, a foot high and will heft 50 pounds, although a big buster of 80 pounds is no startling exception. He's not exactly handsome in the Clark Gable sense, and except in hydraulic engineering he doesn't seem to be especially bright.

His back feet are webbed like a duck's, and his forefeet are little hands like a monkey's. Distinctive and generally misunderstood is his broad, scaly tail. This peculiar appendage, some ten inches in length and half as wide, is not a trowel, as some museum gazers suppose, but a rudder when swimming, a brace when sitting or standing, and above all, a means of transmitting bad news.

As soon as a beaver scents danger he spanks the water with that tail. On still days the ringing spat can be heard a quarter of a mile away and every beaver within earshot disappears.

Being a heavily furred citizen, he inhabits northern latitudes, and being amphibious, he resides in and near water, mostly in it, and never wanders far from it. His major diet is the bark of certain trees that grow along streams—poplar, alder, willow and swamp ash being his preference in about that order. Without these, he will die. Lily pads and water plants are an occasional entree, but bark is his staple.

Although big enough to fight, and armed with a personal sawmill and sharp claws, his disposition is so angelic that it's apparently never dawned upon him to battle it out with predators as they stalk him ashore or power-dive at him. Or maybe it's because he doesn't see very well in daylight.

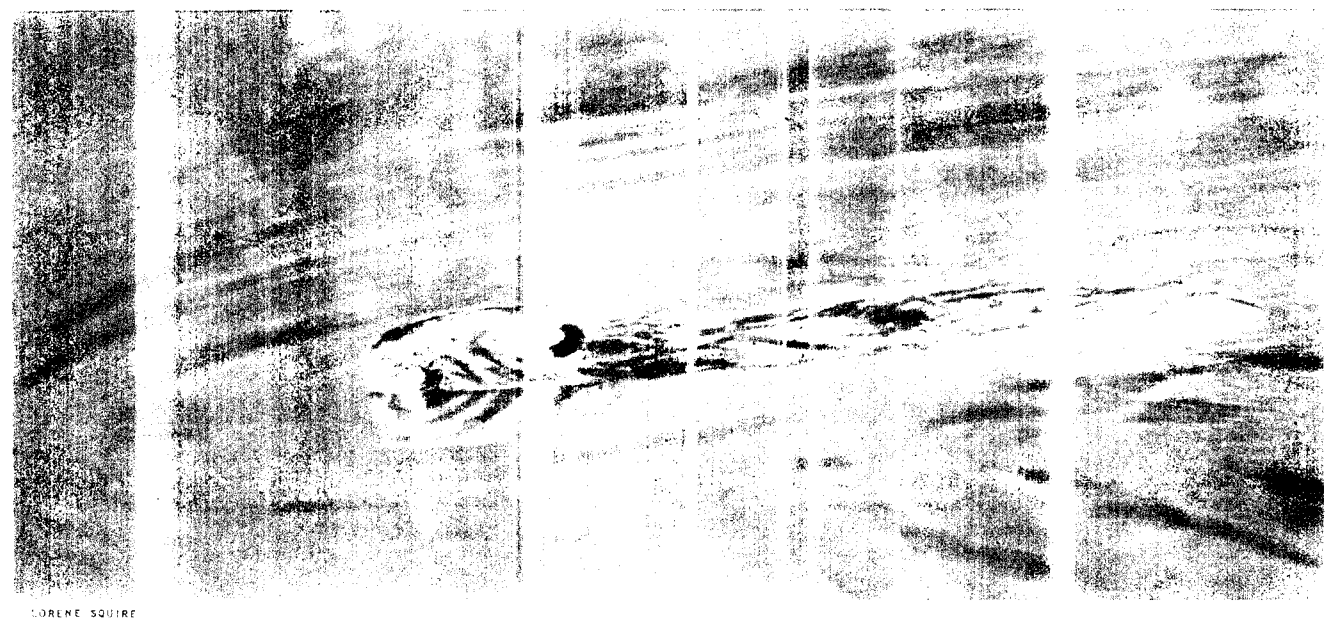
Surprise a beaver on shore and he'll often run head on into a tree or a stump as he tries to make for his pond. And that's what he does make for against no matter what enemy. Clumsy and seemingly punch-drunk on land, he's grace itself in the water. He can dive and swim like a loon, or, closing his nostrils, relaxing his muscles and dropping his heartbeat from 100 to 50, he can sink like a flatiron and stay down 15 minutes, which is quite a trick for an animal as big as a dog.

However, if you keep him under much longer he'll drown. Water is vital to him. His entire existence rests on it and in it, yet he can live indefinitely out of it, and for only a limited period under it.

It's really the inevitability of the hard northern winter that makes the beaver build a dam. A beaver's routine is the truest long-range barometer ever devised. He's a citizen of the north, and north means winter, and winter means ice, and ice means no open water to plunge into for refuge. It means snow hard to track through for the cutting of bark. It means ravenous enemies able to stalk and even to sprint across what has been the pond before winter sets in. It means nowhere to duck and *(Continued on page 59)*

LORENE SQUIRE

This beaver dam is completely overgrown with pines. It has become a permanent obstruction and a small lake has been formed to provide a haven for waterfowl



LORENE SQUIRE

Here are two shots of beavers at night when they prefer to do their work. Above: A beaver takes a swim. Below: Make a sound and this one will jump in

LORENE SQUIRE

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Your Blood for the Wounded

By Ruth Carson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS AT LEDERLE LABORATORIES AND BY LARRY MONAHAN

The use of blood plasma is one of the medical wonders of this war. In the last war we had to depend on whole-blood transfusion, which cannot be done under every emergency condition. Now blood plasma, collected by the American Red Cross, is aboard ships and on all the battle fronts. It comes in a neat little package, ready to use in two minutes' time, anywhere.

Three years ago the use of plasma was experimental. Today it is a proved success. Separated from the blood cells, plasma is dried and vacuum sealed. Unlike whole blood, it requires no typing, no refrigeration. It has the emergency life-giving qualities of whole blood.

"Astounding but true," says Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy, "the Navy is losing less than one per cent of the wounded at Guadalcanal. Plasma," he adds, "is one of the greatest medical developments of the past century."

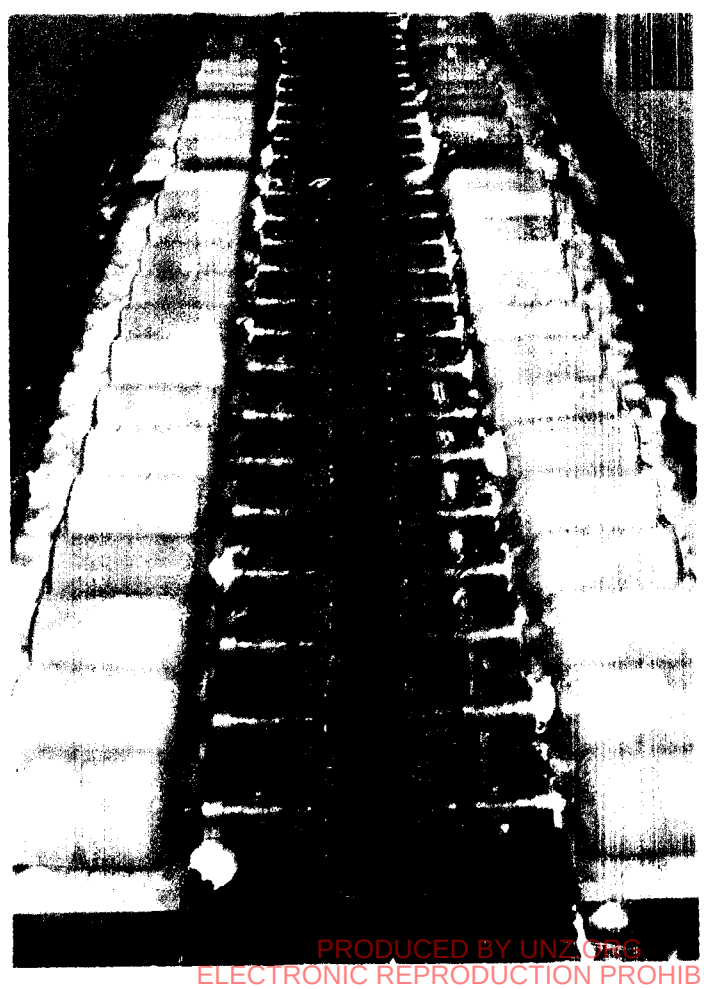
Tremendous amounts of blood plasma are needed. It has required as many as 22 transfusions to save the life of one man. Receiving now close to 50,000 pints of blood a week from donors, often from grateful service men, the Red Cross has stepped up its 1943 quota to 3,000,000 pints. Here is the story in pictures of what happens to your blood after you have donated it to the Red Cross.

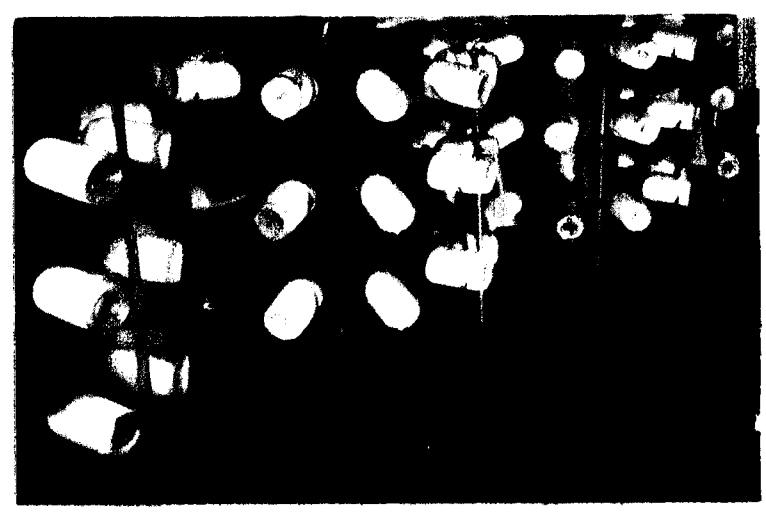
1

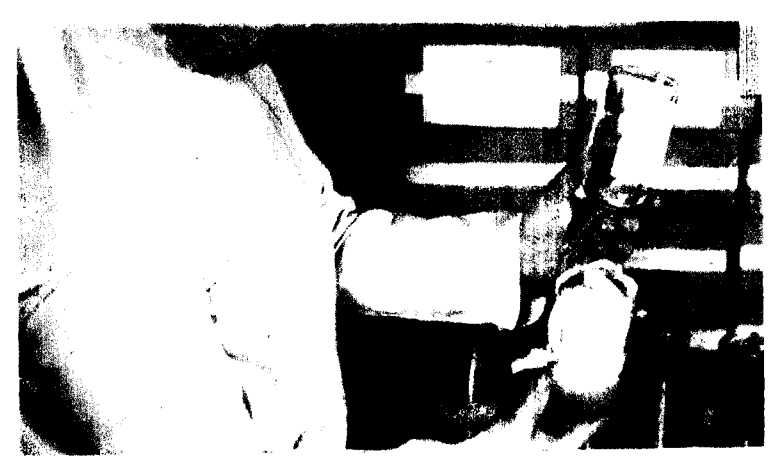
2

PROCESS of blood donation (1) is painless. After medical examination, donor lies down, spot on arm is sterilized, anesthetized, needle inserted, bleeding takes about eight minutes for one pint. Afterward, donor feels cocky, proud. Many volunteer again. Within 24 hours, blood arrives in portable refrigerators at laboratory. Bottles of blood (2) ready to be examined for possible contamination. (3) Bottles of blood come out of machine which has separated plasma from blood cells by centrifugal force. Dried plasma must be completely free of red cells. (4) Samples of clear and cloudy plasma. Cloudy plasma is result of fatty foods eaten by donor. Donors are requested not to eat solid or fatty foods for four hours before giving blood, because too fatty plasma cannot be used. (5) Plasma is siphoned off several bottles into one pool. After pooling, some plasma is further processed to isolate albumin portion, another valuable blood substitute. (6) Albumin ready for use. Shipped in liquid form, albumin does not require addition of any other material, takes up less space than dried plasma kit, yet does same lifesaving job. It takes over three units of plasma to make one of albumin, and the method of removing albumin is extremely intricate, requiring highly trained personnel. Therefore most plasma is dried after being put into final containers holding amount equivalent to that obtained from one bleeding. Like foods prepared for dehydration, it is first frozen to speed drying. (7) Freezing must take place within 72 hours after bleeding, is done by rotating bottles of plasma in trays of dry ice and alcohol. Frozen plasma looks like frozen orange juice. Final drying takes place on these machines (8) by proc called vacuum desiccation. Dried plasma looks about li powdered milk. Vacuum-sealed bottle of dried plasma vacuum-packed in tin (9) along with needles and tubi needed for transfusion. In another tin goes bottle of d tilled water. They are packed together, a complete k Reconstitution of plasma (9) takes about two minut One end of double-ended needle goes into stopper diluent bottle, other end into stopper of plasma bott

(10) Landis D. Morris of Olar, South Caroli wounded in action in North Africa, receives plasma tra fusion at Walter Reed Hospital. Doctors say plas transfusions here and abroad helped save his life. Mor twenty-two, is a first lieutenant, Infantry, recently ceived Purple Heart decoration. ★







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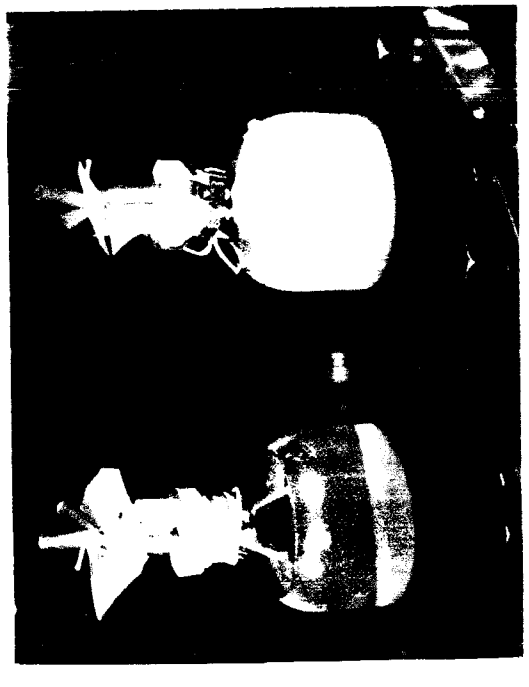

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KAYPEES DON'T FLY

BY ARCH WHITEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

Meet Pvt. Flint. Armed only with a lowly spud, he soared into battle with such telling effect the Luftwaffe will think twice before engaging him again

WHEN the 47th Bombardment Squadron comes home and settles down to the horrors of peace somewhere in Tennessee, they'll probably erect an heroic statue of Private (2d Class) Albin Herkimer Flint in front of the Administration Building. Just Private Flint in his shirt sleeves, bearing a massive murphy in one hand and a large service jackknife in the other.

K. P. duty seems to do things to a man. Any mess sergeant will swear that an excess of spud peeling, where a man is alone with his thoughts, continually thumbing the blade of a jackknife, is likely to nurture strange ideas or encourage flamboyant dreams. It sure did something to Private Flint.

Corporal Krause told me about this one afternoon when he came into the armament shed to see about a new drift for his No. 2 gun. Every time he tells it he either laughs like a banshee or he somehow mumbles it from a face that might pass as standard equipment for a professional pallbearer.

PRIVATE FLINT has a number running into about eight digits—which gives you some idea when they grabbed him. Not that he was an unwilling candidate, but right from the start little Albin wanted to fly and he didn't mind what he flew or where he flew it.

Instead, he was bounced through the Selective Service hopper and ejected out the other end to wind up under the cockerel eye of Sergeant MacColl in the Mess of the 47th. It seems that somewhere deep in Private Flint's history there was a short tenure of office behind the counter of a dog wagon in Blakely Falls.

"It's a good thing they never found out I used to deliver funeral wreaths, too," Private Flint had reflected on several occasions.

For weeks before they went overseas, Flint worked industriously at his calisthenics, broom duty and in putting the bee on anyone from the major down with reference to his learning to fly. He annoyed the mechanics, pestered the medical officer and wrote appealing notes on meat paper to the sergeant of the day.

Captain Frost of No. 1 Flight came as near to settling Flint's mind as anyone when he put it this way: "Look here, Flint. For the time being you're in the Mess. That can't be helped, but the minute we get a platoon or two of these Waacs to man the kitchen, I'll see what I can do about getting you a gunner's rating. How's that?"

Flint wasn't quite sure what this Waacs business meant, and there wasn't any answer to this new version of the old brush-off; but the strange word percolated through his memory long after the 47th had been bundled abroad. At any rate, they had cleared out long before any Waacs could move in and take over the chow program.

Private Flint rallied around Sergeant MacColl loyally while the squadron was settling down at Chuzzleton Priory, which is in Rutlandshire and not far from a pub called The Spotted Dog. He hacked and gouged at the hefty British spuds, while Major Sprague eased the new Bastion B-39s through their first shakedown patrols.

Young Albin stood off beyond the girdle of glory and watched the newsreel men come in and take over, to perpetuate the activity of American bombing airmen. He wandered about, spud in hand, and listened while the bombardiers and gunners talked into a mike and made records to be broadcast the next night over the BBC.

"When we get some Waacs," he confided to a mechanic squatting on a bomb dolly, "I'm gonner go with Captain Frost as a gunner. I'll bet you I'll get me a 'Schmitter . . . an' go talk into that mike."

"Yeah?" sneered an Armament guy. "You'll get yourself a new spud-slasher —when you wear that one out."

There was another heart-warming ceremony to this overseas-squadron business which always left young Flint burbling with pride and patriotism. This took place when each bombardier, escorted by two scuttle-helmeted sentries, armed with sub-machine guns, carried the secret bombsight in a special valise from the Administration Building to the oval doorway of each bomber. When the escort passed, Private Flint always felt the urge to stand at attention and salute.

(Continued on page 38)

"Get off those bombs, you fool!" the upper gunner yelled. But with a sudden swipe little Albin rammed the potato over the end of the copper tube

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ALL IN FOR VICTORY

BY HERB GRAFFIS

Hollywood stars, on entertainment and bond-selling tours, take it on the chin from an enthusiastic, pushing public

WHEN Hollywood's Pat O'Brien was putting on an Army show at Rantoul Field, Illinois, a surly soldier walked up to him and muttered, "Lemme sit down next to a draft dodger."

"Okay," O'Brien said. "But where's the draft dodger?"

"Why ain't *you* in?" the soldier asked.

"I was in the last one," Legionnaire O'Brien told him, "and they can have me for this one."

Other soldiers gathered around. "That guy's been beefing ever since he's been in," one of the group remarked, "and I'm fed up with it. I'll straighten him out first chance I get."

Pat laughed it off. "He'll get well."

Bing Crosby found himself in an upstate New York community to which he'd gone by government instruction, and at his own expense, to promote War Bond sales. He had been in Washington two days before, seeking advice on enlisting where he could do the most good, but had been told to continue the work he was doing. Bing was feeling low when he got up to northern New York, so he dropped into a tavern. One of the customers was a soldier who had had too many. "You're Bing Crosby, ain'tcha?" he asked.

"Yep," said Bing.

The guy sneered. "I'm going over in a couple of weeks," he said, "to fight for lugs like you."

The insult froze action at the bar. Another soldier moved over to Crosby and volunteered to slug his fellow fighter. Crosby himself was twitching to go to bat, but he had to hold off the soldier who had come in on his side. It wouldn't have looked good in the papers if Crosby had swung on a soldier in a saloon brawl; so all Bing could do was brush off the drunk and wonder why he hadn't obeyed his own impulse and got into a uniform.

The Hollywood boys and girls have really been taking a pounding in their bond-selling and camp-show trouping. You won't hear them complain out loud; they're always apprehensive that the public may consider them critical and ungrateful. But the film idols who have been bustled around the nation as bait for War Bond and Stamp buyers, and who have made all the stops between the Aleutians and England to entertain soldiers, sailors and Marines, have taken considerably more punishment than many members of the Armed Forces, and certainly more than a public trying to adjust itself to all sorts of rationing.

The illusion of youth many of the male stars put across on the screen draws wartime heat on them that they don't deserve. Most of Hollywood's favorites are forty or more—too old for training as combat personnel—and the majority are justifiably uninterested in desk jobs. Men who had the Jimmy Stewart and Clark Gable qualifications went in early at a rate comparing favorably with the enlistment rate of other industries. Those who haven't been taken are getting a steady campaign of headaches.

When they're on war service tours, the Hollywoodsmen seldom work less than eighteen hours a day. In addition, they can never be sure, after they've flopped numbly into a hotel bed, that they won't be awakened shortly thereafter by importunate ladies and gentlemen craving private audiences.

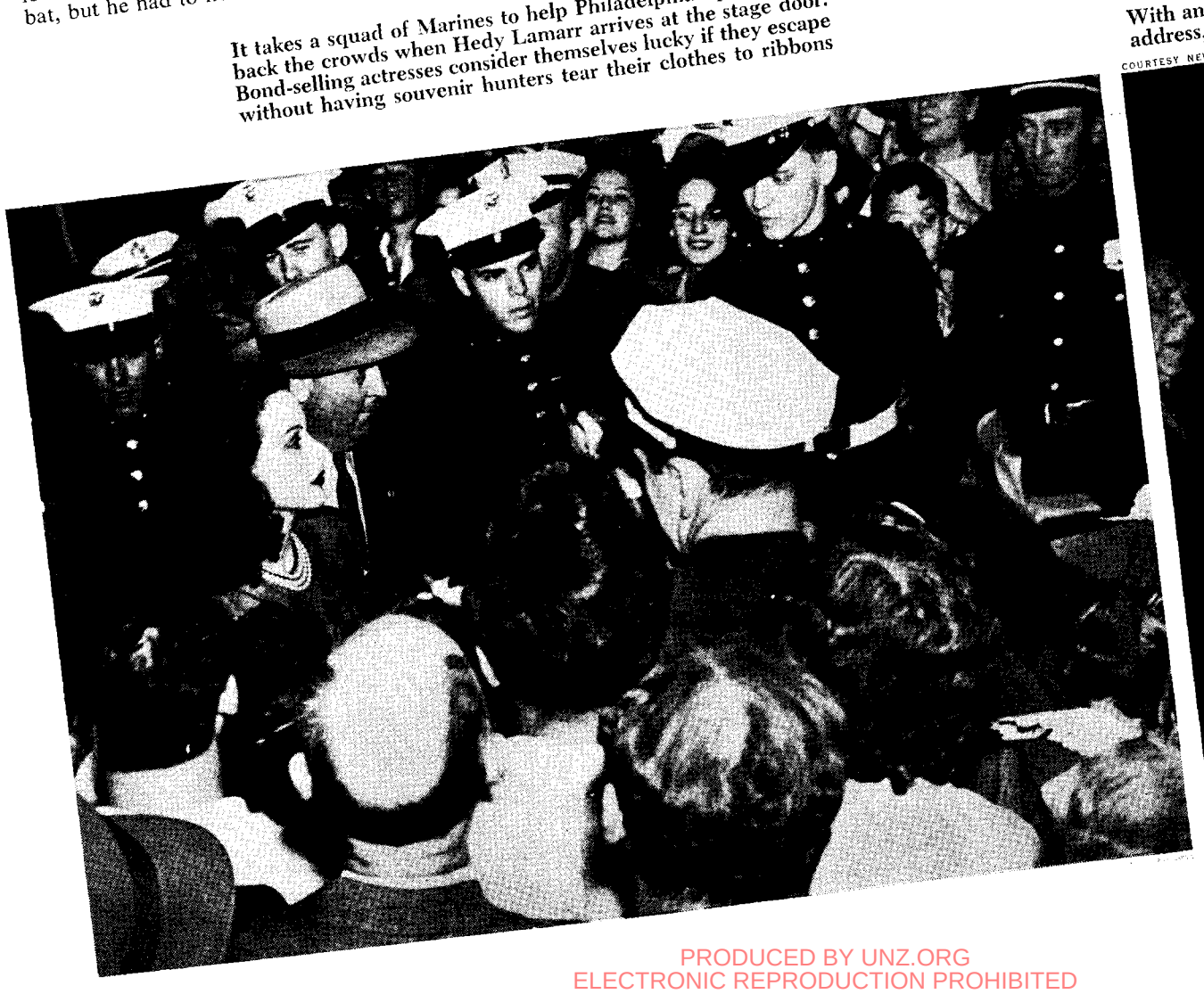
One night in a Michigan city, Jimmy Cagney was awakened by hammering on his hotel door accompanied by, "We gotta see Cagney." Jimmy dragged himself out of bed and admitted the visitors after they'd explained that they (*Continued on page* 22)

Even without her sarong, Dorothy Lamour, here exhibiting he salesmanship in Portland, Me., is one of the leading bond seller

With an audience of kids, Charles Laughton scrapped his patrioti address, substituted his own version of Mary Had a Little Lam

COURTESY NEWSDAY

It takes a squad of Marines to help Philadelphia's police keep back the crowds when Hedy Lamarr arrives at the stage door. Bond-selling actresses consider themselves lucky if they escape without having souvenir hunters tear their clothes to ribbons



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Lt. John David Howell (left) of West Orange, N. J., and Lt. Sam Forter of Boise, Idaho, distinguished themselves in the U.S.S. Boise's epic battle. Lt. Howell was decorated for heroism in controlling damage; Lt. Forter was cited for manning battery director

Commander Wolverton besides controlling ship's damage did an outstanding morale job for the personnel below deck

IFOR THOMAS

When gun's leads were destroyed, Gun Capt. King fired it manually and scored three punishing hits on a Japanese cruiser

IFOR THOMAS

MIKE MORAN'S MEN

By Frank D. Morris

In a midnight battle off Guadalcanal, the light cruiser Boise, aided by other ships, scored direct hits on six Jap cruisers and destroyers, two of them huskier than herself. The action lasted only twenty-seven minutes, but every one of those ships was sunk, and most of Mike Moran's men lived to tell the tale. This is the first of two articles

IRON MIKE MORAN was a happy Irishman. He was fixing for a fight. Leaning against the high shield on the flying bridge of the Boise, peering into a black velvet night, he knew that a thousand-odd men below were just as ready and eager for a fight as he was. Mike knew this because he had trained them himself for months.

In his tin hat and the aviator's zipper jacket he always wore, Mike looked like a fighter. His build was squat, husky, and his ruddy face ended in a protruding, determined chin. At the Naval Academy, Mike had done some boxing and more than half of his life had been spent in Navy fighting ships. He had always kept in good physical trim. Today, at forty-nine, he could still chin himself with one hand.

The Boise, a light cruiser, boiled along at twenty-five knots through a smooth sea rumpled only by long swells, holding her position in the column of light and heavy cruisers screened by destroyers. For days, the task group had waited impatiently just out of enemy scouting-plane range, waiting to land a Sunday punch on Japanese ships they knew had been disembarking troops at night on Guadalcanal. Reconnaissance reports hinted that another such landing party was scheduled this night, so the ships in the task group were hurrying to keep a date.

The Boise and her crew had a particular reason for wanting to keep this date—and soon. They wanted to throw off the label pinned on her by men in other Navy ships that had seen action. It wasn't a pretty label. They called her the Reluctant Dragon.

It wasn't the fault of Captain Moran or his men that she had barely missed a dozen scraps with the Japs. Things just happened that way. Before Pearl Harbor, the Boise had been cruising the Southwest Pacific for months. She was a hundred miles out of Manila when the first enemy bombers struck there. Balikpapan was attacked a day or so after she had left the harbor, and she hadn't been out of Macassar very long when the Japs let that port have it. The Boise had operated with the cruisers Marblehead and Houston and the carrier Langley before the latter two were sunk and the first badly battered. And it certainly was no fault of hers when she had to return to the West Coast for an overhaul.

Now the Reluctant Dragon was back in the war zone, skirting the tip of Cape Esperance and baring her teeth—six- and five-inch guns. Every man was at his battle station, and Iron Mike on the bridge knew the first name or nickname of them all.

Less than a half-hour before midnight, young Lieutenant Sam Forter—whose home town, of all places, is Boise, Idaho—was manning the main battery director in Spot One above the bridge. He'd been there for more than five hours, hopefully staring into black space. Now Sam blinked and spoke into his phone headset: "On the target!"

Captain Moran's reply was relayed through the gunnery officer standing beside him: "How many ships?"

"Seem to be five, sir."

"Pick out the biggest one and commence firing."

Iron Mike's order was followed a few seconds later by the roar of six-inch guns in the main battery below the flying bridge. All nine of them in the three forward turrets—plus two turrets aft—blazed away at the target Lieutenant Forter had picked out of the five available. The first salvo was a direct hit. Captain Moran knew that follow-up salvos were just as well aimed when he saw the target start blazing amidships and, in the brilliant light of that blaze, Lieutenant Forter's choice was justified. It was a Japanese heavy cruiser of either the Nachi or Kako class, mounting eight-inch guns in contrast to the Boise's six-inchers. The middleweight Boise had climbed into the ring with a light-heavy and scored a knockout in the first round.

For four minutes, the Boise's main battery poured hot steel into the blazing Jap. Most of the hits were amidships, and gradually the explosions and damage they caused cut her in two like a blowtorch slicing an iron bar. The heavy cruiser's guns were silenced, internal explosions rendered her helpless, and her screws were still turning on her up-ended stern when she sank. A heavy cloud of smoke formed a wreath on her grave as she went under.

"Shift target and resume firing!" Again Iron Mike barked an order to his gunnery officer, Lieutenant Commander J. J. Laffan.

That order was hardly necessary, for Lieutenant Forter in Spot One instantly had his director trained on a second target, a Jap destroyer, farther to the left of the cruiser just sunk, and the Boise's secondary battery of five-inch guns was giving it a working-over. Illumination from another blazing cruiser exposed the destroyer beautifully. The range was closing rapidly now, as the two opposing columns of ships closed in and started swapping short jabs.

Sighted Jap. Sank Jap

Again the first shells fired by the Boise's guns hit straight and hard. Before many of them had been hurled at her, the Jap destroyer broke in two and in less than a minute she had disappeared permanently.

Ensign L. E. Davis, signal officer of the Boise, had never seen a more fascinating sight in his twenty-three years in the Navy. His description: "She looked just like an automobile going over the brow of a hill. She just slid under and went out of sight."

To the gun crews and the men on the directors, this was getting pleasantly monotonous. "Sighted Jap. Sank Jap." They were in the groove. The months of daily gun drills under Iron Mike Moran's relentless rule were understandable now. As soon as one target became

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a shattered clay pigeon, another loomed up in the sights just waiting to be hit.

"Shift target and resume firing!"

The third victim was another Jap destroyer close astern of the one just destroyed. Both main and secondary batteries opened up on her and they were on the beam. They were still pounding her with five- and six-inch shells as she slid into smoke pouring from the other destroyers in the Jap force. The deluge of Boise gunfire was too much for her thin sides. She never came out of the smoke. There was plenty of illumination over the Japs then—three of their ships were ablaze, one of them with two fires burning brightly.

But the Boise herself wasn't shellproof. About this time the signal bridge reported splashes on both port and starboard sides close aboard. These were straddles from an enemy heavy cruiser, a two-stacker, some distance ahead on the Boise's starboard bow. As Mike Moran's men fired on her, their current target, the Jap cruiser returned the fire with gusto. Splashes from straddles came nearer and nearer, throwing water over the Boise's decks and superstructure and antiaircraft guns.

Score for the Enemy

Finally, one of these shells, an eight-inch, didn't splash. It smacked into the Boise's starboard side just above the waterline and exploded in the crew's mess hall. Two lighter shells, probably five-inch, then hit the superstructure, and another pair pierced the side of the ship and exploded in the captain's cabin, wrecking the interior and setting it afire.

These hits were just the beginning of a duel that lasted four minutes. The heavier guns on the Jap cruiser continued to throw steel haymakers at the Boise, but fortunately most of the shells either screamed over the heads of the men on deck or fell short.

Meanwhile, the Boise's main and secondary batteries concentrated their fire on this fourth target, and Mike Moran had reason to be proud of the marksmanship of his gun crews. First, he saw a series of fires spring up on the Jap's deck, then there were several violent explosions aboard her, and this was the beginning of a very quick end for Target Number Four.

During all this hot action, the Boise also was proving she could take it. Below decks, repair parties led by Chief Carpenter Thomas were waging another battle against the fires and damage inflicted forward. The captain's cabin was a flaming shambles.

As Carpenter Thomas' men dragged their fire hoses in through the large hole the Jap shells had made in the bulkhead, they saw a twisted mass of metal furniture piled in the middle of the cabin, and everything inflammable in there was ablaze. Putting out a fire in a ship still being rocked by enemy shells is no choice assignment, but within five minutes, Carpenter Thomas reported the blaze was under control. A second fire farther aft in the mess hall was doused even more readily by another repair party.

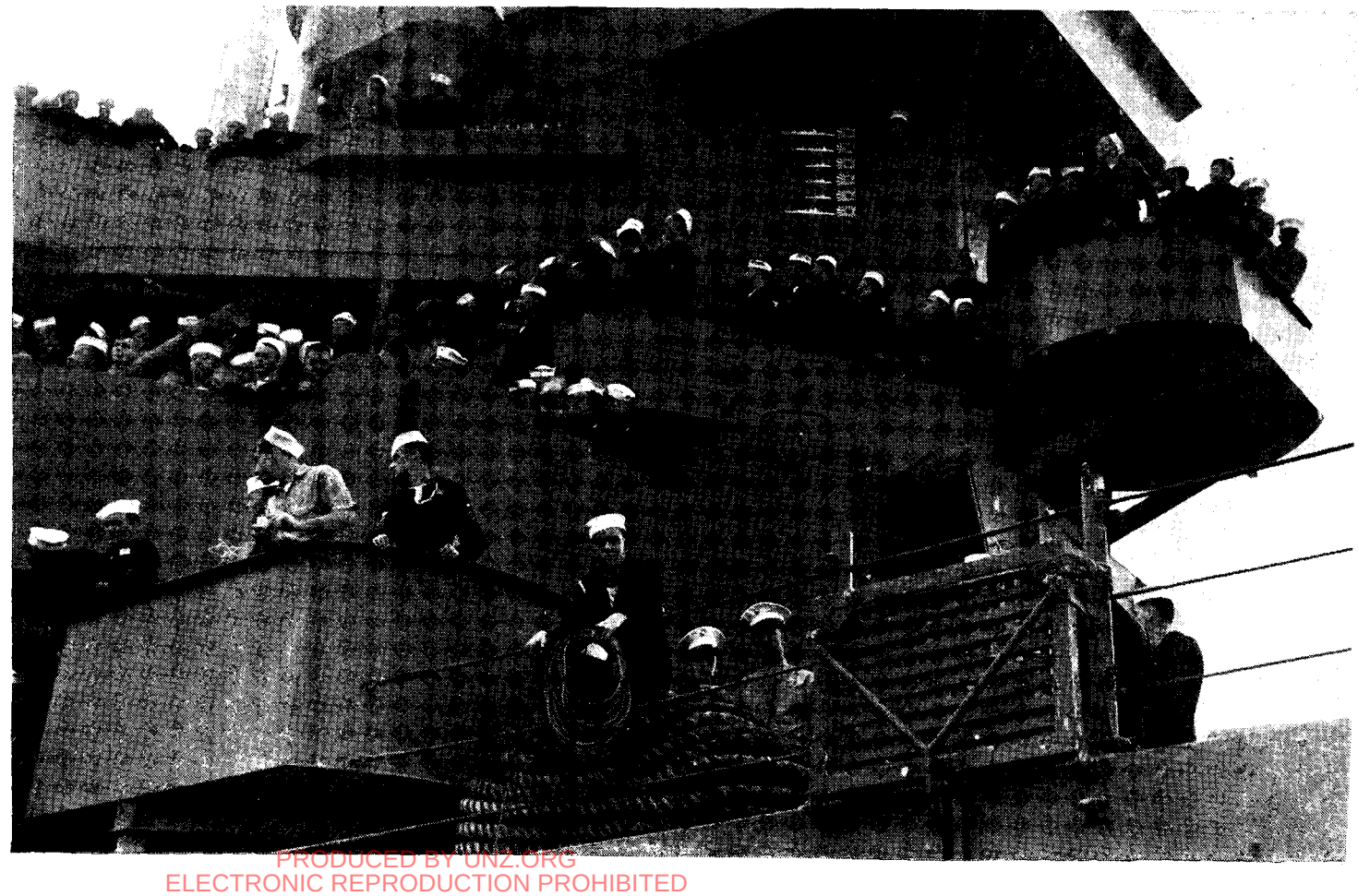
Topside, the deck gunners were bearing the brunt of the enemy's return fire. Gun One, a five-inch, was put out of action by one of the hits, and her crew was hurled to the deck as shell fragments flew all around them. First-Class Seaman Pitzer, his knee mangled, was carried off to a battle dressing station. Sight-setter Lowry, on Gun One, felt a hot, sharp spray against his leg but he stuck at his post through the rest of the action. When he finally collapsed and was carried off,

(Continued on page 50)

...ht cruiser Boise line up on deck as Admiral E. J. King (right), Commander in Chief of the ... and Rear Admiral A. E. Watson inspect the cruiser at its berth in the Philadelphia Navy Yard

These sa... ...ines have six very good reasons for smiling. ... helped destroy that many Japanese ships

The Boise docks in the Philadelphia Navy Yard proudly displaying on her superstructure a scoreboard of her victims



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"Mr. Amboy!" said a familiar voice above him. Jason's heart gave a sickening lurch. He stared at the plump little man who stood there

FIVE WHO VANISHED

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

AWAKENED by a noise in his San Francisco apartment, Jason Amboy sees a girl—a stranger—in his bedroom. The girl knocks him out, steals some letters (from his brother, Wayne), and slips away. Jason's valet, an eccentric man whose name is Flack, follows her; he learns that she is Luana Topping of Hawaii.

Notified that Wayne—who has been working for the wealthy Grazzard family in Hawaii—has disappeared, Jason takes the first Hawaii-bound boat he can get. The head of the Grazzard clan—old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard ("Queen Bertha")—is on board. With her are Luana Topping; Lorrin Grazzard, Luana's fiancé; Channing Mace, manager of the Grazzard plantation, and his attractive wife, Natalie; and one or two others.

Luana Topping is a beautiful girl. Within a short time, Jason is in love with her. But, following a series of strange adventures, he strongly suspects that his brother has been murdered—by the Grazzards; and he trusts only one of the party: Natalie Mace. His suspicions are partly confirmed when a stowaway disappears and Natalie tells him that the fellow (Winfield Grazzard, the black sheep of the family) and Wayne had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards!

To Jason's amazement, he finds Flack on board. Wearing a false mustache and using the name of "Rodney K. Kitchener," the man has numerous talks with his employer (in which he warns him to beware of the Grazzards)—*and disappears.*

Curiously, the ship's captain—Captain Horngold—discovers evidence which convinces him that Jason Amboy knows what has happened to "Kitchener." He sends for Jason, interrogates him (as well as some other witnesses). When Jason tells him the truth—that he is completely mystified by his valet's disappearance—Horngold has him put in the brig.

While he is there, Natalie Mace comes to him and has a talk with him. He is loath to believe that Wayne (whom he had loved) was dishonest; but Natalie is positive that he was. She tells him of one of the Grazzards—Uncle Colton—who is living on a small Hawaiian island, virtually a prisoner of Queen Bertha. Then, "The important thing," she says, "is that Uncle Colton, as a young man, did some scandalous thing in Burma and your brother and Winfield Grazzard found out what it was. I guessed that and I was right."

VII

BECAUSE your husband said so?" Jason said quietly.

"Has he any reason for lying?" Natalie cried.

"My dear girl, he has every reason in the world for lying. Doesn't he know—or suspect—you're seeing me? Don't you suppose he knows you're repeating all of this nonsense to me?"

The blond girl's face was suddenly pink. "Jason, it is not nonsense! I'm not a fool. I know Channing. He isn't making up any of it."

"Then he's repeating what he hears at headquarters."

Natalie stared at him a moment with her lips very thin, her eyes very large and round. "You can't be argued with," she said hotly. "You've made your mind up, you grabbed at some fantastic idea, just to save your pride—"

"You said," he interrupted her, "you had some of the information I wanted."

"But it isn't of any importance, Jason! Stop being so proud! Be sensible. Your brother—"

"Maybe," Jason again stopped her, "my brother had the same fantastic ideas I have. What did you hear?"

"All right, Jason," Natalie said, with the air of a girl trying somewhat nobly to control herself. "I talked to Luana, too. Her father and mother were drowned on either the ninth or the tenth of March, 1921. That was easy. But she won't say why she came late to dinner last night. At least, she's sticking to her story that she was talking with some people and didn't realize how late it was."

"Find out who these people are."

"I tried to. She evaded it. She's still terribly upset about you. And Lorrin is having a fit because he knows why."

"Work on her," Jason said.

"Don't be so grim!" Natalie wailed. "Was Winfield Grazzard in the Engineers?"

(Continued on page 33)

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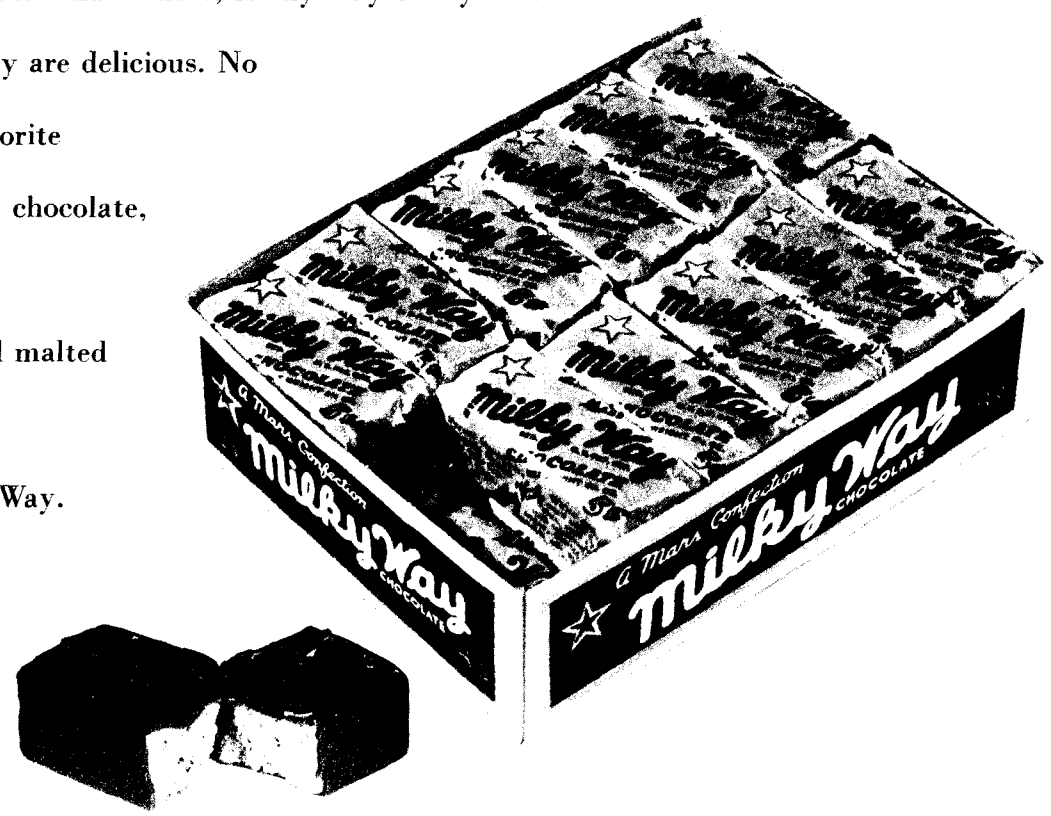
GOOD AREN'T THEY?

You bet they are! And what's more, Milky Way candy bars are as wholesome and nourishing as they are delicious. No wonder Milky Way is the favorite energy refreshment of young and old! Rich milk chocolate, smooth creamy caramel, and the luscious center of chocolate nougat flavored with real malted milk blend into that delightful taste found only in a Milky Way.



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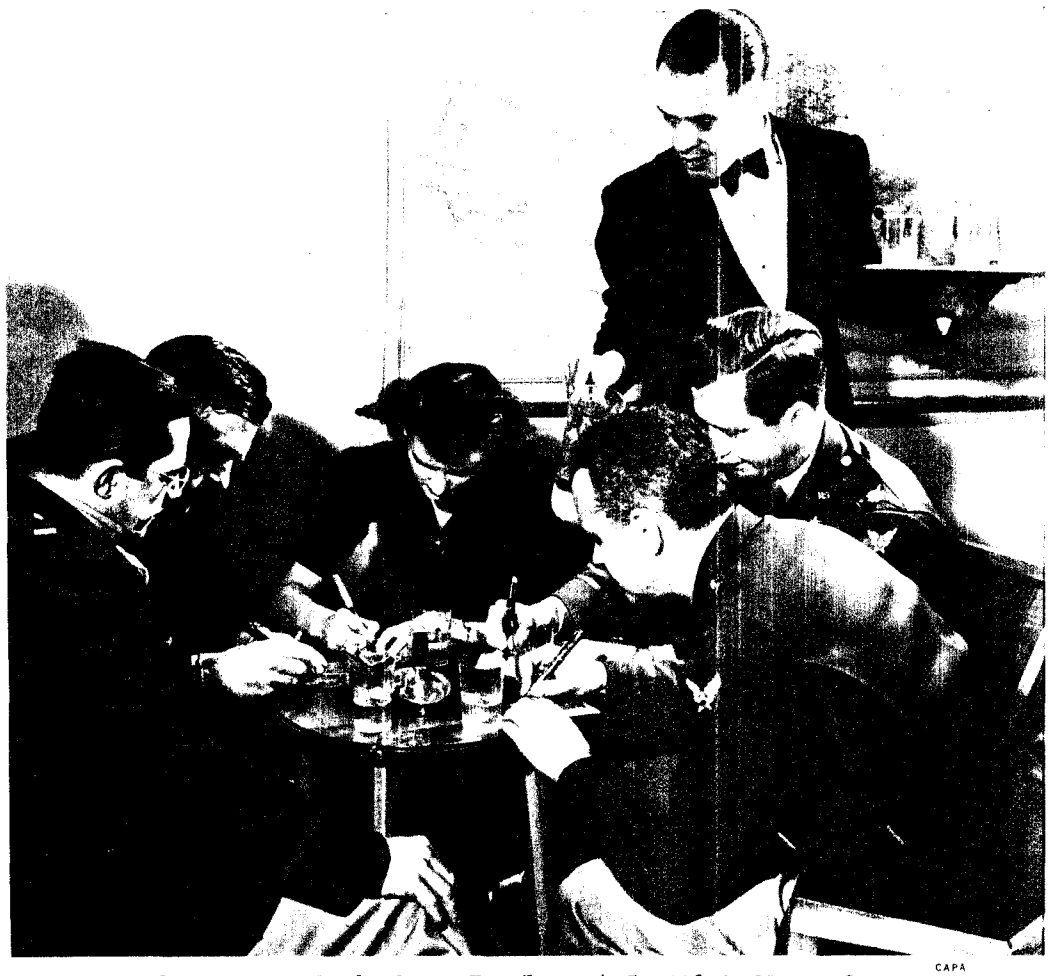

CAPA

Short Snorters in the Savoy Bar (l. to r.): Lt. Edwin Noyes, Capt. Bill Barrett, Miss Jean Nicholl, Lt. Col. Anderson, Lt. John Melady

Are You a Short Snorter?

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

A GROUP of Army fliers in the grill of the Savoy Hotel in London reach for their wallets hastily, and each man produces a dollar bill scrawled with signatures. Two Ferrying Command pilots meet at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo and solemnly sign each other's greenbacks.

At the Baranof bar in Juneau, a very red-faced admiral searches his pocketbook, turns his pockets inside out and then counts the circle of grinning faces. "All right," he tells the bartender resignedly, "that's twelve drinks on me."

In Australia and China and India, at a remote Army staging field in Africa, aboard a Navy carrier in the Aleutians, at the Nevada Grill in Nome, you'll find these signed dollar bills displayed today wherever flying men gather; for this is the certificate of the Short Snorters, the thoroughly unscrupulous organization of airmen the world over.

Already the British and Canadian and Russian air forces have taken it up with enthusiasm. The Chungking chapter is growing fast.

The rules are simple. Three Short Snorters in good standing must be present in order to initiate a new member. In exchange for a token fee of one dollar each (supplied by the initiate), they inscribe their signatures on a crisp dollar bill (likewise supplied by the initiate) and declare him in.

After that, he sets out enthusiastically to get his three bucks back by challenging every Short Snorter whom he meets. If the challenged Short Snorter cannot produce his own certificate of membership within the allotted time of two minutes, he must pay a penalty of either one dollar or a drink—optional with the challenger.

All's fair in Short Snorting. A shower room, for example, is a perfectly ethical place in which to trap the unwary. Recently, we were cleaned out at Shaw Field when a group of Army pilots hid our pants while we were asleep.

There are no scheduled meetings, no treasurer's reports, no notices, no lists of members, although conservative estimates place the membership today around a quarter of a million. You'll find some illustrious Short Snorters among the ranks. There's General H. H. Arnold, chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces; General Eisenhower, who was initiated while in the clipper on his way to take command of our European forces; General Carl Spaatz, in charge of our Air Forces over there; General Ira Eaker, General Jimmy Doolittle, Alaska's General Buckner (from whom we secured a dollar last summer in Anchorage), Eddie Rickenbacker, the late Will Rogers and Wiley Post, Commander Jack Tate, Collier's Jim Marshall and Bill Courtney (we also got a buck out of Bill) and, of course, every veteran star-route pilot in Alaska—Al Monson, Robbie Robbins, Joe Barrows, Bill Lavery, Bert Rouff, Chris Christiansen, Sig Wein, Jerry Jones, Joe Crosson.

Joe Crosson is generally credited with founding the organization in Fairbanks, Alaska, one long winter evening back in 1925. His own membership certificate is now over six feet long, with all the signed bills taped together.

They still recall the nightshirt party which Joe gave in Fairbanks for a number of unsuspecting pals, greeting each pajamaed arrival with a bland inquiry: "By the way, have you got a Short Snorter bill with you?" They claim the evening netted Joe sixty-three dollars.

On the other hand, Joe recalls being hooked just once. He was swimming with a group of friends in Seattle, and they managed to lure him out to the float. At a given signal, each member of the party reached into the pocket of his bathing trunks, and produced his Short Snorter bill, carefully sealed in a waterproof envelope. Joe paid.

Perhaps the best advice was adopted by a recently initiated Army lieutenant in Australia, whose absent-mindedness was running him into debt fast. He solved it by having his Short Snorter bill neatly tattooed on his chest. Says it's a little trouble opening his shirt every time, but he hasn't had to pay for a drink since. ★★★

were war-factory workers on a swing shift and could see their ranking star only when they were knocking off work to go home. Although it was the first night in weeks that Cagney had got to bed at a civilized hour, the lads stayed for breakfast. They went home to sleep; Cagney shaved, showered and got ready for a bond-drive breakfast previously arranged by a local committee.

During last September, the film industry had 337 actors and actresses engaged in selling bonds and providing entertainment for the Armed Forces. In addition to the performers, the business had approximately 1,500 executives and press agents and others devoting virtually all their waking hours to the campaign to sell $1,000,000,000 worth of bonds and stamps in more than three hundred American cities; to arranging for shows in seventy U. S. camps; the "personal appearances" of 184 cinema luminaries; and shows in Alaska, Ireland, England and the Caribbean area. During this one month, the players who were in the Stars Over America bond blitz, conducted for the Treasury Deparment, traveled more than 21,000 miles.

It was a lesson in geography and a postgraduate course in sleeplessness and slug-nuttiness for the men and women of filmdom. From the clamorous populace, the screen nobility saw more flares of temperament than Hollywood has experienced in a decade.

The Price of Popularity

Politicians, industrial leaders, society women, Army and Navy officers and the ordinary solid citizen shoved, jolted, connived and strong-armed to capture spotlights, newspaper pictures, and seats at the right hands of thrones set up in various localities for the wandering idols. Charles Einfeld, Warner Brothers publicity chief, directed the Stars Over America tours. Einfeld, under what normally is considered delirium by Hollywood, manages to preserve a deep tranquillity. But he had butterflies in his midriff before the month of September, 1942, and passed into cinema history.

The doctors did get several whose energies were unequal to the strain of the Thanks a Billion sales campaign. Greer Garson collapsed from nervous exhaustion. Bette Davis was nearly a basket case when the campaign was completed and she was hauled off to the desert to convalesce. Rita Hayworth broke down with a severe case of bond-tour shock. When she was carried off to be repaired, threats of cancellation of War Bond rallies came from Wisconsin points to which she'd been scheduled. Eventually a desperate and eloquent genius managed to convince anguished committees that the primary purpose of the tour was to finance the nation's fighting rather than give an eager public chances to gaze upon the luscious Hayworth.

Generally, provisions were made by Red Cross nursing class students' services to attend crowd casualties. Excellent training was given the willing women, although the victims, in some instances, did not have complete confidence in the proffered services.

Spectators at a golf match in which Bing Crosby and Bob Hope were playing as an Army post recreation fund benefit were shocked to see a youngster partially impale himself on an iron fence he had attempted to scale in avoiding payment of admission.

A young woman snappily attired in a Red Cross uniform rushed around through the gate, speeding to administer first aid to the profusely bleeding kid. He was rolling in fright and pain on the ground when he saw the Red Cross woman headed his way, a stern look on her features. That was enough for the boy. He jumped to his feet and ran down the road with the ministering angel in desperate pursuit. Whether or not he ever got Red Cross emergency service, the crowd never knew; they quickly returned their attention to Messrs. Crosby and Hope.

In an Eastern city, one of the throng crowding around a picture celebrity on a bond campaign appearance was shoved off a curb and badly injured his knee. A freshly uniformed Red Cross lady bucked through the crush to put her first-aid training into use.

The patient's knee was swelling rapidly. The pinch-hitting nurse dominated the situation and had the patient's pants removed to get at the injury. A bystander held the trousers while the first aid was administered; then the casualty arose on one leg and demanded the return of his pants. He got them back, but he never recovered the comfortably padded wallet they had contained.

By the grace of the gods, there have been only two major casualties of the picture stars on tour. One victim was Carole Lombard; the other was Buck Jones, who died from burns received in the recent Boston tragedy. There have been narrow escapes by the hundreds, chiefly during wild drives by strictly amateur chauffeurs who have contended strenuously for the job of piloting Hollywood's precious cargo.

Parades were prohibited by Treasury Department edict during the September drive, but the picture people had to do what the local committees planned, and they usually planned parades. Jimmy Cagney seemed to be the pet prey of people who had to have a parade. Jimmy had to perch on the folded top of many an automobile waving hands to the populace as his car advanced by jerks.

An Anchor for Cagney

Shortly before adverse weather cut the parades out of programs, Cagney worked out a life-saving system. A stooge of the Cagney party rode in the rear seat, sitting on Jimmy's toes. This anchor man, a frightened-looking press agent, was identified by the crowds as Cagney's bodyguard, Killer Somebody-or-other. At any rate, he had to finish each parade day by rubbing himself down after Cagney had kicked him calloused.

The picture people seem to be regarded as ambulating souvenir counters. Cagney had fifty-four handkerchiefs snatched from the breast pocket of his coat during a month of the Thanks a Billion push. Brazen visitors who get into the hotel rooms of the Hollywood rovers take to actors' neckties as public property. Only under lock is personal property safe from the trophy hunters.

Actresses on the bond-selling circuit consider themselves fortunate if they can escape from a swarming public without having dresses torn to tatters and taken away as mementos.

Some apparel has gone to finance the nation's fighters. Irene Dunne, shoving along a bond sale by offering her hat as a bonus for a $50,000 bond purchase, got action so quickly that she auctioned off

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her earrings, then her handkerchief; but called the auctioning off when bids were made on her shoes and stockings. The auction method was highly effective in hiking sales, the bonuses ranging from actresses' kisses to Bill Robinson's golden dancing shoes. Bill's shoes went with a $50,000 bond purchase made by a Chicagoan.

Those kiss auctions, innocent survivors of husking bees, left behind them family arguments you wouldn't believe could happen off the funny pages. Before Hollywood put on its big drive, it had conducted several successful bond-sales schemes of limited scope. At one of these affairs, in a Middle Western city, a woman who bought a $500 bond was publicly kissed by Cary Grant. This public consummation of many a female's aspiration either went to the good woman's head or it didn't. Her husband never could be sure if she was jesting when she would say to him, "After Cary Grant, you? Phooey!"

Then Hedy Lamarr went into action with the bond blitzers. A local committee calculated the husband of the woman Grant had kissed would be good for a $25,000 bond purchase if he could kiss the gorgeous Hedy. The idea was delicately mentioned to Lamarr.

"For a $25,000 bond, why not?" Miss Lamarr agreed.

The crucial moment came. After the citizen had signed for $25,000 in bonds, Hedy Lamarr pursed her lips, and the purchaser fainted.

Record Sale of Records

Bob Hope and Bing Crosby worked the auction plan probably more effectively than any other of the tourists. After their golf matches, Hope would run up bond bids by giving the high bidders the privilege of naming songs Crosby would sing. At Houston, Texas, after Crosby and Hope had completed a golf match with two noted pros, the Crosby record of Deep In the Heart of Texas was auctioned off for a $1.500 bond, and another recording, The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You, went as a premium with a $750 bond. Hope made it clear to the crowd that the records could have been bought at any Houston music store for 35 cents.

During one of his journeys as a bond salesman, Bob slipped the leash of the committee in Boston to eat at one of his favorite sea-food establishments. After he'd finished dinner, he found that the throng around the theater blocked all foot approaches, expecting his arrival by car. Hope struggled to get through the crowd, kidding those who resented his elbowing by cracking, "What's that punk got that I ain't?"

One angry customer gave Hope an answer: "He ain't got five knuckles in his nose you're gonna get if you shove me again, ya chump, ya!"

The youngsters were a problem too. Squirming and scampering, yelling and demanding autographs, they had the celebrities suffering from the screaming-meemies. In one city, Charles Laughton was programmed to deliver a dramatic patriotic address written by Ben Hecht.

Laughton surveyed a huge and noisy mob of moppets and substituted Mary Had a Little Lamb. The urchins had heard nothing before and probably will hear nothing hereafter like the Laughton rendition of the Mary-and-the-mutton saga.

The players finished their concerted efforts punchy but proud. How punchy they got toward the end was made evident early one morning as Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien met by chance in a railroad station at Detroit. Both of them were dizzy from lack of sleep, but before they'd unclasped hands in greeting, they were ganged for autographs.

An eager old lady of the type that keeps the Travelers' Aid Society busy held out a railroad timetable for Cagney to autograph. Talking to Pat, Cagney unconsciously signed O'Brien's name. The old woman looked at the signature. She peered at O'Brien and at Cagney. Then she turned away and jerked her thumb over her shoulder at Jimmy.

"The man," she publicly declared, "has gone nutty from too much Hollywood high life."

The picture people are proud that their campaign accounted for almost a sixth of the total sales of the biggest month's War Bond business in the nation's history. But they're also humbly grateful and somewhat mystified that they have gone through the nearest-to-combat campaigning that has fallen to the lot of any class of American civilians in wartime. The cinema rangers aren't bragging any about surviving grueling routines; they are the first to point out that thousands of unknown American men and nurses in combat zones are doing the one job deserving of headline billing. All else is merely carrying water to the elephant in this show.

THE END

"If you're not doing anything this evening, sir, I'll help you start it off"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

No war job for Nora

NORA NEEDS A LAXATIVE. But she's due to take a test for a job as a welder at 10.

"Relief will have to wait," Nora decides. She doesn't know about quick-acting Sal Hepatica.

FEELING SLUGGISH due to symptoms of constipation, Nora flubs her welding test.

"In times like these, folks ought to keep fit," Nora hears somebody whisper as she starts to leave.

Mildred makes the grade

MILDRED NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She's taking a test for a welding job, too.

"Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning," says Mildred. So she takes Sal Hepatica, knowing that it usually acts within an hour.

"GOOD WORK," approves the employment manager as Mildred zips through her trial job like an old hand. "Report for work tomorrow morning."

"It's lucky I took that Sal Hepatica," thinks Mildred, smiling.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

IT'S YOUR DUTY to keep fit in these trying times. Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning.

Take *speedy*, gentle Sal Hepatica. *3 out of 5* doctors, recently interviewed, recommend it.

No discomfort. No griping. Sal Hepatica acts by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too; and so helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Try Sal Hepatica, the next time *you* need a laxative.

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

TUNE IN { "TIME TO SMILE" starring Eddie Cantor—Wednesdays 9:00 P.M., EWT
"DUFFY'S"—with Ed Gardner—Tuesdays 8:30 P.M., EWT

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"I've been making cookies," Elise explained. Matty cast a morose eye around the kitchen. "It's not the one who makes the cookies. It's the one who has to clean up them pans"

Fourteen Dollars and a Girl

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

How a heart full of love can be drained of same all in the twinkling of an eye. Stern warning to all girls who would frivol at a warrior's expense

HILARY CRAIG flexed his knees, the better to see himself in the mirror over his bureau. He had grown tall since the mirror had been hung from that particular nail on the wall, but it had never occurred to him to put the nail up a few inches. Casually he parted a mop of unruly brown hair and combed it back from a brow that was contorted now, in the effort to do justice to a ballad he was shouting at himself:

"I'll take a horse and a winding trail—
Pack up my grub in the old dinner pail
Put on my spurs an' say goodby to the frail . . ."

He broke off without embarrassment, seeing his mother. "Hiyah, Mom!" he said. "Keeping up your strength?"

"I seem to be, darling." Her smile lingered for a moment. "You should do something with that voice of yours. I don't know what."

He jerked up the knot in his tie and looked in critical approval at the line of his jaw. He was aware of his mother's eyes, resting on him in gentle amusement. But they had rested on him in just that way for the seventeen years of his life.

"Say!" he said. "Do you want to advance me fifty cents?"

"It doesn't seem practical," she told him amiably. "You'll be close to ninety by the time you've caught up with the advances you've already had—and I, probably, will be resting in Abraham's bosom."

"Where's that?"

"Never mind. Why don't you get out and earn some money?"

"But look! When do I have the time? I hope you realize I've been busy, Mom. I hope you realize I've been personally responsible for half a ton of junk for the junk collection in this town!"

"Well, yes, but that was a week ago," she said. "It isn't going to be the achievement of a lifetime, is it? You aren't going to rest on it?"

"Mom, you keep kidding me. I'll get an inferiority complex."

"Not you. . . . Why don't you get a job with old Mrs. Nesbit? I heard she needed a boy, and they say she pays the best wages in town."

"Fifty cents an hour. I know all about it, Mom. Old Lady Nesbit's got chickens. But she's the kind of old lady that anybody would be at the end of their rope before they'd work for her." Hilary shook his head. "A pretty terrible thing for an old lady to get a reputation like that. Don't you think so?"

(Continued on page 52)

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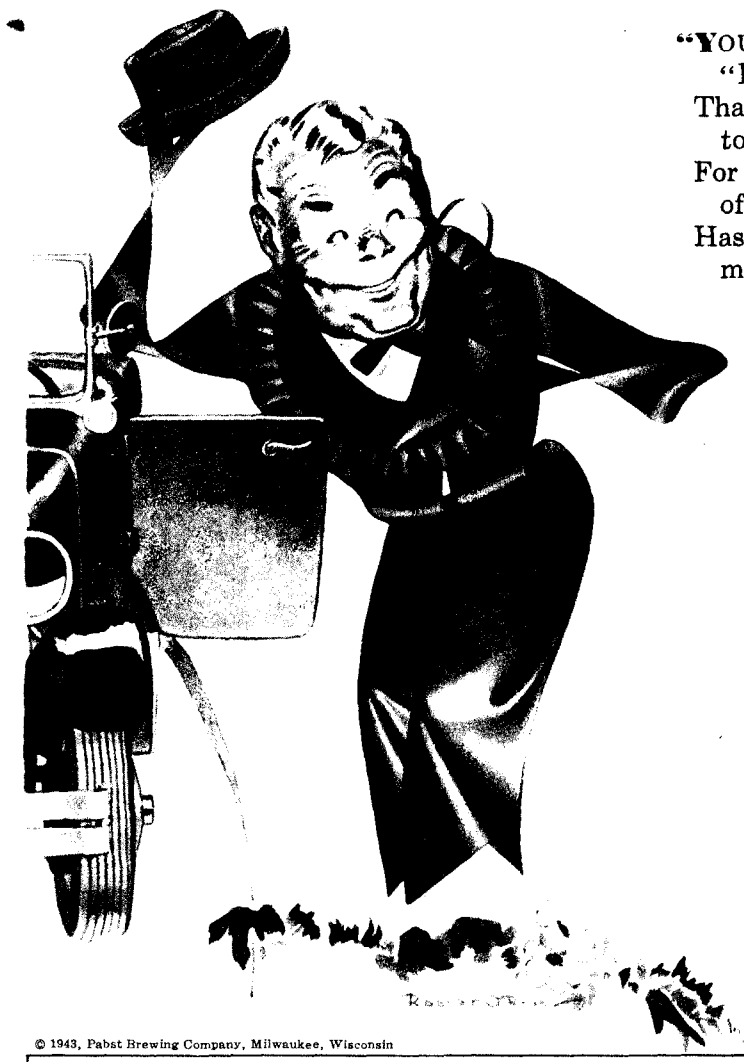
This is the Mayor *of* BLUE RIBBON TOWN

···Who said to his neighbors: "Come on-and ride down"

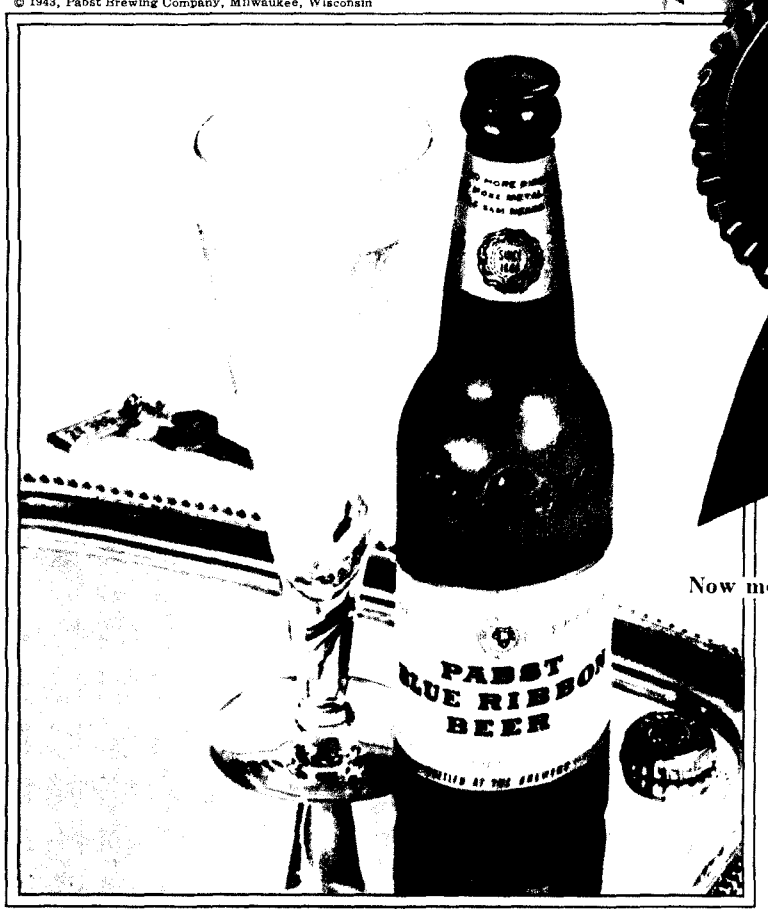


"YOU know," said Mayor Peters,
"I'm thanking my stars,
That people have taken
to sharing their cars,
For somehow the spirit
of helping a fellow
Has made all the neighbors
more friendly, more mellow.

"WE frequently stop on the way
back from town
At the home of a Smith or a
Jones or a Brown,
And top off the day with a
bottle of Pabst,
Formality, stiffness—
completely collapsed.

"NOW frankly, there's nothing so
nice and befriending
As Blue Ribbon Beer with its
full-flavor blending—
That softer and kindlier taste,
Pabst obtains,
By blending it just like the
finest champagnes."

© 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



Pabst Blue Ribbon

Now more than ever—
A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship

Now that wartime has brought a return to simple pleasures in Blue Ribbon Town (your town—everybody's town), Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has become, more than ever, the symbol of friendly companionship. Enjoy that softer, kindlier taste—obtained by the FULL-FLAVOR BLENDING of 33 master brews.

Pabst is blended like fine champagnes—to give you *all* the delicious taste tones of a well-rounded beer. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.
Also on draught at better places everywhere.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED
into One Great Beer

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They Can't Hurt Us, Kid

By Pete Pedersen

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

The master of them all, Ring Lardner, might have written the story of Danny Gallaher, who paid an exorbitant price for being young and brave

THE first time Pudge Golder saw the kid was at Mart Frizbee's swat palace on Ninth Street. Pudge was browsing among the bums and the main eventers and the broken-down handlers when he heard the low staccato of the light bag. Slowly the tempo increased, and a cold chill ran down Pudge's backbone, as it always did when he recognized a master at work.

The two sparring in the ring stopped to stare. Pudge hesitated, turned to stare also at the composer of such powerful music. There he was—young, white, powerful, vital. With the face of a choir boy and the body of a Greek god, he grinned in the joy of his creation as he beat his primitive tattoo on the bag. He was everything fresh and free for those few minutes. He put on a few twists with his elbows and finished with a tremendous burst that brought dust from the rafters.

He stood exultant, watching the bag swing crazily to rest. Then the grin left his face and he looked almost bewildered as he noted the stares of the punks and the champs. He went to work on the heavy bag.

The grunting of a pair in the ring and the low hum of the railroads rose again. Pudge followed the kid with his eyes. He wasn't much with the big bag. He didn't know how to set himself for a right, and his feet got tangled when he tried to throw a left hook. Finally the kid draped a towel around his neck and danced off to a shower.

Pudge watched a pair of heavies maul through three slow rounds. He wondered how long it would take them to learn to jab with a left and cross with a right.

"How yuh like the dark boy?" It was Mart Frizbee. "He can hit, Pudge. Hit like Maxie Baer."

"Yeah? How much yuh pay a guy to stand still long enough so's he can belt him one?"

"He's a heavy, yuh know, Pudge. Yuh gotta give 'em time to come around."

"Yeah. I know. How's about the other boy that worked on the light bag? I'd like to see some more of him."

"Sure, Pudge, sure. He drops in every week to work on the bag. He'd be a natural for you at that. Remember Johnny Gallaher? You oughta. This is his brother Danny. He's a nice-looking boy . . ."

Frizbee's voice trailed on. Pudge Golder wasn't listening. Johnny Gallaher . . . the Fighting Irishman. His champion. Golder's boy. Johnny was dead. He'd been dead, let's see, seven years now. He'd died as he lived—throwing punches to the end, taking a half dozen to land one, and grinning through his broken face as he fell.

"I wanna see the kid," Pudge said. "I wanna see him right now."

"Sure, Pudge, sure."

DANNY'S body glowed as he rubbed down. He whistled an old Irish tune. Pudge remembered Johnny Gallaher whistling the same tune as he warmed up before a fight.

"Say, Danny," Mart Frizbee said. "Here's a guy that wants to meet yuh. Danny, this is Pudge Golder."

The kid's whistling stopped. He flushed to the roots of his short-cropped blond hair. Pudge didn't crack a muscle of his large stern face. He stuck out a meaty paw.

"Hiya, kid."

Almost solemnly Danny took the proffered hand. "Glad to meetcha, Mr. Golder. I was hoping I would, some day."

"Johnny never told me . . . I mean about him having a younger brother. Where'd yuh learn to punch the bag like that, kid?"

"Johnny rigged one up in the basement when I was little," the kid stammered. "Told me to stick to that bag till I could make it sing. Said he'd get me a robe and some gloves when I got

(Continued on page 54)

Willard turned, set himself, threw three left jabs to Johnny's unprotected face, then crossed with a right that could be heard in the galleries

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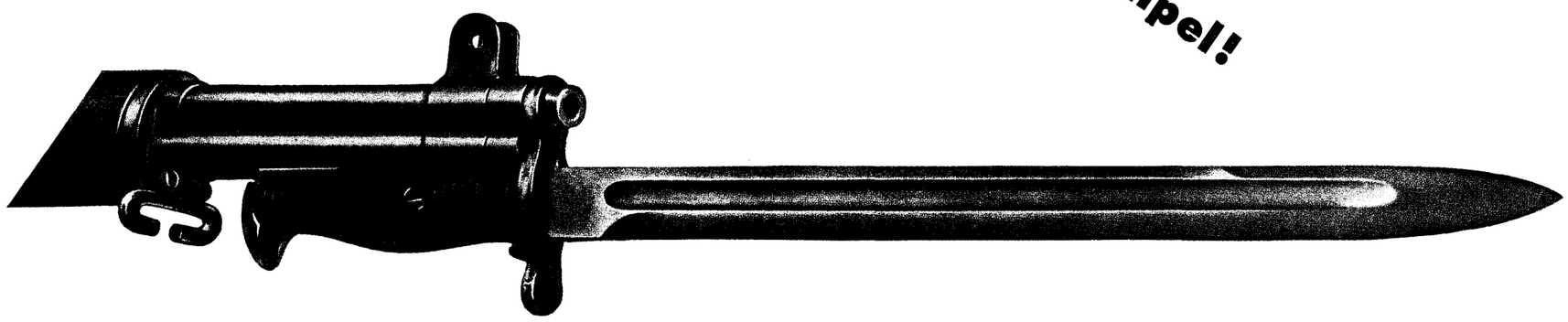
This might have been a scalpel!



STEEL that might have been a surgeon's life-saving scalpel . . . hands that might be working to attain a surgeon's skill . . . both have been forced into war. This is not our choice . . . it is our necessity. Only victory can bring our young men back to their homes. We must hasten the day.

You as an American have made this nation's industries strong by demanding ever better products in time of peace. That strength is strength for all of us today.

The skill and experience you made possible are turning out a flood of war material. The Texas Company is pouring forth vast quantities of 100-octane gasoline, special chemicals for making explosives and synthetic rubber and other war products.

Let's hurry victory . . . by working hard . . . pulling in our belts on food . . . buying war stamps and bonds . . . giving up pleasure driving . . . keeping under 35 . . . saving our tires and gasoline.

Let's speed the day when we can again put peaceful steel in the hands of our young men, not to destroy, but to create.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF AND SKY CHIEF GASOLINES · HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

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China Flight

Continued from page 12

His eyes were on Jenny's upturned face. Suddenly they were like one family, the three Americans, strangers until an hour ago, and now close because they were alone in a world of enemies. And this beautiful girl, he thought, this lovely thing—how could she be safe?

"I wish you two could be together," he said earnestly. "I wish you would look after her, Mrs. Shipman. Somehow I believe you could."

The guards were beginning to growl around them.

Mrs. Shipman turned to Jenny: "Look, dearie, if you should get the chance, you could come to my place. It's right on the edge of the Chinese city and there are all sorts of ways out of my back door. I shan't run away, of course—I've got my girls to think of—but I've helped a good many to run out of that back door when their owners were coming in the front door. It's not far from the Willow Teahouse, child—there's a big Confucian temple and I'm right across the street from the back of that. You'll know the house because I have an American knocker on my gate—it's a Cape Cod knocker—a fisherman, and he raises his hand and knocks—it's a cute thing—"

THE guards were shoving in now, and pushing Daniel away. Two guards prodded him and one of them lifted his foot and kicked him on the ankles. Daniel stopped and squared his fists.

"Cut that out—" he began.

But Jenny cried out to him: "Oh, no, don't! Oh, please—you don't know how awful they are! I've seen the things they do to Chinese."

Before she could finish they had hustled him across the room and through a door.

Mrs. Shipman touched her arm. "Is he your young man, dear?" she asked in the gentlest voice.

Jenny started. "Mine? I? Oh, no—I never saw him before, but he's American. I can't bear for him to be hurt—needlessly."

"They ain't goin' to dare to hurt us," Mrs. Shipman said cheerfully. They walked together side by side to the door ahead. "Don't you go gettin' worried. Soon they'll be askin' from America where everybody is—"

"Nobody knows where I am," the girl said sadly. "The paper thinks I am on my way to India. I ought to be—and I thought I had everything settled. But they've held up my passport again and again. Every day they promised it would be ready the next morning. Three days ago I had it and I cabled home that I was on my way. Then when I was getting on the ship I was stopped—something was wrong with something—I can't read Japanese. But I was put off again, and now—Pearl Harbor."

The two remaining guards pushed between them and parted them.

"You remember my address, honey!" Mrs. Shipman shouted, over the tin helmet of her guard.

IN THE room which the Americans had left, Shigo stood by the window looking over Shanghai. His office was in the highest building that had been left standing after the bombing and it was now much higher than anything else in the city. What a useless devastation war was, he thought! His mind ran over the great cities he had visited and so enjoyed—London, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, New York. Of them all only New York was as it had always been, and he was angered at the thought. All those other cities war had mutilated, and why should that one arrogant American city, center of the most arrogant people on earth, be left standing?

"It is the one city I would not regret seeing in ruins," he thought. "It is in New York alone that one is kept out of the best night clubs."

Yes, his superiors were quite wrong when they said the Americans were a naïve and childlike people who could easily be put into confusion. The Americans were the most stubbornly proud people of all. See how that young man had held up his head, despising him, Shigo Kuyoshi, merely because he was an Oriental! Even though the man was defenseless and at his mercy, he despised him. Well, let him rot in jail! When there was talk of exchange of prisoners he would see to it that this young man was forgotten. In prison, living on a handful of rice a day, it would not even be necessary to torture him. Beriberi would do that.

BUTCH — by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS

"Today I found a wallet containing eighty bucks, but unfortunately it had th' owner's name an' address in it!"

And that ridiculous old woman, plaguing him day after day about her wretched "girls!" Those girls were escaped prostitutes—French, Russian, English—as if a prostitute could ever be a girl again! He had forbidden his men to go there for some obscure reason that he could scarcely fathom in himself. No, let him be honest. He was ashamed of the reason why he kept his men away from the old woman's house. He did not want her to despise him.

She was an American, and she was trying to rescue those girls—she and her husband had kept the place as a refuge for years, until that morning not two years ago, when her husband had been killed inadvertently by a hasty guard whom he had enraged. He was sorry for the incident—it had been written of in the papers and had been sent abroad, and it had made the Japanese look despicable, although actually it was the foolish old man's fault. He should have understood that a guard is a soldier, and he is not to be passed as though he had no gun. True, the old man was deaf, but how was the guard to know that?

He sighed, and a delicate vein on his temple throbbed. The Japanese were so misunderstood, everywhere!

"But we are a complex people," he thought broodingly. "I, for example, I am complex. I do not understand myself. Why do I think of that American girl? It will only complicate my already complex life."

But he continued to think of her sadly. She had looked very beautiful this morning, so calm, so graceful. She had been composed in spite of her situation, and this he admired. But he had been infatuated with her ever since he first had met her, months ago. He had met her at a *thé dansant*, at Arnold Hatford's house, at that time when the English were in such straits in Europe that they were trying to be very friendly in Shanghai. The Burma Road had just been closed.

HE HAD thought Leone Hatford was very beautiful, her mixed blood adding flame to the fire of her beauty, until the American girl had come in. Then the pure blond type had simply shone above the dark Eurasian. He sighed and pressed his hands to his eyes.

"I shall ruin myself if I go on like this," he thought. He sat down at his desk and leaned his head on his hands. Then after perhaps five minutes he picked up the telephone receiver.

"Get me the Cosmopolitan Hotel," he said in a low voice.

He listened and heard the reply, "Cosmopolitan Hotel—good morning!"

"Has the American, Miss Jenny Barchet, come in yet?" he asked, and made his voice very brusque.

"Sir, she has just come in and gone to her room."

"This is the Japanese Foreign Office speaking. She is interned, you understand. All Americans are interned who are not imprisoned. She is to be allowed the freedom of the grounds but no more."

"Sir, I understand," the Eurasian clerk's voice was breathless.

"If there are any communications, they are to be reported to me direct."

"I promise, sir!"

He hesitated, then he said firmly: "I may be there myself, perhaps today or tomorrow, to question her further."

"Certainly, sir," the clerk's voice piped in his ear.

He hung up the receiver. "O fool that I am," he muttered. He banged a table bell and an obsequious Japanese girl secretary fluttered in, her shoulders hunched in humility. He turned his eyes away from her in loathing. Why were Japanese women such servile slaves? They tempted a man's foot to kick them!

"Take down this report," he said harshly. "Three Americans today were detained. . . ."

IN THE prison the American who was detained, Lieutenant Daniel James of the United States Marines, looked about him. He had been able to keep his own clothes, although obviously it was against the will of his captors. He had not understood anything of the agitated chatter that had gone on about him, but the difficulty had been made plain to him when they held up against his great height one microscopic suit after another of faded garments. In the end there had been grunts of disgust and he was pushed as he was into this bare cell. It was dry, at least, he saw gratefully. A Chinese wooden bed strung with ropes, a fairly clean quilt, a bamboo stool, a tin basin and tin water pitcher and wooden commode made up the room's furniture. The door was heavily barred with iron and the small high window in the plastered brick wall was barred, too.

He sat down on the bed when the door clanged behind him, and drew a long breath and wiped his mouth with his hand. He was dazed with all that had happened. It seemed impossible that only two days ago he was in a comfortable houseboat being poled slowly up a narrow beautiful creek, far from the city. Arnold Hatford's houseboat had been furnished with everything to make a holiday gay, and Arnold Hatford's pretty wife, Leone, had been the prettiest decoration of all. Where were they now? He imagined them, traveling overland by any means they could, southward, to escape internment.

"We'll get a boat somewhere and reach Hong Kong—Hong Kong'll be safe enough," Hatford had said easily, when at last they had believed the bad news.

It had seemed a risky business to Daniel, but Hatford had only laughed. "I've been in China so long that I'd always rather take my chances with the Chinese than anybody else. And Leone here is half-Chinese anyway—eh, Leone?"

The beautiful Eurasian girl had smiled lazily at her English husband. "To be half English is quite enough for me," she said and they had all laughed.

How incredible that terse radio voice had sounded announcing the attack at Pearl Harbor! They had heard it, actually, in the ridiculous time circle of the world, before it had happened. The

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small short wave radio that Hatford had built so cunningly into the carved Chinese panel of the wall had blared forth the news. Instantly, the wonderful food which but a moment before they had so eagerly attacked turned tasteless in their mouths.

"It can't be true!" Hatford cried.

He rose after a second and softened the voice, lest even the servants hear. But the voice had gone on, the news no less relentless in the softened tones.

"IT IS true," Daniel had said. "It's what we've been told a thousand times would happen—but I guess we haven't believed it could." He rose, dropping his fine linen napkin on the floor. "I've got to get back to my ship, Hatford," he said.

"Of course you must," Hatford said hurriedly. "My dear fellow, sit down. I'll see that we are turned about at once for Shanghai." He rang the bell for the *lao-dah* and the old captain came in, a gnarled brown Chinese, the son of generations of Chinese boat families.

"Shanghai, chop chop, lao-dah," Hatford said. "Much business have got now."

He turned to his young wife. "Tell him, my dear," he said to her. "Don't tell him what for, of course—it may all be rumor—but just say the lieutenant is called back to his ship."

She lifted her long black lashes and translated, the soft Chinese words pouring off her tongue. The old man nodded, his eyes as bright as a monkey's in his withered face, then he went agilely out of the room. At some time in his life he had broken a leg and it had never been properly set, so that he manipulated it almost as though it were not a part of himself.

But Arnold Hatford was not looking at him. He had sat pinching his thin lower lip. Suddenly he looked up at his wife. "Leone, my dear, how about you and me skipping ship and trekking right away down to Hong Kong? It'll be nasty in Shanghai for a bit. Of course this means war, you know. I mean to say, America'll naturally have to declare war and England won't be behind. It would be nasty being interned, you know, for ever so long, and I'd rather get away to Hong Kong and work in our offices there until we saw what was what." Hatford & Hunt had offices in all the great Eastern ports.

Leone had lifted her long eyebrows lazily. "As you like, Arnold," she said. And at that moment she reached for one of the big honey oranges on the table and began to peel it. She had Chinese hands, exquisite and small, and the fingers were pointed to the delicacy of a child's fingers.

Daniel James thought of them irrelevantly now. He was glad for only one thing—that something had happened to separate Leone Hatford from him. He had not been in the least in love with her, but he recognized in her those signs which made him uncomfortable, in any woman who was another man's wife when she looks at a man younger and better-looking—well, than her husband. Hatford was a good fellow, but she was his second wife. His first wife had been English, and she had died years ago, and there had been years between and then suddenly he had married Leone. She had told Daniel so, half indifferently, her red lips scarcely moving from their pure curve. "It was arranged," she had said, as if she had been speaking about someone else and not herself.

They had left the houseboat at a village, and there he had seen them off in sedan chairs, Hatford sitting straight and uncomfortable, and Leone as gracefully as though the chair were a throne. Wherever they now were, he at least was in prison! He had gone straight to the wharf the moment the houseboat drew into Soochow Creek. Standing there on the Bund he had searched the empty waters. There were ships enough but not his ship.

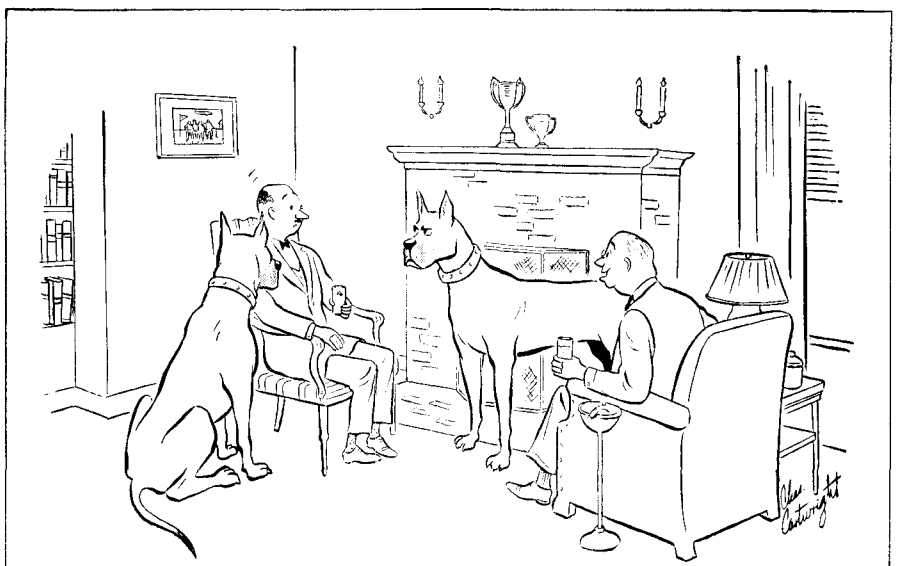
"By golly!" he had cried aloud, and at that moment three Japanese soldiers had stepped up to him out of nowhere and had seized him and led him before that fellow in the office yonder.

By such simple but inexorable steps had the enemy fallen upon him.

"DON'T hurry me," Mrs. Shipman said rudely to the Japanese who kept the point of his bayonet in the small of her back. "I'm not as young as I once was. Besides, I have more right here than you have, by a good deal."

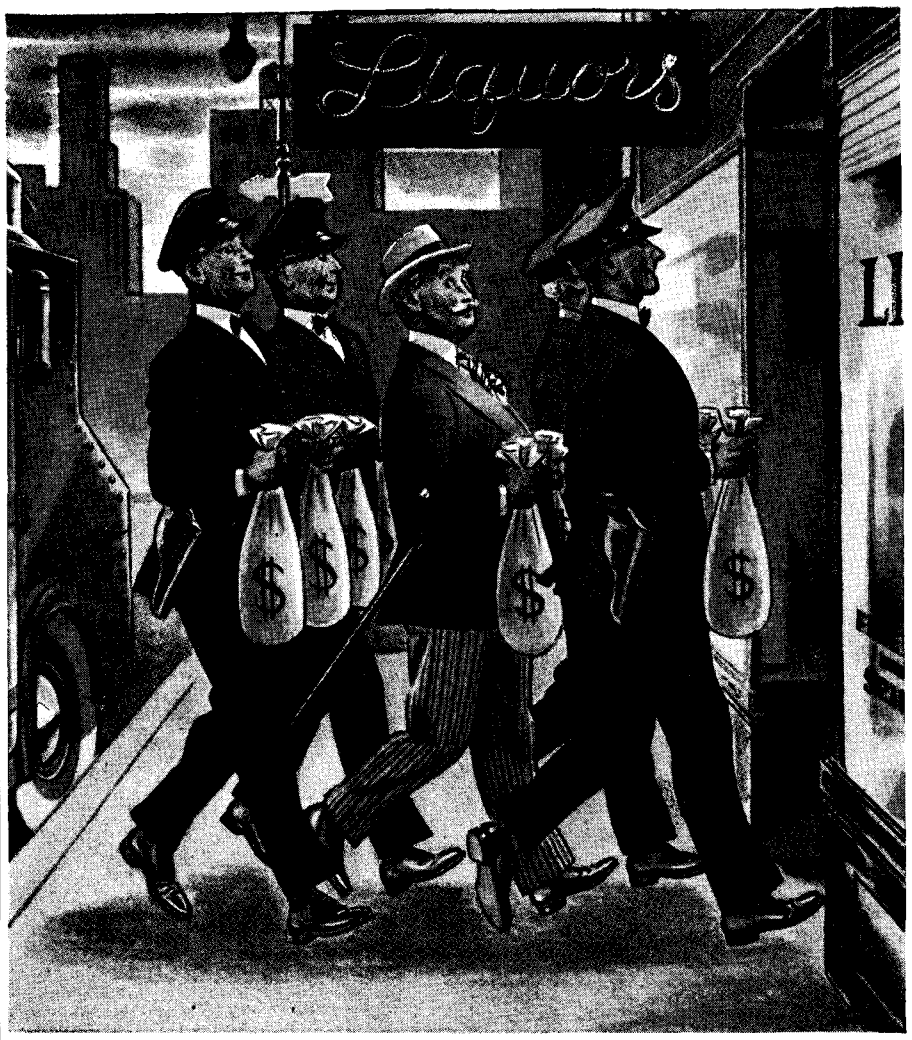
The Japanese emitted some coarse guttural sounds and Mrs. Shipman threw a look at him over her shoulder. "I don't understand a word of what you're saying and I am glad I don't," she said. She looked at him again. "I suppose some woman thought the world of you when you were born," she remarked conversationally, "but it's hard to imagine it now."

She gave up attempts at communications after that and plodded on bleakly. There were almost no vehicles left in the filthy street of what had once been so proud a city. Such desultory rickshas as were there shifted away from her. No ricksha man with a family to feed would have offered to pull an elderly white woman being steadily pushed by a Jap-



"Want to see something funny? Pretend you're going to hit me"

COLLIER'S CHAS. CARTWRIGHT



ILLIONAIRES AND OTHER HEIRS

AY ONCE HAVE PAID MUCH TOO

UCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT

Y, HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!

ANY OF THEM NOW BUY

ATTINGLY &

OORE, AND ARE THEY GRATEFUL!

ODERATE AS IS ITS PRICE

& IS ACTUALLY

ELLOWER AND MILDER THAN

ANY COSTLIER BRANDS.

Y GOODNESS...TRY IT!

The best of 'em is

M&M

(MATTINGLY & MOORE WHISKEYS)

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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anese soldier with a bayonet at her back. But she was used to walking, being often so low in funds that a ricksha was beyond her purse anyway.

It was strange, she reflected, though without bitterness, when things were especially hard, as they had been ever since the Japs came, that God should seem more rather than less negligent in the matter of moving people's hearts at home to send her a little money now and then. She still had some of her burial money left, that precious small sum which dear Paul had told her she must not use except for her own funeral. He had told her that when he lay gasping out his life from a wound in his lung made by a Japanese bayonet exactly like the one she now felt touching her back.

Tears stung her eyes whenever she thought of him. He had been such a good man, so trusting, so sure that they would always be cared for because they were doing God's will. Somehow or other these Japs had come here in spite of God.

"Sneaked in," she thought sadly, "when He was thinkin' about something else!"

SHE reached her house, footsore and weary, and her felt hat was askew. But she had all her courage intact. On the stone threshold of the gate, which was always kept locked, she paused and knocked vigorously. The little Cape Cod sailor raised his right arm under her hand and pounded on the iron plate beneath his hammer. The gate slid open, and with a sudden movement she gave the Japanese soldier a push that sent him sprawling in the dusty cobbles, and then she was inside the gate and the bolt was drawn. In a moment she heard the shots she had expected when he rose from that dust, but the gate was thick, and the bullets did not come through. One soldier she could and would keep out. If she had to be guarded, then let them stand outside the gate. If more were sent, then she must deal with them as they came.

She said to the old Chinese gateman who stared at her in terror: "I am interned, old Wang. Now if you are afraid you had better go out the back gate and find your family."

She looked at him with her steady gaze and he shrugged his shoulders. "I have been here at this gate for twenty years," he said. "I will stay here as long as you are here, lady."

"Good!" she said. Then she cast a quick look toward the rooms across the court. "Is all as I left it?" she asked. There was not a sign of the girls but then she had told them always to stay at the back of the house, near the back gate, when she was away.

"All is as you left it," he said quietly. "I have not heard a sound since you went away." He glanced at the open doors of the house and then drew a little nearer to her. "But that last young girl I do not trust—the one you picked up the day you went to court for the Russian."

"You mean Meri? Why, she's a child!" she said.

"French," old Wang said. "We never had any good come from them."

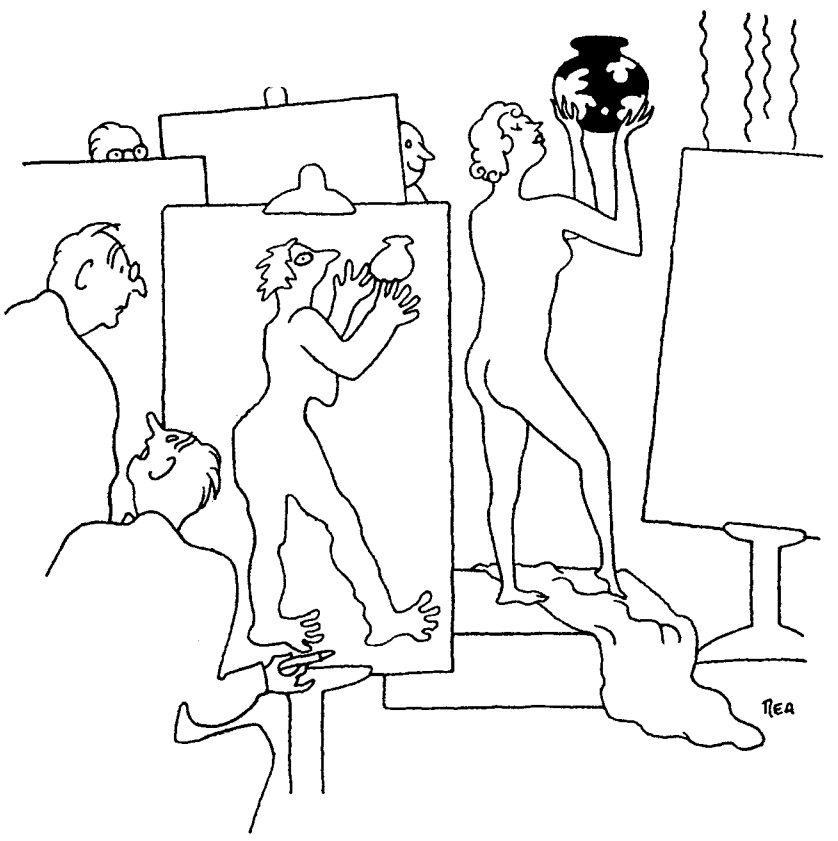
"You mean you think she's a—spy?"

"How do I know if she is a spy?" old Wang said. "I do not know how a spy looks. All I say is—watch her."

"Well, maybe," Mrs. Shipman said. She spoke outrageously bad Chinese because she had never taken the time to learn it properly. No one could understand her except old Wang. Questioned as to how he did, he always said judiciously, "It is not difficult. When I know what she is going to say, I can understand all. Even when I do not know what she is going to say, I can understand one half." But he stayed with her because he had promised the old preacher he would. There had been a good man!

Mrs. Shipman plodded across the courtyard and into the house. There was nothing but stillness until she opened the door into the inner court. Then suddenly she heard the sound of girls' voices and laughter. It was a pleasant little court, with a small pool in the middle and old bamboo trees that had been planted long ago when a Chinese family had owned the place.

In this court some eight or nine young women sat or lounged on the grass, and watched an old cat and her family of kittens. They looked up when the door opened and cried out in a crescendo of gaiety, in several languages:



"Do you suppose, Professor, it's just because I don't understand women?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Ah, Mother Shipman!" "Ah, dear one, you are back!" "Mother Shipman!" "Good Mother, Good Mother!"

Only the little auburn-haired one with the long green eyes did not cry out. She leaned over and plucked up a kitten by its tail like a stem and dropped it into the shallow pool.

Mrs. Shipman rushed forward. "Shame on you, Meri!" she cried. "The little thing'll drown!" She picked the meowing scrap out of the water and dried it on her woolen skirt, and the old mother cat rubbed against her legs in anxiety.

"For shame, Meri!" the girls cried. "Oh, you wicked one! God will punish you," they said.

But Meri shook her auburn curls out of her eyes. "Where is God?" she asked in a sweet childish voice. She looked up at the sky and then she stuck out her red tongue. There were more cries of consternation—"Meri—God will punish you!" But she shook her curls at them again and ran into the house. A door banged and the girls looked at Mrs. Shipman. But Mrs. Shipman had already forgotten Meri. She looked seriously at the faces around her.

They looked so young and girlish, these faces, when one saw them at a distance. But it was only when one saw them close, when one knew them one by one as she did, that they did not look girlish—no, not even though they were so young, and so smooth. The eyes were old. Only Meri had very young eyes like a child, she thought, like an eternal child.

"Listen, girls," she said. "I've got bad news. War has got me, I guess. I'm interned."

A tall Russian girl leaped to her feet, her face very pale. "Does it mean—" she whispered.

"It will not mean what you think," Mrs. Shipman said. "But it means that I cannot come and go as I have before—it means we shall have to trust old Wang to get us food beyond what is sent us. It does mean"—she gazed solemnly around the faces all turned toward her. "It does mean that you must be ready when I tell you—to run out of the back gate, along the ways I have already taught you. If I give the word there must be no delay—you understand?"

Heads nodded. The Russian sank to her knees and covered her face with her hands. "There is no peace," she moaned. "Nowhere in the world is peace!"

Mrs. Shipman looked at her for a second. Then she sighed. "I think I'll go and rest a little bit," she said. "Somehow for the first time in my life I feel real tired."

"YES?" Jenny Barchet was saying into the telephone. She had been startled a moment ago when it rang. Whom did she know in the city who would call her? All her friends had thought her safely on the ship thirty-six hours ago. Wherever they were, interned, imprisoned, they would be envying her. She had tried in vain for the last hour to get the American consulate. The clerk had assured her that he had rung many times but that there was no answer.

"It is I, Miss Barchet."

She recognized his voice instantly, but she pretended she did not. "I don't know who you are," she said.

He laughed pleasantly musical laughter into her ear. "Yes, you do—it is your good friend, Shigo Kuyoshi!"

She bit back her flaming denial of such friendship and made her voice as cold as her heart at the sound of his name: "Yes, Mr. Kuyoshi?"

"Are you alone?"

She hesitated and then evaded the truth: "Is there something you wish to tell me? At least there is no one in the room with me, if that is what you mean."

"May I come and tell you myself?"

"I had rather hear it, please, over the telephone," she made the words a command.

He laughed again richly. "And I had rather come and tell you myself!"

"It is not convenient for me to receive you," she said bluntly.

There was a moment of silence. Then he said gently, "I had so much rather come as your guest than to come—otherwise."

She was determined not to be afraid. "I had rather not have you as my guest," she said distinctly. "If you come otherwise, of course that I cannot help. But at least I can help having you come as my guest."

There was silence again. Then she heard his voice, clear and pleasant and inexorably firm, come across the wires: "Very well—then I will come—otherwise!"

The receiver clicked in her ear.

She put it down slowly and looked about the room. It was a pretty room, the sitting room to the small suite which had been her home since she came to Shanghai now nearly three months ago. It had been the scene of pleasant parties, and of many hours of good companionship with friends. Now it was her prison. She thought, at that word prison, of the tall young man whom she had met this morning, from whom she had parted so unwillingly. "If we were in prison together I'd feel safe, anyway," she thought.

BUT she was alone in her jail and he in his and there was no communication possible. Now she must think quickly what to do. She went into the bedroom and changed her thin woolen dress to a suit with pockets. Then she opened her locked box and took out a small revolver. Months before, when she had started around the world, her boss, the editor of the paper that had sent her here, had given her this thing. "I wouldn't give it to just anybody, Jen," he had said. "But you're so darned reckless—you'll get yourself into a fix, sure as fate, and so you'd better have this inside somewhere."

She was in the fix all right. She chanced to look up at that moment and saw herself in the mirror, holding the pistol in her hands, and was startled at her own reflection. She was very pale, and there were shadows under her eyes.

"I mustn't look like this," she thought. "He'll know I'm scared." She dropped the pistol into her right-hand pocket. "I mustn't be scared," she thought. So in the few minutes she knew she had left before he could get there, she made up her face carefully and brushed her blond hair until it lay on her shoulders in shining curls.

"A clean handkerchief," she thought, and smiled as she found it. "With a clean handkerchief," her mother used to preach to her when she was a little girl, "a lady is always prepared."

"You were right, Mom," she whispered half aloud, "but you didn't go quite far enough, dear. With a clean handkerchief—*and* a pistol—a lady is prepared—maybe!"

She went out into the other room and stood at the window looking out. The door was locked. When she heard his knock she would open it as though indeed he were a casual visitor. But until then she stood quite still, looking out into the street. Across it there were the

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THE LIFE INSURANCE AGENT IN WARTIME

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Out of this demand for individual planning has grown the institution of American life insurance. Through this, Americans have provided for their loved ones and themselves a greater measure of individual financial security than has ever been known before. In fact, we Americans, representing only 7% of the world's population, own more than 70% of the world's life insurance.

In keeping with American individualism, life insurance itself is individualized—tailored to fit the hopes and ambitions, the needs and income of each policyholder. And each family's insurance program, shaped according to its own particular needs, has been made possible by the untiring work of the life insurance agent.

It is the agents who teach people to understand and appreciate the benefits of life insurance. Through their efforts, in times of peace, agents helped some 65,000,000 Americans to take advantage of the flexible, individualized service characteristic of American life insurance.

In wartime, this service takes on new and more important meaning. The agent's work is a major contribution to the morale of our men in the armed forces, for millions of them know that, through life insurance, their families back home are cared for no matter what happens.

The agent's work in wartime also helps prevent inflation. He assists people with excess earnings to invest part of such earnings in life insurance. This keeps excess funds from competing for consumer goods and helps hold down prices.

Life insurance bought today serves a double purpose. It not only provides protection for the policyholder, but a substantial part of the money he pays for such protection is invested by his Company in United States Government Bonds. Since Pearl Harbor, the life insurance companies of America have added nearly $3,000,000,000 to their holdings of United States Government securities...money that is going for tanks, planes, guns and other war equipment. In addition, life insurance agents sell War Stamps as part of their daily activities.

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ruins of a great department store which, when it had been bombed, had carried into its destruction the lives of thousands of people. The bombs had fallen when the shop had been at its most crowded hour. It had been long before she came and yet even now there were smears of blood upon the plaster walls. In the lower floors, business was going on. It was only from above that one could see the record of death.

Will he bring soldiers in with him? This question struck across her heart like a cold sword. Certainly she could not cope with several men. She took her little pistol out of her pocket and examined it carefully. It was well loaded, and the delicate trigger was shining and ready. She would manage as best she could.

SHE had scarcely slipped it into her pocket again when the knock she dreaded was on the door. She walked steadily across the room and threw the door open. He was alone! There was not even a guard to be seen at the elevator nor in the hall.

"Yes, I am quite alone," he said gaily. "You need not be afraid. It is a purely social call."

"Come in, please," she said, ignoring his perception of what must have been in her eyes. Very well, she must be careful of her eyes!

He came in, and she saw he was meticulously dressed in formal morning clothes. He had even a silk hat and cane and pale gray gloves, and these he put on the couch beside him. She suddenly understood that he had dressed himself thus out of pure vanity. He wanted her to see him at his best. She felt for the first time a flicker of amusement, and then a dash of reassurance. If he were vain, then it gave her a little safety, perhaps! At least there was a weakness in him!

"How beautiful you look," she said with a small, cool smile. "You must forgive me that I am dressed so—casually."

He sat down, delicately, pulling his striped trousers over his knees. "My dear Miss Barchet, you are always beautiful," he said. He looked at her, appreciation shining in his eyes. Then he leaned forward a little, his hands together at the finger tips. He had put, she saw, a heavy gold ring on his little finger. Certainly that ring had not been there this morning. He followed her eyes.

"That ring I bought in Berlin," he said. He slipped it from his finger. "It is hand wrought. An old German jeweler made it for me. Can you think why?"

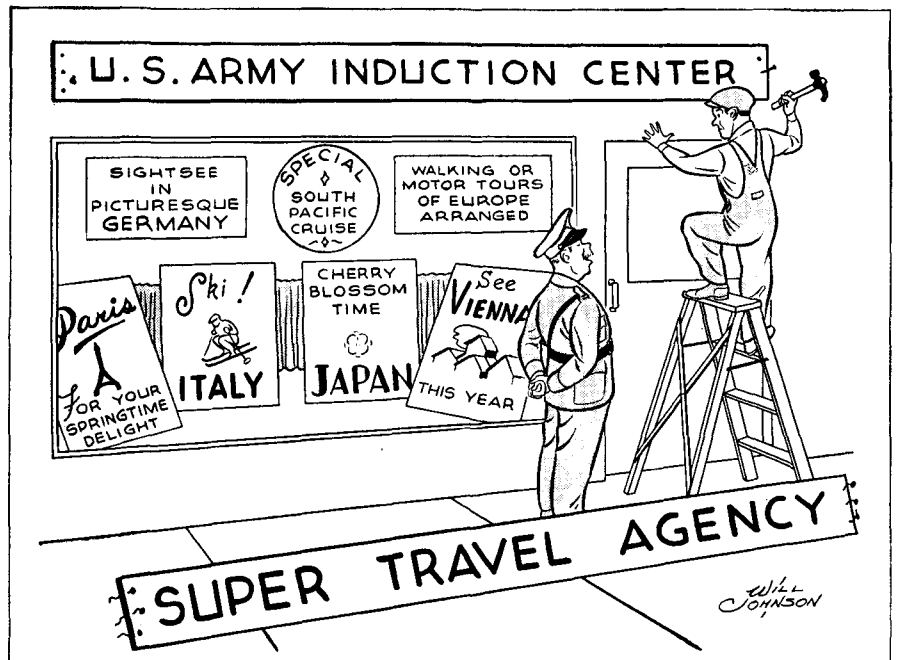
The ring was warm from his flesh and she could scarcely bear to touch it. Nevertheless she took it and pretended to examine it. It was very fine indeed. A curious insignia was carved on the seal.

"I cannot think why," she said, and handed the ring back to him, avoiding the touch of his fingers. But he made no effort, she saw with relief, to touch her hand.

"He had a great admiration for my people," he said. "That old man, you will be surprised to hear, had studied Japanese art and knew—well, really he knew more about it than I did. This, you see"—he moved over to a chair next to her and showed her the seal again—"this is the sign of Shinto—and this the crest of my own samurai family."

She drew back a little. "Yes, I see," she said. He had put on himself some sort of perfume, very faint, not in the least effeminate—a strange musky scent. He rose and moved back to the couch. The ring was on his finger again. He sat looking at her for a moment, a charming smile on his handsome mouth.

"You need not be afraid of me," he said in a low voice. "I will not take advantage of this barbarous situation between us."



COLLIER'S "Just leave the window display as it is" WILL JOHNSON

Her lips grew stiff with terror. "Do not forget you are not here as my guest," she said huskily.

"No, I remember that I am not," he said. His mellow voice did not lose a tone of its pleasantness: "I understand all that you are feeling. What you fear is entirely natural. But what I want you to know is that I am not an ordinary man. I have to take my place in the world as I find it, of course. To do otherwise would be folly. When the world is at war, it is throwing away one's life not to seem zealous for war. But actually, what sensible man can approve a situation which destroys all the pleasures of living? You and I, for instance, in a peaceful world we might have been very good friends. As it is, I have to overcome, if I can, this foolish obstacle—this foolish detail, let us say—of the fact that I am the conqueror and you—well, you are the conquered!"

HE LAUGHED, but she looked at him from wary eyes.

He rose and drew a chair toward her. "I will be patient," he said. "I will not hurry your belief in me. But I should like you to listen to me when I say you can believe in me. I am a man of the world, in the truest sense. I have spent years in your country. I went to school there. I know England and Europe. I admire the Western world. Although I am a Japanese proudly, yet I can tell you that I believe it would have been far wiser for us if we had not begun this career of conquest—if we could have kept on with the good progress we were making in trade and peaceful penetration. We would have made more progress with friends than with enemies."

His eyes, she thought, so large, so clear, were nevertheless the shape of a snake's eyes, and the peculiar fold of skin above them made them look lidless when they were open. But his voice was the voice of a cultivated man—as he said, a man of the world. He spoke English with a pure Oxford accent which an English lord might have envied. She had heard him speak French and German and knew that he spoke them both as well as he spoke English.

"Will you believe me?" he asked gently.

"I cannot forget we are enemies," she said shortly.

He leaned back and took out his gold cigarette case and held it toward her mutely. But as mutely she shook her head. She realized that, whether it was absurd or not, she did not even want to smoke one of his cigarettes. She knew that cigarettes could be charged with narcotics. But he took one himself and began to smoke it gracefully.

He continued to watch her. Now she saw that he did have lids to his eyes. He dropped them a little as he watched her. "I wonder if you realize what a predicament I am in," he said slowly.

"You?" she repeated.

He smiled slightly at this. "Yes, I," he said. "You need not think you are the only one. It is only technically, you know, that you are my enemy and I ought not to have anything to do with you. I ought to keep you under the heaviest guard. Actually, you are the only woman who has interested me since I—" he flicked the ash from his cigarette, and for a moment his eyes left her face. "Well, since I left Europe."

She did not answer or move. "I have the misfortune," he went on slowly, "not to be in the least attracted to the women of my own race. Our theory about women," he said, seeming to reflect on what he said and yet not to be thinking about it at all, "is very defective. In keeping our women uneducated, in keeping them our servants, we have neglected to provide for ourselves companions. Of course the geishas—but the truth is, the geishas are seldom fit for real companionship. They have a surface charm, prettiness, if you like prettiness, but a man such as I am—I long for the full companionship of an intelligent woman. I can hire a servant and I can go to a theater for my entertainment. But one cannot buy companionship of the sort I mean. It has to come out of deep compatibility."

He was not looking at her now. She saw his handsome profile turn to the window and then she saw, to her amazement, that he was really sad. "You see why you need not be afraid of me," he said. "I would force you to nothing. The very spirit of the thing I want from some woman—perhaps not even you—would be lost if there were any compulsion."

HE TURNED his face to her again, and now he smiled. "I beg you not to be afraid of me," he said softly.

"I am not afraid of you," she said at last, "only—under the circumstances—I cannot see the possibility of friendship between us."

"Why not?" he begged. "Here we are in this Chinese city. In a sense we are quite alone. Whom do you know and whom do I know who might be friends to either of us? You too have been everywhere in the world. You are a cosmopolitan and so am I. You know that patriotism is not enough for people like us. I do not ask you to cease to love your country, and you will not ask me to cease to serve mine. But there will be hours when it will be pleasant to me to come here like this—there will be hours when I can take you out of these walls for a drive in the countryside. We can do our full duty and yet we can be friends."

She felt dazed and a little sick. The strain upon her was making her giddy. She put her hot hand in her pocket and the little silver pistol felt like comforting ice to it. What did he mean by all this talk? And how could she answer it? She would have been less afraid of him if he had been simply—brutal.

"Please go away," she whispered. "Please leave me alone!"

He rose instantly. "Certainly," he said. "I will not stay a moment longer than you wish—if you will let me come back."

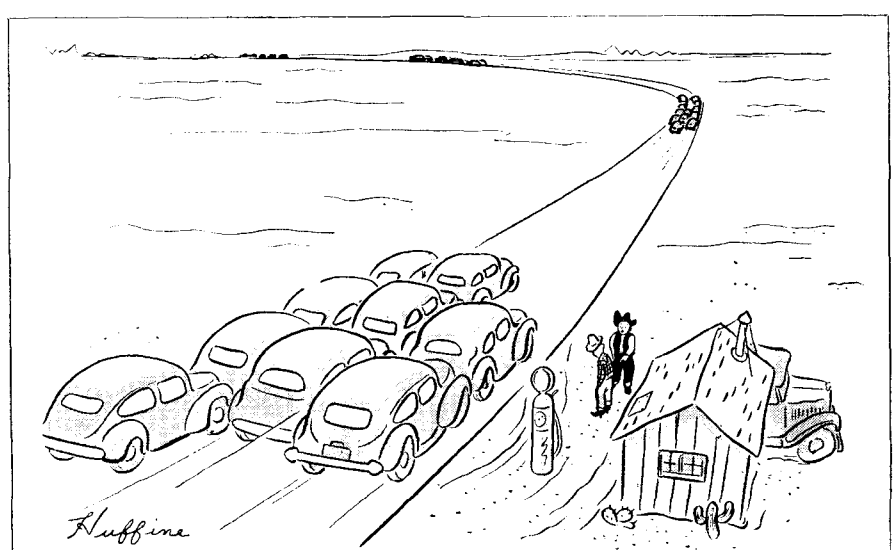
He put out his hand and unwillingly she put out hers. She felt it enveloped in his smooth palm.

"May I come back?" he asked, still holding her hand.

She pulled it away. "I—don't know," she murmured.

"At least you do not say I may not," he said, releasing her hand. He stopped to pick up his hat and cane and gloves, and went at once to the door. Then he turned to her and bowed his graceful Japanese bow. "Thank you at least that I may come again," he said clearly and closed the door softly behind him.

(To be continued next week)



"It's the 35-mile speed limit and that traffic light in Tucson
COLLIER'S DAVID B. HUFFINE

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Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 20

"I don't know," she snapped. "I don't dare bring up his name. I'll have to wait until it comes up in conversation. I don't even know if I can come here again. At luncheon, Channing referred to you as a 'common murderer.' And that, my dear, is how the wind is blowing."

"Will you get me the rest of that information?" Jason said.

Natalie nodded. "Of course, Jason. But you're whipped. What can you do?"

She turned quickly and walked away from the latticed door. And it occurred to Jason that there was no longer any need to make up his mind whether or not he could trust her. He had no choice. His life was in Natalie Mace's hands.

She was back again after dinner. In a pale blue dinner dress, she looked fragile. She was pale. She approached the latticed door unsmilingly.

She had had, she announced, another talk with Luana. "And I have the other information you wanted. I got Channing to talk before dinner. Winfield Grazzard was an ordnance inspector in one of the Bethlehem Steel plants from 1923 to 1927. Is it really important, Jason?"

Her expression was forlorn.

"Very important."

"Well, I'm glad. It took a lot of wangling. And Luana finally confessed she wasn't talking with anybody last night—but she won't say where she was. She's hysterical again. She had another awful row with Lorrin. She wanted to see you. The upshot of it was that Queen Bertha ordered her to have nothing more to do with you. And I've had my orders, too. Channing laid down the law when Queen Bertha mentioned at dinner that I'd been here this afternoon."

"How did she find out?"

"I don't know, Jason. She knows everything. She sees all and knows all. And she has a new smugness about her. She loves to put people in the doghouse. Luana's in the doghouse, and you're in the doghouse and I'm in the doghouse. And I won't be coming here any more, because the last time I disobeyed Channing he punched me in the eye."

"You might look in on me at the Honolulu jail," Jason suggested.

"I'll bring you a homemade cake with a file in it," Natalie said. "It seems to be our last chance."

NEXT morning, Channing Mace visited the brig.

The manager of Kokala plantation wore an expression appropriately sympathetic. His dark red hair had been somewhat ruffled by the wind as he had come forward, and he was smiling sadly.

"I would have dropped around to see you sooner, Amboy," he said in his vigorous way, "but I was waiting to see if someone would turn up who'd seen your man jump overboard. I wanted you to know that Mrs. Grazzard is very much concerned over you."

"That's very kind of her," Jason murmured.

"Well, I'd say her attitude may be just a little selfish, Amboy. You see, she has a great deal of family pride and she considers you, in a sense, one of the family. She wants to do anything she can for you."

"It's kind of you to go to all this trouble," Jason said.

"Oh, not at all. I've been in jams myself. In fact," Channing Mace said, with his cool smile, "I was in a jam myself a few years ago very similar to this one. A drunken bum insulted my wife, and I punched him, and, as luck would have it, he hit his head on a curbing and died of a skull fracture, although I'll always believe he died of acute alcoholism."

"Then you know," Jason said quietly, "just how I feel."

"Indeed I do!" the plantation manager agreed with heartiness. "And I, too, will do everything in my power to clear you of this ridiculous charge."

"That's odd," Jason said. "I didn't know I'd been charged with anything."

"Unless things clear up for you," Channing Mace said pleasantly, "you're definitely going to be charged with murder. That's pretty obvious, isn't it?"

"At least, it's a possibility," Jason agreed.

"But don't be too downcast, Amboy. We have a great many strings to our bow, you know. Or perhaps you hadn't realized how powerful the Grazzards are in the islands?"

"I'm certainly beginning to realize it," Jason admitted. "Will you tell Mrs. Grazzard I'm very grateful for her interest?"

"I will, gladly," Channing Mace said heartily. "And, by the way, Amboy. I've suggested to my wife that it might be better if she didn't drop around here any more. People talk so, you know. You appreciate my feelings, of course."

"Of course," said Jason.

HE WATCHED the manager of Kokala plantation walk away. When Channing Mace reached the deck doorway, sunlight struck his tousled hair, and it became decidedly red. It was not as bright a red, Jason decided, as Singapore Sam Shay's, but it was decidedly red. And he wondered if it was as red as this when it was wet.

From the mess boy who brought him his breakfast three mornings later, Jason learned that the Tasmania would dock in Honolulu at noon. He had finished his breakfast when Captain Horngold and Lieutenant Commander Matthewson came into the corridor on which the brig faced.

Matthewson had a cluster of keys in his hand. With one of them he unlocked the latticed steel door. He opened it.

"Congratulations!" he said. "We've finally got you a clean bill of health, Mr. Amboy!"

Captain Horngold said vigorously, "I'm delighted to be able to release you, Mr. Amboy. A passenger has finally come forward who saw your valet jump. He jumped off A-deck rail, aft. The young lady even talked to him, trying to dissuade him. It was Miss Topping."

"What!" Jason shouted. He hadn't intended to shout. The shout was surprised out of him.

"Yes," the captain said, "I was surprised, too. It certainly was an unusual coincidence. Of the five thousand people aboard this ship who might have seen him jump, it had to be a young lady sitting at your own table!

"Miss Topping came to my office immediately after breakfast saying she had something to tell me. She said she hated to have you penned up here all of this time, and the reason she hadn't spoken sooner was that she hated publicity so. She hoped someone else might have seen Flack jump. The main point is, she did come forward—and the case against you is cleared."

"Yes," Jason said thoughtfully, "that's the main point."

He went to his stateroom for a change of clothes and a shower, then went on

GIRL: *Don't be silly! I always throw a piece of carbon paper away after using it 20 times!*

P. A. Ah, but you never used Roytype's Park Avenue before! It's made by the Royal Typewriter Company, and one sheet can be used up to 60 times, cleanly and clearly. Here's a test copy that proves it . . .

This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 36092-NY. Issued October 6, 1942

GIRL: *Why, that's amazing! It looks like a first copy! What makes it possible?*

P. A. They tell me it's because Park Avenue is *deep-inked*. They use a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. And notice Park Avenue's extension edge . . . it lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so that all areas of the paper can be used.

GIRL: *Well, I may be dreaming . . . but from now on, I'll try to get a lot more copies from each sheet of Park Avenue before I throw it away!*

* * *

THERE ARE MANY different carbon papers in the Roytype* line, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One of these . . . it may be Park Avenue, or it may be another . . . will exactly fit your needs, depending on the particular type of work done in your office. Your local Royal Typewriter Representative will gladly show you the whole price range of Roytype carbon papers and help you choose the weight, finish, and quality best-suited to your requirements.

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deck looking for Luana. The breeze was sweet with the fragrance of the land. The green mass of Molokai was rising out of the sea to the south, and he could see, dead ahead, the loom of Oahu against a white billow of tropical cloud.

The convoy was now strung out in a long double line. Several more destroyers had appeared. They were darting here and there and naval planes were swooping about the convoy.

He found Luana on a sun mat on B deck. She wore white slacks and against their snowy whiteness her copper-colored skin was striking and beautiful. She was lying on her stomach. Pushed up on her elbows, she was reading a picture magazine. Her brown hair was shaken out. It curled about her shoulders and was softly stirred by the breeze.

Jason sat down beside her. She turned her head as his shadow fell across the magazine. She was wearing dark glasses with pink scalloped rims.

"Oh, hello, Cousin Jason," she said. He couldn't see her eyes, but she wasn't smiling.

"I understand," said Jason, "I owe you a great debt of thanks, Cousin Luana."

SHE was gazing steadily at his eyes. Her mouth looked small and unhappy.

He was trying to see her eyes through the dark lenses. "I can't decide," he said gravely, "whether I'm still in love with you or not. One moment I think I am. The next moment I think I'm not. But I'm sure of one thing: My dream woman wouldn't let me stay in a dungeon for several days and nights because she's afraid of publicity."

"Perhaps," the copper-skinned girl said, "it was a good thing to put you to the test. I don't want you to be in love with me. It's made me unhappy. I'm glad you're cured."

"If you thought I'd stopped being in love with you," said Jason, "you'd be eating your heart out. And I didn't say I was cured. Just looking at you and hearing your voice brings it back stronger than ever. And *I want to hear the rest* of the evidence. I must say this sun feels awfully good. It was gloomy down there. Why didn't you visit me?"

"Orders," she said crisply. "You were *kapu*. You are still *kapu*."

"I suppose that means I'm an outcast," Jason murmured. "Before you're snatched away from me, please tell me what happened that night."

Luana took off her sun glasses. Her eyes were very clear. "It was awful, Jason. It was horrible. I'd come out of the lounge. I suddenly saw this little gray-haired man sitting on the rail, with his legs dangling over, and his left arm around a stanchion. He was leaning forward as if he were about to jump: I called to him. I was simply terrified."

"Wasn't there anyone else on deck?"

"No. It was raining and cold. I don't know what I said. I just yelled and he turned his head. Then I ran to him and I grabbed him by the arm with both hands—the arm that was hanging onto the stanchion."

"Did you know who he was?" Jason asked.

"No. I think I'd seen him about the ship once or twice, but I didn't know who he was until afterward. The strange part of it was he wasn't agitated at all. He said very calmly, 'Don't try to stop me, Miss Topping.' Then he jerked his arm out of my hands and jumped as far out as he could."

Luana's sea-green eyes were entranced.

Jason reached for her hand, then thought better of his action and drew his hand back. "That must have been a horrible experience," he said. "Did you ever see a man go overboard before?"

Luana's mouth became firm. "Of course! Lots of times!"

"What did you do those other times?" Jason asked.

Her eyes were narrower. "I don't know," she said impatiently. "What has that got to do with it?"

"I thought," Jason answered, "it was an old, old law of the sea that when someone saw someone else go overboard, he yelled 'Man overboard!' so the ship could be put about and the man picked up. Did you yell 'Man overboard!' when Flack jumped?"

"I was so horrified I almost fainted. I hadn't enough strength to yell."

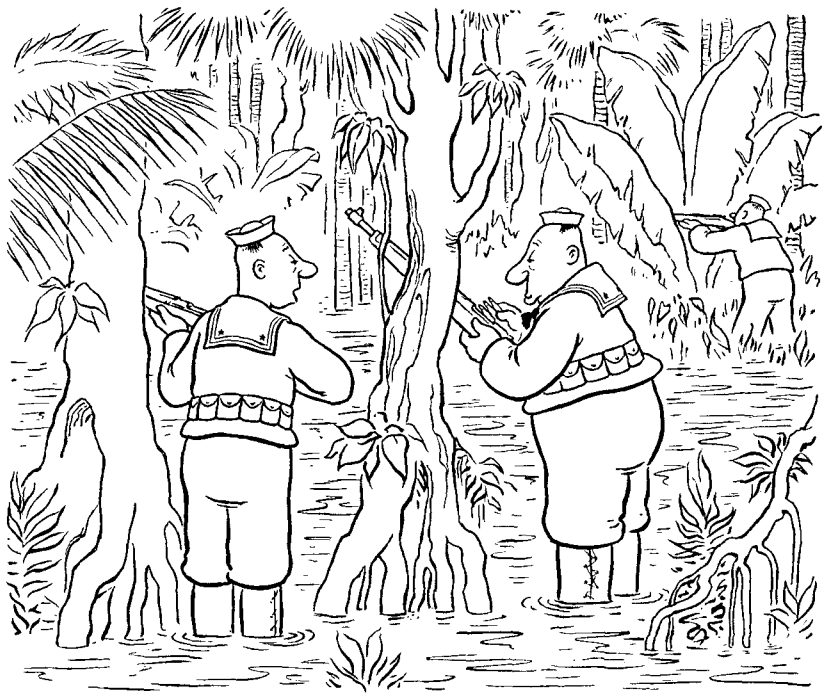
Jason was nodding gravely. "You hung onto the rail until the faintness passed, then you came serenely down to the dining room—"

Luana's face was pink. "I wasn't serene!" she cried. "I was having the jitters. I must have looked as if I'd seen a ghost."

"You must have had yourself under wonderful control," Jason said. "You looked as if you'd just been having cocktails with some very amusing people. Your eyes were—"

"Mr. Amboy!" a familiar voice above him said.

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"I've told you a dozen times, Alfred, I'll gladly lend you forty cents to go to the movies—but can't you wait until we get to the movies?"

COLLIER'S

JASON'S heart gave a sickening lurch. He stared at the short, plump, bandy-legged little man in gray who stood there, smiling paternally and squinting a little in the strong Hawaiian sunlight.

Jason felt himself turn cold. His mouth dried up.

"Flack!" he gasped.

His valet chuckled. "Yes, Mr. Amboy," he said airily. "Not a mirage. Not a ghost. Not a motion picture. But Flack himself—in the flesh and in the best of health."

Jason's heart was beating so tumultuously that he could hardly breathe. He put his fists on his hips to steady himself and he stared into Flack's white face, his spaniel eyes.

It really was Flack. It was Flack, standing on the deck before him, with the hot sunlight shining through his thin black hair and gleaming brightly on his scalp.

The first shock was beginning to pass. The coldness and the trembling were going. Jason's heart was returning to an even keel and its tumult was subsiding.

His manservant was observing him with anxiety. "Gently does it, sir," said Flack.

JASON glanced at Luana. She was sitting up on her sun mat and the breeze was softly blowing her hair. She was not pale. She was not trembling. She did not seem astonished. She was taking it, it seemed to Jason, very calmly.

"So—" he began in a low growl.

"Control yourself, Jason," said Luana in her melodious voice.

"Do you," said he, "know who this man is, Luana?"

"Yes, Jason," she said calmly. "Don't yell so. Everything will be explained." She glanced at Flack and her expression was severe. "Flack, I thought you said you were going to stay in hiding until we docked, and then slip ashore."

"I decided it was best to appear now, Miss Topping," Flack said blandly. "I wanted to spare both of you a grilling by the F.B.I."

Luana seemed displeased. "Won't this mean endless complications?"

Flack was smiling at her, and it was the smile of a man bewitched. "I have an answer to every question, Miss Topping."

He turned back to Jason: "I merely wanted to reassure you for the moment that I'm alive—very much alive, in fact, sir. I trust my disappearance didn't distress you too much, Mr. Amboy."

"Great heaven!" said Jason.

"Please," his manservant implored, "don't lose control of yourself, sir. I only wanted to let you know that I'm alive and well, Mr. Amboy, before reporting to the captain."

Jason was trying to suppress his anger. "I suppose," he said, "you've been swimming along beside the ship all these days and nights."

"Please, Mr. Amboy," Flack begged, "don't lose your temper. Everything will be explained in due course. I have been hiding in the chain locker."

"The chain locker!"

Flack placed his right forefinger to his lips in a gesture that was as familiar as it was distasteful to Jason.

"Yes, Mr. Amboy, the chain locker—the place where the anchor chain is stowed. When the ship was searched the night I vanished, several times ship's officers threw flashlight beams on me, but I was very ingeniously concealed."

Flack chuckled. "I was lying beneath a piece of burlap the exact color of the rusty chain."

"Did you have that figured out, too?"

"Yes, sir."

Jason was studying his manservant's face. It seemed to be the same humble face he had known for years, yet there was something subtly different, something new and something gone. It contained no diabolical cunning that Jason could see, yet there was something about the eyes and something about the mouth—the promise that Flack's new personality was about to break through.

"Roth knew about this?" Jason said softly.

"Yes, sir."

"And Miss Topping is obviously in the plot?"

"Very much so, sir."

"And that redheaded boomer. Who else?"

"You've guessed the entire cast of characters, Mr. Amboy."

"Mrs. Grazzard? Her son? Mr. Mace?"

"No, sir. Only Miss Topping."

"Who phoned me that night and said it was you?"

"That was Roth, sir."

"Who tried to murder me on the paddle-tennis court?"

"That was my pal—Singapore Sam Shay."

Jason was trying to control his voice: "And what did your pal intend to do with the corpse?"

FLACK backed away a step. "I hope you won't lose your temper, sir. You've done so nicely so far. . . . The truth is, Mr. Amboy, my plans went *awry. My plan was that Singapore Sam* would knock you painlessly unconscious and leave you trussed up—"

"Hog-tied," Luana murmured.

Jason glanced at her. "You like to have your victims hog-tied, don't you?"

"They're so much more tractable that way," said Luana.

"He was to have left you hog-tied on the boat deck," Flack resumed. "But—"

"In that cold downpour?" Jason interrupted. "Don't tell me this next one, Flack. Let me guess. Was my part in this plot the part that a football plays in a game, say, between Notre Dame and the Army?"

Flack backed away another step. "My intentions," he said earnestly, "were not sadistic, Mr. Amboy. You were to have been found hog-tied. I reasoned that you would be taken to the captain in a semiconscious condition at about the time my disappearance was confirmed by a search of the ship. I reasoned that you would be unable to explain what had happened to you—and that the captain would, in turn, reason that you were innocent of any connection with my disappearance."

"That," said Jason, "is utterly ridiculous. Why did you do it, Flack? What's back of it all?"

"I will clear up everything," Flack answered with dignity, "at the proper time. It is far too important to be told piecemeal. There are too many vital elements. And I want you to be calmer, sir. You are obviously in no mood to talk about it now."

"I want this explained."

"It will be," Flack said hastily. "I assure you, Mr. Amboy, I will explain ev-

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THE PLAN
BEHIND THE MAN
BEHIND THE GUN

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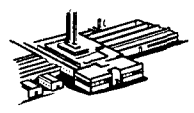

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erything to your complete satisfaction —with Miss Topping's assistance."

Jason glanced again at Luana. Her green eyes were fixed on him and she wasn't smiling. "Yes," she said. "Everything." And her tone, it seemed to him, was ominous.

He turned back to his valet. "Have you been down there in that chain locker all this time?"

"Practically all of it, sir."

"Who brought you food—Roth?"

"Mr. Amboy—*please,*" Flack begged. "People are beginning to stare. I assure you, every question you have will be answered to your complete satisfaction. But, first, I must find Captain Horngold and explain myself to him, so the last penumbra of blame will be removed from you."

"Luana," Jason said gently, "do you know what a penumbra is?"

"Isn't it a shadow?"

"All right," Jason said. "It's a shadow. Do you know what it is that you're going to say to Captain Horngold to remove this penumbra, Flack?"

"Yes, sir. I had an attack of amnesia. At about seven o'clock, on the night I vanished, my mind went completely blank. A few minutes ago, to my amazement and terror, I found myself in the chain locker. I haven't the faintest idea how I got there. I don't even know what day it is."

"You have other items in your past to explain. Your disguise and your assumed name, to mention only two."

FLACK made an airy gesture. "It all comes under amnesia, Mr. Amboy. I am now under the delusion that my name is Brannigan."

"Hold on, Flack. You're taking off again. You seem to have things worked out very nicely, but this one has some vicious angles. Captain Horngold may look as if he should be taking up the collection in a small-town church in Iowa, but he is as cynical as a Hollywood glamor girl. He has all the skepticism of a man who has been sold the Brooklyn Bridge. He is as tough as a fifteen-cent steak. He's in the Navy now, Flack. You'd better put plenty of rivets into that story of yours."

"I am not worrying about Captain Horngold," Flack said blandly. "I will see you this evening at dinner, Mr. Amboy. Everyone is staying at the Moana. Are you?"

"I hadn't planned."

"It's the only hotel left in Honolulu with an orchestra. Honolulu—all the islands—has a total blackout every night and no one is allowed on the street during blackout hours."

"Are you staying at the Moana?" Jason asked Luana.

"Yes."

"And we three," Flack went on, "are having dinner together—unless you have other plans."

"Miss Topping, too?"

"Yes, sir. You and Miss Topping are to be my guests."

Jason again glanced at Luana. "Will you really be there?"

"Yes, Cousin Jason; I'll really be there."

"Sharp at eight, Mr. Amboy," Flack said.

JASON was packing when Roth came into the stateroom. He closed the door. His meek and mousy air was, it seemed to Jason, more pronounced than usual. And his sharp, bright eyes were very alert.

"I believe it's customary," Jason said, "for a passenger to tip his room steward in proportion to the amount of service the steward has rendered on the trip. Roth, I don't know whether to give you a dime with a hole in it or to throw you out that porthole."

The room steward spun about. "Don't you lay a hand on me!" he snarled. He tried to open the door, but Jason was already there, with his weight against it.

"Steady, Roth," Jason said. "If you answer my questions, I may decide not to throw you out the porthole."

The room steward retreated to the middle of the stateroom. His lips were still twisted in a snarl.

"You're a great actor," Jason said pleasantly. "You really should be in the movies. You had me completely convinced. Now I want to know all about it."

"I have other passengers to attend to," Roth said warily. "I am a very busy man. Besides, I gave my promise not to blab."

Jason started slowly toward him. "You have your choice of blabbing or going out that porthole. Your other passengers can wait. Why did you go into this thing, Roth? Did Flack blackmail you into it?"

"Yes!" the room steward snapped.

"By threatening to tell the captain about our stowaway, even if it involved me?"

"Yes!"

"I thought so! He forced you," Jason marveled, "to phone me, to take his mustache to the captain, and to tell him that suicide story. He told you what to say and what to do. He is an awfully clever fellow, Roth."

"He is too clever for his own good," Roth said waspishly.

"It's a curious thing," said Jason, "but when you were talking to me on my first night in the brig, and I saw how cleverly you'd worked it all out—to save my hide and to save yours, too—I almost suspected then that Flack was behind it. Somehow, it had his earmarks. Flack is something of a genius, Roth."

"He is the devil in disguise," the room steward declared.

"Did you hide him in the chain locker?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was that your idea or his?"

"He got it from that redheaded tramp."

"This is growing more and more interesting," Jason remarked. "Did you hold a sort of round-table conference on me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was Miss Topping there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did the meeting take place?"

"In Flack's room."

"And our redheaded friend was there, too?"

"He was," the room steward replied.

"This parrot and I have had some very interesting talks, and I'd like to meet the young lady who previously owned him!"

COLLIER'S BUFORD TUNE

"How did he manage to be so invisible?"

"When he climbed to the top deck and took that wallop at you—I stood by and gave him signals when the coast was clear."

"Whose idea was that?"

The subject seemed to be growing more and more distasteful to Emil Roth. His lower lip was protruding rebelliously. "Flack's."

JASON said thoughtfully, "You can never guess from a man's face what will come out of his imagination. Did Flack mention the stowaway in the presence of Miss Topping and Sam Shay?"

"No, sir. He made all his blood-curdling threats to me alone before he called in the others."

"What was Miss Topping's attitude?"

"She didn't have much to say, but everything Flack said was okay with her. They were hand in glove, if you ask me."

"Did she approve of his plan that Sam Shay meet me on the paddle-tennis court and knock me unconscious?"

"No, sir; not at first. But she gave in when he explained what a fine idea it was."

"I suppose he was excited and a little hysterical—"

"No, he wasn't. He was as cold as ice."

Jason was shaking his head with wonderment. "I still don't understand how he got away with it. In peacetime it would have been difficult. In wartime it was impossible—but he swung it. Have you been acting as liaison office between him and Miss Topping?"

"I've been carrying notes back and forth, if that's what you mean."

"That's just what I mean. He has a real talent for intrigue. And I'll never forget, Roth, how well you played your part."

Roth's eyes were growing brighter and brighter. "Let me out of here!" he cried.

"But I haven't tipped you yet."

The room steward was sidling toward the door. "I don't want your money!" he panted. "It's tainted."

Jason took out his billfold. He removed a ten-dollar bill.

"You'll find," he said, "it's as good as the untainted variety. And I'm sorry you have these hard feelings, Roth. You must try to take a broader view of Flack. Didn't you once tell me you were a student of humanity?"

He opened the door. Roth flicked the bill out of his hand as he sidled past. And as he scuttled out, he snarled, "I've learned to spot a pair of bad eggs when I see them, if that's what you mean!"

THE Tasmania was off Diamond Head. Army planes were playfully zooming the ship and none of them, Jason reflected with a faint resentment, was powered with an Amboy-in-Line, liquid-cooled engine.

He walked to the forward turn on A deck and looked at the palm-fringed beach, with its hotels. The mountains were green and beautiful and soothing. Restfulness was in the golden air. It seemed to pour out of the serenity of the soft blue sky.

Even at that distance, he could see the barbed-wire barricades along the famous beach, and in all those soft green hills, he knew, were antiaircraft and anti-invasion gun emplacements. And swarms of gray-black planes were snarling overhead.

Natalie Mace joined him at the rail. "Congratulations, partner!" she cried gaily. "Wasn't it sweet of Luana?"

She was wearing white. With her slenderness, her golden hair, freshly done, her large blue eyes and her clear skin, she looked young and appealing. Her eyes were aglow and there were dimples at the corners of her mouth.

"Terribly sweet," he murmured. "Are you glad to be getting home?"

"For some obscure reason—yes. . . . Wasn't it a shame that Flack had to pop out of the chain locker and spoil it?"

"So you know about it," said Jason.

"I know the high lights. Are you still as much in love with her as ever?"

"I'm afraid it's that way," Jason said.

"Too bad, my dear. Such a nice emotion—so wasted." She sighed. "So often wasted. . . . You know, Jason, it's odd I didn't think of that stunt myself. I could have had you out of that brig in half an hour. It simply never occurred to me. We've missed quite a few busses, haven't we? And I'll bet you haven't any more plans than a moth."

"In my stealthy, relentless way," Jason said gravely, "I am pursuing my plan."

There was a brief silence.

"Something important is going on," Natalie said thoughtfully. "I can always

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tell. The family is in a perfect dither. I understand you're having dinner tonight with Luana and Flack at the Moana."

Jason straightened up from the rail. "Did she tell you?"

"No. Channing. And the queen knows and so does Lorrin. All I got, as usual, was a few crumbs. All I know is that Luana is dining with you tonight with their consent. You didn't suspect it, did you?"

"I can see breakers ahead," Jason murmured, "and I'm not talking about Waikiki Beach. No, I didn't suspect it, but I'm receptive to it. It opens an entirely new field of thought."

"You realize, don't you," Natalie said, "that your lovely valet has sold out?"

Jason was frowning thoughtfully. "I've been considering that. Of course, it's a possibility, but I question it. The cornerstone of Flack's nature is loyalty."

"Darling, I'm afraid you're credulous, or gullible. Your Flack is a traitor. . . . And I don't suppose you feel like telling me what your plan is."

A gray-black light bomber came diving beautifully out of the sky. Jason critically watched the pull-out.

"Not yet," he said. "It isn't quite ready for the drafting board. My main drawing is still in the rough. I need details. For example, will you find out for me the date of Hiram Grazzard's death and the date on which Uncle Colton was banished to Kahuna Island?"

"Is it really important, Jason?"

"Yes."

"I'll find out," she said. Her mouth was sad. "When will you be going to Kauai?"

"As soon as possible."

"Regardless of what may happen tonight?"

"Regardless of hell or high water."

NATALIE MACE was considering him with a brooding expression. She sighed. "Jason, I'm afraid they're too *akamai* for you. In spite of your brave show of confidence, I feel sorry for us. And we're *such* nice people. Do you know what I think?"

"What do you think?" Jason laughed.

"I think we were born to be made into duck soup for the Grazzards of this world. Did I tell you we are still in the doghouse? You are an evil character and I was told again a moment ago to have absolutely no traffic with you. So *aloha*.". . .

The reporters found Jason at his hotel.

"Is it true," one of the reporters asked, "that you've sold your engine to the British government?"

Jason winced. "If it is," he replied, "then I'm in the same boat with the man who has an unfaithful wife—we're the last to hear the news."

He went to the office of Pan American Airways and secured the envelope, containing his brother's wrist watch, which Pete Durkin had left there for him.

He examined the watch. Some of the smear of dried blood on the back of it had chipped off. It was Wayne's watch. There was no question of that. But Jason's examination of it told him no more than the machinist had told him over the telephone.

From the PAA office, Jason went to the courthouse, where he spent some time. What he found there fitted to the fraction of a millimeter into the pattern which was taking shape in his mind, and with the exception of one point, would need no further proof than the existence of the record. This point would do for a shot in the dark when the showdown came, as he was sure it would before many more hours had gone by. He wound up the afternoon with a visit to the firm of Longstreet, Crumpton & Hays, on King Street.

He saw many Oriental faces in the streets, and many dark faces, but only a few that looked Hawaiian.

What impressed him most was the warlike activity of this compact little island. The air above it roared with planes. The sea all about it was dotted with destroyers, cruisers and battleships. The streets were filled with soldiers and sailors and a type of workman that Jason recognized—machinists and riggers, steelworkers and carpenters—men with skilled hands. These were defense workers, coming in by every convoy.

He saw dozens of new houses, many of them ugly, built to accommodate this latest invasion, and he wondered if the charm of Hawaii was doomed. Would the war ruin it? He decided not. He sensed a quality in these cozy green islands that nothing would ever destroy.

(To be continued next week)

"But why fool around with all those gadgets? Why not just call the fire department?"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

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1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE

1943 WAR RUN BY RADIO

For Instance...

. . . the patriot forces of Yugoslavia continue to fight. Over its secret radio Gen. Mikhailovitch's headquarters announced the fall of Domberlin after the killing, wounding or capturing of over 3,000 Axis troops.
(news item)

. . . importance of radio in this war is emphasized by the army establishment of radio mechanic and operator schools in Stevens and Congress Hotels at Chicago . . . it is reported that capacity will be about 15,000 men taking 14 weeks training.
(news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines — the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

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Kaypees Don't Fly

Continued from page 16

It was well after supper one night and the pile of peelings was reaching commendable proportions when Private Flint caught the snort of tractors as the big Bastions were being dragged from their dispersal areas. A loud-speaker erected on a four-by-four cleared its throat and eventually snarled an "Attention!" order. Little Albin palmed his fatigue hat to a new off-the-face mode and peered over to the mess shack steps where Sergeant MacColl sat puzzling over the details of a *News of the World* soccer football pool.

"All air crews to their ships!" the loud-speaker ordered.

Baggy at the knees and still clutching a half-scalped potato, little Albin was totally snubbed by the elite who hurried past laden with B7 chutes, navigation equipment, chart cases and service helmets.

Six sets of inboard engines were barking and kicking over somewhere beyond in the gloaming. The loud-speaker coughed and spluttered a lot of words that made no sense to him. Suddenly something flashed into his vision and tinkled a tiny bell deep in the grottoes of his memory.

Across the hard-packed roadway separating the Administration Building from the barracks, four young women were matching lisle-legged strides. They wore blue uniforms with jaunty caps and they moved with the grace and precision of a section of Rockettes.

"Hey, what's them?" demanded Private Flint, pointing with the ever-present jackknife.

MacColl glanced up from a rheumy advertisement for a sciatica remedy. "Them's Waacs," he said. "Women who work in the Army."

"Waacs!" burst Albin, trying to recall where he had heard the sound before. "Them's Waacs?" he queried, a thin sliver of enlightenment pricking his memory.

Private Flint's worries and disappointments were hoisted from his shoulders. His Army brogans felt and fitted like dancing pumps. The world glowed and became an answering smile.

"I gotter see Captain Frost," he decided.

PRIVATE FLINT attained take-off speed with little effort and banked around the mess shack doing the "100" in 10-flat. He leveled off in front of the Officers' Mess, bending the throttle industriously. He pulled a rat race through a group of mechanics and drew a drumfire of service expletives but cleared beautifully with a wingover, the half-peeled spud held high in his left hand. He opened up once more but was running out of speed by the time he reached the bomber carrying Captain Frost's flight-leader markings. He tried to fishtail to a halt but a small truck which carried booster batteries for the starters, intercepted him as he cut under the wide wing tip. He went sprawling and then pawed uncertainly at the outline of a technical corporal: "I . . . I gotter see Captain Frost. It's awfully important. Captain Frost . . .!"

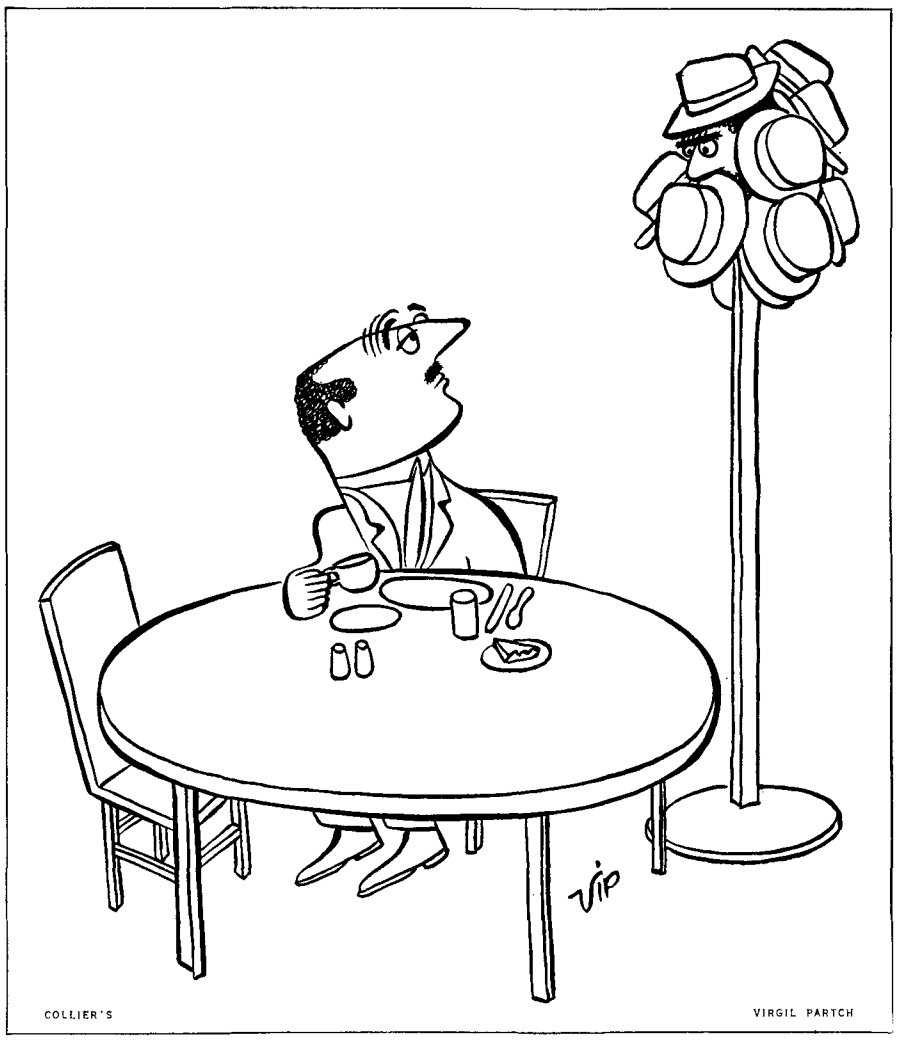
"You'll find him forward . . . control pit. Make it snappy," the corporal bellowed as he lugged little Albin to his feet.

"I gotter see . . ." Flint began again, but the corporal rammed a shoulder under his rump and hoisted him aboard.

"Make it snappy!"

Bushed with the blow across his shins, Flint dropped the unpeeled spud into his denim jacket pocket and moved gingerly amid the unfamiliar equipment. He fumbled with his free hand and found something to sit on. The gleam from the exhaust punched oblong blocks of light against the curved walls and little Albin felt he had been sucked into some massive pneumatic tube and was well on his way to a violent conclusion.

"Captain Frost!" he called again, but his voice had the quality of something being squished out of a squash. He settled back to muster his forces and then huddled deeper when a bundled figure in black leather appeared suddenly from a cavern aft and cranked the cabin door shut. Strange metallic voices frittered from the boxes on the wall, snapped orders and disintegrated with the crash of engines. The whole structure began to creak and wabble ominously.



"Captain Frost!" Flint bleated again; but his voice was drowned out by the thunder of full-throated engines. He gave up, rubbed his shins and visualized the harrowing details of a court-martial, a last-minute cigarette and weighed the decision of refusing the sympathetic offer of a handkerchief-blindfold before a firing squad.

But withal, the scene of the four young women striding toward the Administration Building still gleamed through the murky montage and warmed the situation a trifle. He trusted that there might still be an open post for him somewhere aboard the bomber.

"Captain Frost said he'd take care of me," he assured his glimmering hope.

The big Bastion rocked and tilted as the four propellers thrashed the air. Flint clambered to his feet, tottered to a small oblong port and peered out. Indistinct shadows marked the coastal towns of England. Blocks of streets laid a gridded pattern across it all. The steady roar of engines against the background of compact sound riveted a lump of fear a few inches below his breastbone.

He was startled from his investigation by the thump of heavy boots—and a voice. He turned and stared full into the helmet-framed mug of Corporal Krause. For a minute Krause was blocked out of the play by his failure to identify a puzzling situation. Finally he exploded with: "What the devil are you doin' here?"

"Now look, Corp," little Albin began, trying to maintain his balance as the Bastion bounced through a wall of cumulus updraft.

What came out of Corporal Krause sounded like a scrambled transatlantic telephone message, blown up for exhibition purposes. He choked on it, regained his breath, yanked Flint around and poked accusingly at his back.

"Why you dope! You ain't even got a parachute!"

THE charge meant about as much to Flint as an observation that he was not equipped with a retractable landing gear. He raised his hands with an eloquent appeal for a sympathetic audience.

"Now look, Corp! I just came aboard to tell Captain Frost about the Waacs."

"Baby, you're gonner get moidered!" the corporal gunner blatted. "Aboard a service aircraft wit'out a parachute. Wow!"

Another massive figure in a leather coverall and wearing a jockey cap with the peak turned up clambered down from the dorsal gun turret and thrust its face full into Flint's.

"What is this?" the face erupted. "A joy hop?"

"I'm tellin' you. I didn't have no

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chance to git off!" wailed young Albin; his parched face wrung with anguish. "I just wanted to tell the captain about the Waacs."

"Yeah? You can't tell that guy nothin' about no Waacs!" Corporal Krause observed with a suitable grimace. "He gits around!"

"But he said I could be a gunner when the Waacs came," Private Flint pleaded. "That's what I wanted to tell him."

"You stop right here. I'll tell him."

THE dorsal turret gunner stood off wide-legged and studied the little K.P. guy who still clutched his jackknife. He considered the bulge in Flint's pocket and conjured up all sorts of fifth column skulduggery: "You ain't bin to no armament school, have you?" the gunner accused.

"No-o-oo, but Captain Frost *said* that when we got some Waacs I could quit K.P. duty."

"They ain't no Waacs over here yet," the dorsal guy burst out. "The ones you seen must have bin some of them English broads. They operate radio-locator panels. They ain't cooks!"

Captain Frost came down the catwalk from the pilot's compartment, a dramatic figure in a neat twill flying suit. He had a freckled nose and gun-metal eyes that smiled easier than they frowned. Frost moved into the gunners' station mustering a glance of authority.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked, making his way to Flint, who tried to salute with his jackknife still clutched in his hand. "What are you doing here, soldier?"

"I—I came to report, like you said, sir," Flint began again. "I saw the Waacs and came right over, but someone shut the door and you took off before I could get out."

"Waacs?" exploded Frost. "Don't tell me we have Waacs aboard too! What goes on here?"

"No. . . . Don't you remember me, sir? You said back at Westover that when we got some Waacs I could quit K.P. and become a gunner—maybe. I saw some and came right over. I didn't bring any on board with me, sir."

"He means he saw some of them English Waacs, sir," explained Corporal Krause. "They're radio-locator operators; but he thinks they came to work in the kitchen."

"Get back to your posts!" ordered Captain Frost to the gunners. "I'll take care of this."

Little Albin watched Krause move off, the lump of fear dropping with a thud to the pit of his stomach.

"I suppose you realize this is serious business?" Frost began again.

"But you said, sir—"

"I can't even remember ever seeing you before," Frost argued, unconsciously wounding his man. "What am I going to do with you now?"

"Ain't there something I can do, sir?" appealed little Albin. "Couldn't I . . . couldn't I serve the coffee—or something?"

"All you can do now is keep out of the way. Maybe . . . coffee later, when we start back."

Captain Frost moved off with a hopeless gesture and Flint subsided slowly, pitiful and aghast at his unimportance. "He didn't even remember me and there's nothin' I can do," he muttered with a gulp.

He resented now, every minute he had squandered at The Spotted Dog, playing darts with the rustics when he might have learned something about a machine gun. If he had only volunteered to check ammo and clean Brownings in his spare time.

But Kaypees don't fly, they had told him—so many times.

THE big bomber was heading deep into enemy territory. Already the arrowlike blades of searchlights were probing from below, trying to weave a latticework barrier that would fend them off. Flint peered out the port and saw the exhaust pennons of the other ships strung out and stepped up behind them. The flak spat and raged, splashing uneven daubs against the sky and the Bastion trundled woodenly through the undulating air path cobbled with the boulders of concussion. Flint's heart kicked about inside him with the numbing realization that while he was part of all this, he was not an integral part.

He stared about despairingly and his eyes finally focused on the details of the waist gunners, important and alert in zippered flying suits, their helmets cabled to wall sockets which connected them with the oxygen supply and intercommunication. Somewhere above was a pattern of platform structure where another gunner sat tense and steadfast behind a brace of .50-caliber guns. There were tubes and dials, levers and push-button panels, indicators and conduit boxes: none of which he was even superficially acquainted with.

He was cold now and beginning to feel the effects of the altitude. He breathed in short gasps and decided that if there was any chow aboard now was the time to get at it before he folded up. He worked his way uncertainly past another figure posted behind a black gun breech into which was fed a broad snakelike belt of ammunition.

"Hey!" he yelled into the side gunner's ear. "Where's the chow?"

"That wall locker over there," the gunner growled back.

"How about some java?"

"Sure! Since when we got K.P. guys aboard to sling hash?"

Flint ignored that and stumbled across to the locker. He was just reaching up for the latch when the Bastion leaped and rang with the resonant crash of a heavy blow. A terrific blast of wind typhooned up and drove young Flint along the narrow catwalk. The side gunner reached up and grabbed him. "The bomb doors are open! Get the hell out of here!" he yelled.

The roar lashed the waist gunners into action. They pounded short bursts through their open hatches and laced the Bastion to the sky with sparkling cables of tracer. The dorsal gunner treadled his turret and poked a cone of converging fire at something dragging a blue exhaust plume.

The bomber lurched on and then staggered under the blow. Flint went to his hands and knees near the feet of the waist gunners, who were hunched and following the breech casings of their Brownings. The mad rattle of mechanism and the stench of burned powder made little Albin wince, but he watched how they thumbed the round metal buttons behind the handles.

Had he been hooked into the communication line, Flint could have listened in on the crisp orders and reports crackling back and forth from the tail turret to the bomb-sight compartment. He would have heard the engineer half-sobbing with frustration that he couldn't do anything about the bomb doors and that half the hydraulic system which provided pressure for flaps, automatic fire extinguishers and the retractable landing gear had been ripped out with a chunk of flak. Flint would have trembled at the concern expressed by Captain Frost as to whether the bomb-release mechanism would respond when they went at their target.

THE Bastion recovered and blundered on through the tempest of hate and concussion. Flint squinted back toward the aperture, which provided a view through the open bomb doors. He could see the long 1,000-pounders, sleek and sinister in their metal racks. They were pointing straight down at the mottled earth below, where fires twinkled and slats of searchlight swished through the sky. Already flame areas dotted the panorama and clouds of smoke swept across, blanking out the glare. The smoke took on scarlet edges like the broad piping of a velvet costume thrown carelessly across a spinet.

Flint was fascinated by the revelation but had he been in the control pit he would have seen Frost hesitate, wipe his upper lip with his tongue and draw the wheel back with a muscular twitch. Frost took over his intercom mike and spoke

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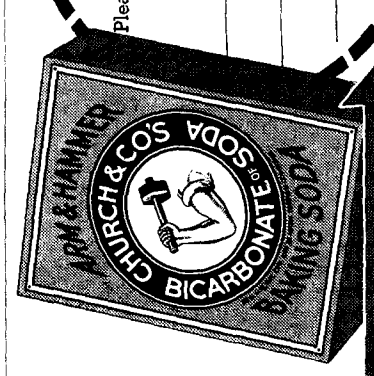

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to the bombardier: "Stand by, bombardier! To bombardier from pilot: Will fly level at six thousand. Will circle target once and then make runover from southeast to northwest . . . check!"

"Roger!" the bombardier answered, giving the acknowledgment response. "Altitude six thousand . . . bomb doors open! . . . And how!"

Private Flint knew nothing of the drama being enacted forward. He could only kneel on the catwalk and watch the fire-spattered world tilt up at a new angle as the Bastion was drawn up into level flight. The bomber rocked again and a gargled scream knifed along the catwalk. Flint turned and saw a side gunner slumped below the gun mounting, his knees drawn up, his gloved hands clutched at his stomach.

"You all right?" inquired Flint solicitously when he had crawled to the gunner's side.

"Never mind me," the gunner growled. "Get up there and nail that guy!" He jerked his head toward the gun breech. "It's a Focke-Wulf. A heller on wings!"

The bomber leaped again with another blow before Flint could reach the gun. The blast from the open bomb chamber increased in volume and the belly of the Bastion became a blocked-off wind tunnel. There was a new stench of smoke and the brittle tang of hot metal. Flint turned to seek advice from the other side gunner and suddenly the metal cavern was aglow with flame that spurted from a tangle of metal somewhere above the still-open bomb doors.

"This is a flamer!" a gunner yelled.

A SIDE gunner huddled and snapped on his chute pack and then hooked a pack into the harness still worn by the wounded man. Flint backed to the wall and watched, uncertain now what was actually happening.

The flame gilded them as they crawled forward toward the open bomb chamber. "We're getting out of here," a gunner barked. "We're not staying here to fry. The whole automatic system must be off."

"Sure," agreed Albin. "Lemme help you . . ."

But the side gunner shoved him away, lifted the wounded man and dragged him along the catwalk: "Your pack's fitted, Joe. Grab your ring, kid. We're hitting the silk!"

The wounded man nodded with a dumb grimace and crawled the last few feet. Flint watched, still unconscious of his own jeopardy. He blinked as the wounded gunner crawled to the open floor panel and rolled out into space. The second side gunner looked back once, wagged his head and pitched headlong through the bolster of flame and disappeared.

Flint gasped and choked on a new acrid smell, rammed the palm of his hand over his mouth and gurgled, "Creepers! They jumped out—the dopes! That's Germany down there!"

Above, the dorsal turret gunner was directing a stream of whitish liquid from a scarlet tank, full into the flames that were dancing and splashing over the tail fins of the exposed bombs. Flames billowed up and went cataracting over the crosspieces of the catwalk.

The stench of extinguisher fluid from the dorsal turret almost suffocated Flint and gradually forced him along the wall until he was on the narrow ledge that framed the sides of the bomb chamber. He covered his face with his hands and then peered through his open fingers and saw that a broken copper tube was spurting a bluish stream of liquid full into the flames.

"That shouldn't be like that," he observed, wondering where the stuff came from.

It *did* smell like gasoline, little Albin concluded.

The dorsal turret guy was screaming something at him but Private Flint was half blind and tortured with the realization that something ought to be done, and that the dorsal gunner was probably trying to explain.

He tried to get across to the broken tube but the flames drove him back. He moved forward and lowered himself by the door flanges and straddled his insteps over the long black bombs and struggled his way further along toward the gushing tube.

"You darn fool!" the dorsal gunner yelled. "You're standing on the bombs. If they pull the plug you'll . . ."

But the roar of slipstream, the rage of engines and the crackle of the flames drowned out the warning and little Albin worked his way along and grabbed at the open end of the tube. He caught the tang of the liquid as it sprayed through his clenched fist and then sensed that this probably was a line leading from one of the wing tanks. He clutched harder and then stared down and realized that if he could hang on there the dorsal guy might get the rest of it under control.

"You're on the bombs!" the gunner yelled down. "Get the hell out of there!"

"That's right," agreed Flint. "I gotter get out of here. That's Germany down there."

HE TUGGED his giddy fatigue hat tighter over his face with his free hand and wondered how he could stop the flow of gasoline. He fumbled gingerly and saw that the dorsal guy was blotting the flame out along the catwalk.

"Get off those bombs, you fool!" the upper gunner yelled.

"Sure! Wait a minute while I . . . Holy Smoke . . . I clean forgot!"

He hung on again, felt in his denim jacket pocket and came out with the half-peeled potato. He made a quick exchange and with a sudden swipe rammed the big potato over the end of the copper tube. It held and he hung on to make certain it would stick.

"Get the . . . !" the dorsal turret guy yelled.

The Bastion leaped and the bomb releases scrawnched. Little Albin felt himself go but grabbed and hung on with his finger tips to the hinge flange. His legs were well out in the open and he was forced to an almost straight-out position until he sensed that he'd better work his way aft to safety.

Inch by inch he crawled along the flange of the bomb door and then came to the edge where some raw gas still burned. He hung there a second or so and then decided he'd better get back the other way but someone reached over, grabbed him under the arm and lugged him across the flaming catwalk grid to safety.

"WHAT the heck did you do?" the dorsal gunner demanded. "What stopped that gas flow?"

"I just stuck a potato over the end. Is that what was burning?" inquired little Albin as he patted his face and wondered why the skin across his cheek felt so tight.

"Sure! I couldn't hold it with just what I had. It was spraying from the main feed line and I thought we were goners. You better go forward and report to Cappy. My intercommunication line is out."

"Cappy?"

"Sure! Captain Frost up forward. He'll probably be giving an abandonship order, if he don't know."

"I guess we put it out, eh?" Flint beamed with this new responsibility.

"Cripes! It's burning itself out now. You sure did a job!"

Flint worked his way forward, crawled up the steps and moved along the smoke-filled gangway and finally came to a narrow doorway fitted to the main bulkhead. He saw the compact shoulder of Captain Frost outlined against the bank of instruments.

"Private Flint reporting, sir!" yelled little Albin. "The fire's out, but two of your gunners jumped overboard. Can I serve the coffee now, sir?"

Frost stared at the charred apparition that grinned at him from the doorway. "She's out? . . . You sure?"

"Sure, sir! I stuck a potato on the end of a pipe. I guess it was gasoline . . . and we got it out. I was on K.P. and I had a spud in my pocket."

Frost blinked and took several seconds to digest the potato gag. He looked quickly at his instruments and turned to grin across at his copilot: "Get it Pete? He stuck a potato on the end of a pipe. Look! The fuel gauge is holding now. We'll get *all* the way back!"

The copilot looking like a guy who has unexpectedly guzzled on a strong astringent managed: "Golly! It must have been the main fuel line across the bomb bay! I'm going back and take a look." He turned to Flint and added, "Soldier, you sure did a job!"

Captain Frost thanked his lucky stars there were still men in the service charged with a blazing singleness of purpose and deified with the ability to react when the occasion arose. He cleared the Bastion and took her over the North Sea and headed for The Wash on the coast of Lincolnshire. At intervals he glanced across at Flint who sat luxuriating in the control pit, utterly oblivious of the danger that still faced them.

The copilot came back with a face as long as a wet week. "We take a belly-flop, I guess," he said. "Two bomb bay jacks are burned out and we can't get the doors up. The wheels won't come down either."

Frost nodded and scrawled a message on a thigh pad: "I'll get her over the field and all hands will abandon ship. I'll take her in and try to skid her on the bomb doors. Warn the crew!"

The copilot thumbed at Flint. "What about this guy? No parachute."

"He can take mine. I won't need it," Frost said.

Flint took it all in and then reached over and grabbed Frost's arm. "I'd like to stay with you, sir. Maybe I can be of some help."

"You want to stay for a crash landing?"

"Yes, sir. I'll stay with you."

THE field was warned by radio and Frost circled the Chuzzleton Priory aerodrome while Corporal Krause rounded up the enlisted men and lined them up at the open hatch of the bomb chamber. The copilot, engineer and bombardier came next, checking straps and snaffles. One by one they drew in their breath and went out headfirst.

"Okay, soldier!" Frost grinned. "This is it. Ram your feet against the instrument board. Wrap your arms around your head and—hang on. It may not be too bad . . . with your luck."

"Yes sir," grinned Private Flint. "But just in case, sir. There's one thing . . ." He leaned over, pointed down the companionway to the front office and made his request.

"Sure thing! Glad you thought of that. Now hang on."

The Bastion went in, flaps down and the propellers properly set. Captain Frost checked his shoulder straps and quick-release gear and grinned across at Flint. She touched once and plowed up the runway with the raw edges of the bomb doors and then flailed savagely with her prop blades. She bounced, tore an inboard engine out of its mounting and subsided with a growl of wrenched metal and skidded along on her belly.

"Wow! We made it, Cappy!" beamed Private Flint.

"Cappy!" protested the pilot amid the tinkle of instrument dial glass. "What the . . . ?"

But little Albin was out of the belt and clambering through the tangle to get into the wreckage of the nose. He came up bearing a well-zippered valise and plunged on down the catwalk for the door. The last Captain Frost saw of him that night was when little Albin went off, still clutching the bomb sight to his chest with two scuttle-helmeted sentries escorting him in charred triumph to the Administration Building.

"Who says Kaypees can't fly?" challenged Captain Frost from the battered cabin door.

THE END

"You'll save money by having it done now, ma'am. If you wait till it stops snowing, it'll cost you twice as much"

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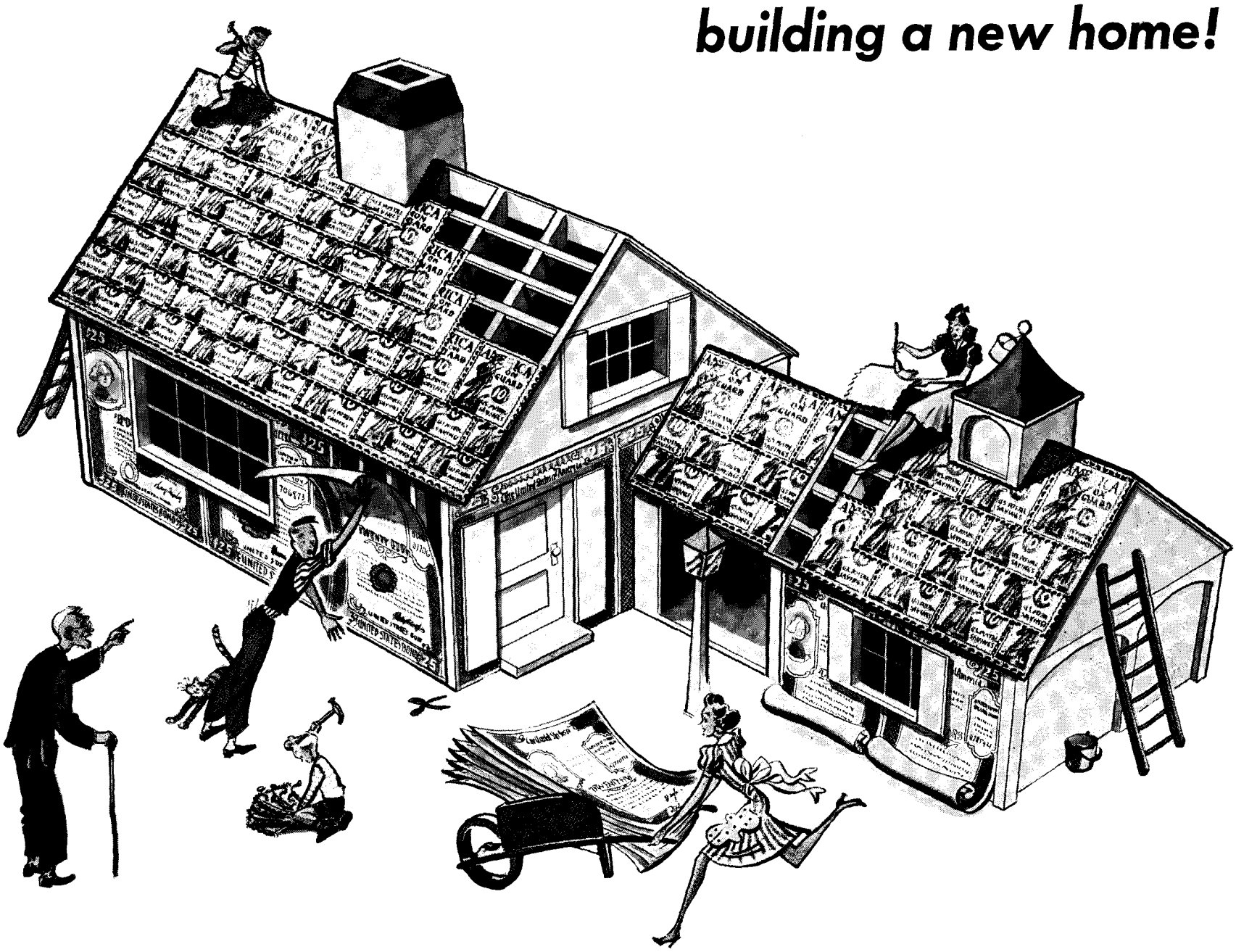

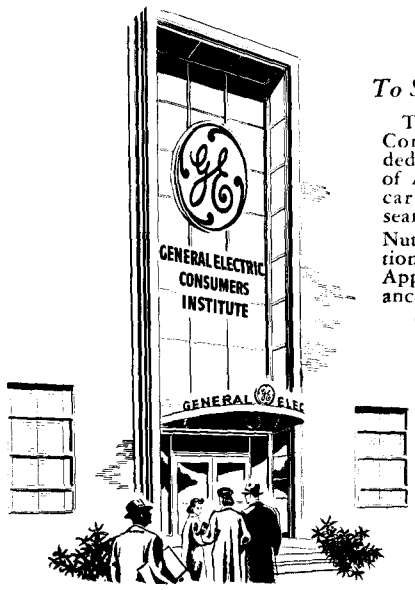

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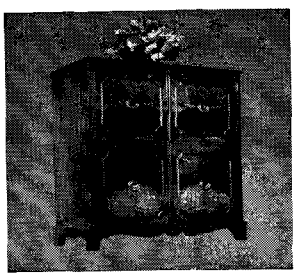

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"You forgotten what I told you in the village the other night?" Lance said softly. "No," said Ben

Strangers on the Place

By C. P. Donnel, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY BINFORD VALENTINE

Talk came hard for young Ben Manney. When his friends, his girl among them, began to wonder why he didn't join up, he couldn't tell them. Young Ben had to get action

IN THE barn the tractor's motor thrummed so sweetly that it blended with the crickets in the evening hush. On the shady back porch the pump handle squeaked twice and there were splashing sounds.

In the cool farmhouse kitchen Mrs. Manney tuned one ear to the porch as she put the cold veal and watermelon pickle and the blue-bordered plate with its mound of sweet butter on the red-and-white oilcloth of the broad kitchen table.

The splashing stopped. Mrs. Manney, unhurried, reached for the sweating pitcher of buttermilk and filled a tall glass at the head of the table.

Footsteps along the porch shook the kitchen ever so slightly. In another second her husband would fling open the screen door and stand there, his brown face and hands ruddy from the scrubbing at the pump, brown hair blackly damp on his forehead and temples, his gray eyes smiling and expectant.

Mrs. Manney's eyes were thoughtful. Ordinarily this was her valued moment of all the day, when her sense of abiding security was as warm and real as the sunshine in the yard. But not this evening. A tiny variation in her husband's routine at the pump, a slight hesitation in his footsteps, told her that he was putting from his mind some thought that he did not wish her to see in his face. And when the screen door swung open, and he stood there, she saw that his smile had been donned at the last moment.

HER feeling of apprehension persisted through the familiar, pleasant rites. Martin Manney went "Ha!" and she felt his strong fingers on her shoulders and the quick, hearty kiss that was never casual. Then the ceremony of draining the glass of buttermilk and the second "Ha!"—this one shaded a trifle to convey that he loved her better than the buttermilk. She refilled the glass, and in doing so, composed her face.

They sat down and she passed him the veal. Platter in hand, he paused a moment, cocking his head toward the window. In that instant the tractor's motor stopped.

"Ben's crazy about that tractor," he said, still smiling, and began to help himself to meat. But she had caught the faint undertone of resentment She wondered. Always, before, his pride in Ben's passion for the tractor had been without reservations.

"He caught a ride to town with Gid Evarts again today," she volunteered. "This time it was a new float for the separator."

"Carburetor, not separator." Her husband chuckled. Then, carelessly, "Did he stop in the village? I asked him to pick up that seed Acton's been saving. . . ."

"He said he'd see Acton next week."

"Oh." Martin was buttering a triangle of crust and did not look up. Once again

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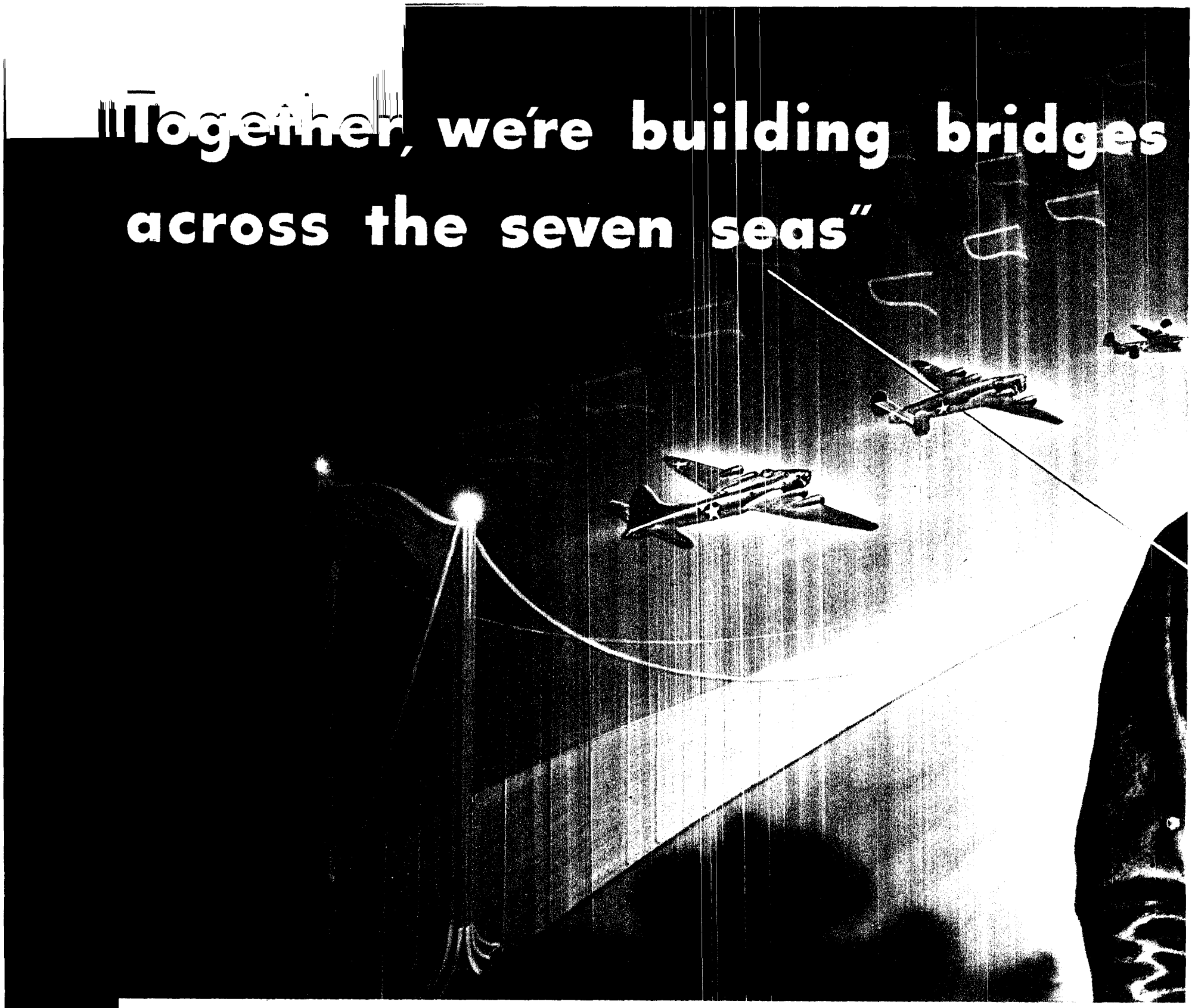
"Together, we're building bridges across the seven seas"



THIS STALWART FIGURE is a pilot of the Air Transport Command, the Army's wartime partnership with the country's 18 leading airlines.

HIS JOB is to speed new planes and vital supplies to the fighting fronts and fly Democracy's brains...statesmen, generals, scientists, doctors . . . where they're needed in the world-wide chess-board of this war.

IT'S NOT AN EASY JOB. Tonight, he might be jockeying a fast combat plane off an East coast runway. Tomorrow, setting it down in the English midlands. Tonight, he might be lifting a "Flying Fortress" off a California apron. Tomorrow, riding high somewhere over the Southwest Pacific. Tonight, he might be in Florida, loading a transport with technicians urgently needed in Africa. Tomorrow, nearing Morocco or Algeria. Tonight, he might be in Minneapolis with racks of serum and blood plasma for an Alaskan hospital. Tomorrow night, on his way back.

HE AND HIS FELLOWS never know where they're going or what they're going to take along. But they're shoving the stuff through, thousands of planes and hundreds of thousands of tons of freight every month. Their big brown transports are familiar sights in hundreds of airports from California to Cairo to Chungking . . . from London to Sydney.

SIMPLY and as a matter of course, these invincible crews of transport fliers are shrinking the size of the globe and moving history ahead at least a decade. And blazing new air trails with them is another crew of pioneers—the "PIONEER" Instruments of "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix.

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IN THIS, America's great aerial offensive, and on land and sea

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as well, members of "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix are playing a vital role. Together with the Air Transport Command, these precision instruments are building bridges across the sky, bridges of bombers and transports today to clear the way for bridges of commerce tomorrow. ***Back America's invincible crew . . . our fighters on every front. Buy War Bonds and Stamps regularly.***

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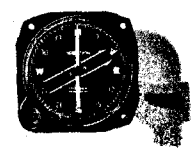

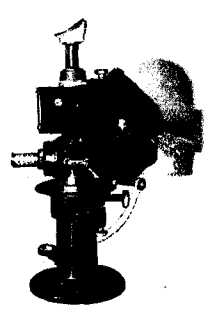

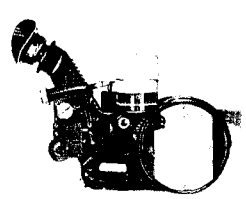

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the kitchen vibrated to footsteps on the porch.

Ben came in, a taller, broader, browner version of his father. Mrs. Manney's glance went up to him as he bent to kiss her. She could find no cloud in his gray-blue eyes, and his greeting to his father was, as always, quietly respectful.

Ben slid his long legs under the table and his father passed the veal and pickles. "You won't forget to see Acton about that seed, son?" he said.

"No, sir. I figured next week would be plenty time." Was she mistaken, or was there a wary, defensive note in the reply?

She said, "That note Gid Evarts brought this morning was from Livvy Doster's mother. She wants us to come over to a party at their place Saturday night. She didn't say what it was for. If you go over there tonight, Ben, will you tell her we'd love to come?"

"Afraid I can't tonight, Ma. I got a new booklet on the tractor in town today, and it'll take me a couple of hours at least to . . . "

"That's all right, dear. I'll send her a message by Gid in the morning."

"The party's probably for Lance Watriss," said Ben slowly. "He's leaving Monday—for camp."

She had seen her husband look up quickly when Ben started to speak. Ben's gaze was riveted on the veal he was cutting, and there were scarlet patches like danger signals in his brown cheeks.

THERE was no more talk at the meal. Mrs. Manney finished her supper with a tight feeling in her throat.

Ben had inherited, or acquired, his father's habit of silence on troublous matters. They did it to spare her, she knew; in the fond belief that she was not aware, until told, that things were going badly.

But the ache under her heart told her that this situation was different. This had nothing to do with the farm. This was personal between Ben and his father.

Deliberately, like a general maneuvering to protect his flank, Mrs. Manney left the dishes in the sink and went and stood in the cool, dark hallway. She had never done anything like this before, and she was trembling.

Ben and his father were on the front porch, their backs to her, and they looked as though they were staring out at the lawn.

Martin Manney said, "I hear you had a dust-up with Lance Watriss in the village Monday night."

"Yes." Ben might have been answering a stranger.

Through the mesh of the screen door she could see Martin's cigarette glow twice before he spoke:

"Tom Burnett says Lance told you to stay away from Livvy Doster while he was in the Army." Tom Burnett was Martin's closest friend in the village and a fellow Legionnaire. He and Martin had been the first from the village to enlist in 1917. They had been wounded within two days of each other in the Argonne. "Tom says Lance was talking pretty free. He says you didn't offer at Lance."

"Lance carries a knife," said Ben. He was standing very straight and he did not look at his father.

"Did he pull?"

"No, sir. I walked away."

"Lance Watriss is yellow."

"He's in the Army now," said Ben, not quite so slowly. "He's not yellow."

Mrs. Manney felt hollow and chilly inside. It was not like Ben flatly to contradict his father. And she knew that Martin had not yet made his point. Ben knew it, too, and his hands withdrew from his pockets and hung loosely at his sides. They were big hands, broad and brown. The cigarette glowed orange-yellow for ten full seconds.

"Tom says he hasn't seen you in a couple weeks," said Martin. "He says he's been kind of expecting you to drop in and see him."

It had come without warning. An icy hand closed around Mrs. Manney's heart, and the stillness in the hall hummed in her ears. Tom Burnett was chairman of the Legion's county committee on enlistments. All the volunteers consulted with him before joining.

She could see Ben turning his father's remark over in his mind as she had seen him turning some part of the tractor over in his hands, carefully, thoughtfully. . . .

"I'd like to show you the new carburetor float I put in today," he said finally, and she caught her breath. "It needs adjusting the first few weeks. . . ."

"I'll leave that to you," said Martin curtly, and turned on his heel. She stood frozen as he opened the screen door, but he did not come down the hall. He turned into the front parlor and she heard the creak of his Morris chair.

MRS. MANNEY made her way back to the kitchen, her knees treacherous, and stood a moment at the sink before touching the dishes. Ben was crossing the yard to the barn, and it was as though she were watching a stranger. The house was silent with the ugly silence of things left unsaid.

The tractor's motor resumed its rhythmic hum under Ben's sure hands. Mrs. Manney visualized his expression as he worked; visualized the glow in his face that he could no more hide than he could hide the glow that warmed his eyes when Livvy Doster's name was mentioned.

Pictures crowded one another across the screen of her mind. Ben, nine years old, contemplating the bull calf his father had just told him was all his own.

A great moment, this one had been, when the boy's pride and joy of possession radiated from him in almost visible waves. A great moment, but not to be compared to the day four years later when Gid Evarts, the postman, wrestled a flat crate from the back seat of his Model T. Curious, she had called Martin from the barn and together they had watched Ben, hands shaking and lips pressed tight to hold back the tears of excitement, tap the crate apart and reveal the shiny bicycle that explained the year-old mystery of what he had been doing with his egg money and why he had not bought the new ice skates they knew he wanted.

She remembered how Martin had turned to her and smiled a little uncertainly as Ben dropped to his knees and worshiped the shining sprocket, the perfect chain and the gleaming intricacies of the rear hub. Neither she nor Martin had spoken, any more than they would have talked out loud in church during service. It had been minutes before Ben ventured to touch the mirrored silver of the handle bars, and when he did he was rigid and shivering a little.

Just as he shivered, four years later, when the salesman had driven up from the freight station in the new tractor, and Martin had calmly told Ben that the tractor was to be his charge. "A hundred and sixty horsepower!" was all Ben could say, and he said it over and over. And for the last three years that tractor had been the best-kept, best-running tractor in the county—or state either, for that matter.

Three years. Three years in which the world had changed, but she and Martin and Ben and the farm had not changed; years that had made Ben twenty, a solemn boy, gravely affectionate.

Mrs. Manney's hand, reaching for a dish, went instead to her throat. Incredible that a single, brief conversation on the porch, in which she had had no part, could have shaken a structure of love and harmony as apparently solid as the farmhouse itself. Yet it had. And now there were strangers on the place: Ben, in the barn, thinking; his father in the parlor, feeling the twinge of old wounds and old loyalties.

Tom Burnett was wondering why he had not seen Ben. And Martin was wondering.

"God forgive me," murmured Mrs. Manney as she realized that she, too, was beginning to wonder why Ben had not "seen" Tom Burnett.

A FAMILIAR chattering rattle in the yard startled her momentarily. Through the fringe of trumpet vines around the west kitchen window she saw, magnified and distorted by tears that clung to her eyes and refused to drop, Livvy Doster's jaloppy—the one Ben had rebuilt for Livvy and conjured into life.

Livvy swung leggily over the door that would never open and cupped her hands to her mouth Her clear voice rang across the yard: "Hey, there, glamor boy!"

Mrs. Manney put a dish down very quietly and pressed her hands tightly together. The affectionate irony of that "glamor boy!" She wondered if the relationship between Ben and Livvy was one of the things marked for destruction now. Livvy was dark-haired and slender and laughing. She liked to dance, and she had many beaux. But she turned to Ben more frequently than anyone but Mrs. Manney (and perhaps Mrs. Doster) noticed.

The tractor stopped. Ben strolled across the yard. He made a humorous gesture with his right hand, and his "Hello, Repulsive," was elaborately casual.

"Heading for the village," said Livvy briefly. "How's for coming along and buying the old lady a coke?"

Ben shook his head. "Can't." He thumped a wrinkled fender thoughtfully with his fist.

Mrs. Manney saw Livvy's head come up. "Oh, come on." There was a strained note in Livvy's usually uninhibited voice.

Ben caught it He raised the hood of the jaloppy and his head and shoulders disappeared inside for a moment. When he came up he said, "Your kid brother's been fooling with that distributor again."

LIVVY ignored this. "You're sure you don't want to come?" All the lightness in her manner was gone.

"Got some things I've got to do," said Ben evenly. He cocked his head and appeared to be inspecting a steering knuckle.

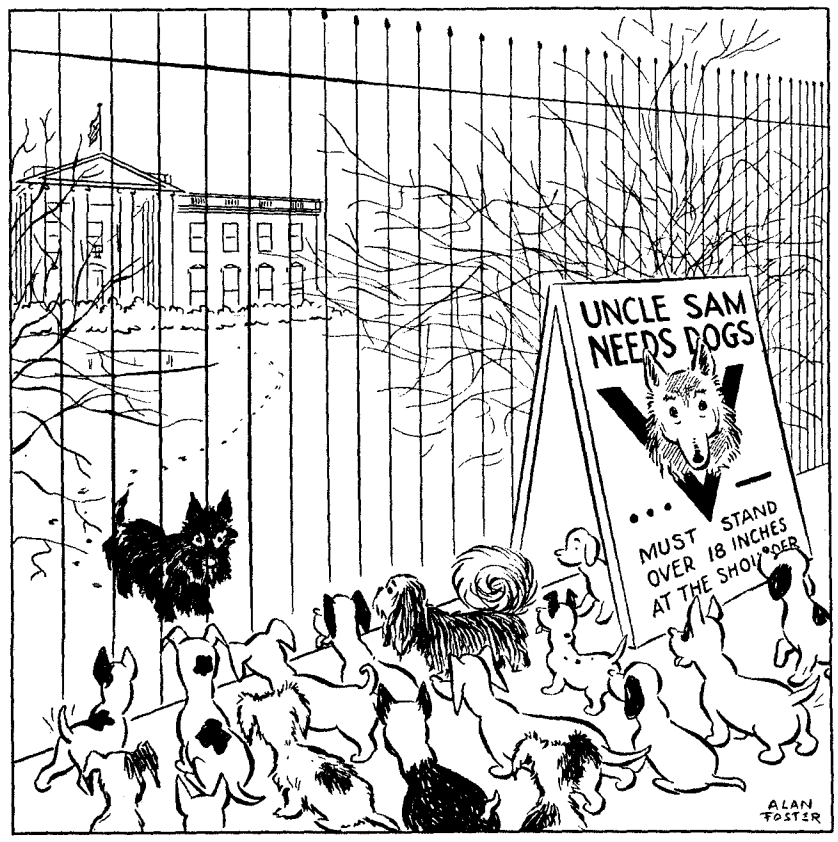
Livvy flounced into the driver's seat in a welter of skirts and bare knees. Even at that distance Mrs. Manney could see the quick anger and disappointment in her face. She flushed, started to speak, checked herself, and said, "You're all coming over Saturday night, aren't you? We're giving Lance a send-off."

"The family'll be there," said Ben, fiddling with a headlight connection. "I'm not sure if I can make it." He looked up, and Mrs. Manney winced at the utter lack of expression in his eyes and mouth.

"So long." Ben stood aside as Livvy backed onto the grass, spun the wheel, and bullied the old car down the driveway at a speed more eloquent than a tirade. He watched the car a minute before returning to the barn, head at a thoughtful angle. Mrs. Manney drew breath. So Livvy had heard that Lance had warned Ben away from her. And Ben knew that Livvy had heard. And Lance was to be found in front of the village drugstore nearly every evening. . . .

Mrs. Manney plunged her hands into the dishwater. It was nearly scalding, but the physical pain was somehow a relief. That night she lay long awake. Beside her, Martin slept—or so she

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTER



"I'll try to persuade the President to lower the specifications"

COLLIER'S

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Sometimes, husbands ARE like that!

It all started at the dinner table; like this...

Mrs. Garrett: Pet, I had lunch over at Louise Daniels' today.

Mr. Garrett: (reading the paper) Mmm...mm.

Mrs. G.: She had the best hot drink. I'd never tasted it before.

Mr. G.: Mmm...mm.

Mrs. G.: We're having it tonight, instead of coffee. You've been drinking too much coffee, anyway.

Mr. G.: (coming out from behind the paper)...Whazzat?

Mrs. G.: I say, we're having Postum tonight, instead of coffee. It's awfully good, and I think you'll like it as well as I do.

Mr. G.: Nix. No coffee substitutes for me.

Mrs. G.: But it's not a coffee substitute, dear. Why, the first sip of it I had...

Mr. G.: DON'T TELL ME! Bob Work tried it. Said it doesn't taste anything like coffee.

Mrs. G.: Of course not. It's not supposed to taste like coffee—any more than you'd expect coffee to taste like tea. It's a delicious drink in its own right.

Mr. G.: (retiring behind paper) Mmm...mm.

Mrs. G.: You ought to try it, dear. Louise told me that Postum is now one of the great mealtime drinks—that millions of Americans drink it regularly.

Mr. G.: Mmm...mm.

Mrs. G.: Besides, it costs less than half a cent a cup. And that's something these days, considering coffee prices—and that you can't buy all the coffee you want now, either!

Mr. G.: Mmm...mm.

Mrs. G.: Really, Ted, you're being difficult. I tell you Postum is a grand drink, and you're not even open-minded enough to try it. You, and your logical mind! Once you get a wrong idea in your head, you refuse to budge. Ted Garrett, you might just as well be an ostrich, and stick your head in the floor. So there!

And what was the result of this little tiff?

Mrs. G., being a sensible woman, is going right on enjoying Postum every day. Not only because she likes it. But because she knows there is nothing harmful in it.

And Mr. G.? Well, for all we know, like an ostrich, he still has his head stuck in the dining-room floor.

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– SAY THE PILOTS

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So that's its name, a name it's earned from British and American pilots alike, a name to watch: Lockheed *Lightning.* Lockheed Aircraft Corporation . . . Vega Aircraft Corporation . . . Burbank, Calif.

for protection today, and progress tomorrow, look to

Lockheed

FOR LEADERSHIP

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thought until he got up and lit a cigarette and sat by the window staring out into the front yard.

THE next three days were a bad dream for Mrs. Manney. Martin and Ben fell into a solemn politeness at meals which was worse than any sullen silence could have been. Ben stayed on the place. Martin went twice to the village, and the second time returned with the bag of seed he had asked Ben to fetch from Acton's. Ben stowed it away in the barn. What his reaction was to his father's move, neither Martin nor Mrs. Manney could tell.

Saturday morning Mrs. Manney overslept. She awoke with the uncomfortable feeling that she had lost a day somewhere. From her window, as she dressed, she saw Ben waiting at the mailbox for Gid Evarts. By the time she got downstairs he had returned to the house—there was a flower-seed catalogue for her on the kitchen table—and left for the barn. She saw him taking the tractor out toward the south lot.

The Dosters' party was not mentioned until supper, when Martin said, "You coming over to the Dosters' with us, son?"

"Think I will." Ben met his father's eyes. His voice was more alive than it had sounded for days, but his eyes were as guarded as ever.

Martin hitched up the buckboard. When Mrs. Manney came out of the house, husband and son looked admiringly at her.

"You look nice, Alice," Martin said, and Ben echoed heartily, "You sure do, Mother." For a second her old sense of security was revived, only to die in the lull as Martin clucked to the team, and the buckboard jounced down the drive and turned grandly into the road.

THEY were among the early arrivals at the Dosters'. Ben tethered the team in the side yard, and Mrs. Manney and Martin waited for him on the steps. There were lanterns on the veranda, and over the hum of talk from the brightly lighted parlor came the tuning scrape of a fiddle. It was inevitable that, as they mounted the steps, the first person they should see was Lance Watriss, husky and animated, passing the open door with Livvy on his arm. Mrs. Manney's shoulder was touching Ben's and she thought she felt him relax just a trifle.

Mrs. Manney set her chin against the fleeting instant of silence that greeted their entrance. The story of Ben and Lance must have gone the rounds by now. She wondered miserably what shape it had assumed after passing through many mouths.

Livvy left Lance and came forward with her mother to greet them. Mrs. Doster's round, red face was sympathetic, without guile. Lance Watriss turned and began to talk loudly to one of the Acker brothers. From the corner of her eye Mrs. Manney saw young Art Doster glance furtively from Lance to Ben, then say something under his breath to a youth beside him. The other boy grinned expectantly.

Mrs. Doster led her to a chair beside an open window giving on the veranda, and began to make hurried, anxious conversation. Mrs. Manney felt her features twisting themselves into what she hoped was an expression of interest. Already the room and the people in it had taken on a nightmarish quality, and the flat, arrogant tones of Lance Watriss seemed to dominate all other sounds.

Ben had stopped near the door, talking to Livvy. Mrs. Manney tore her eyes from him and looked for Martin. He was near the fireplace talking to Tom Burnett. Burnett's face was serious. He was a small man with sharp eyes and a steel-trap mouth. She saw him ask Martin a question; saw Martin's quick glance in Ben's direction before he shook his head.

Ben and Livvy stepped out on the veranda. Mrs Manney caught a glimpse of Livvy's face as they went. She had stopped smiling, and she was serious and a little apprehensive. Mrs. Manney's glance flew to Lance Watriss. He was a round-bodied, gigantic, hard-muscled man, close to thirty, with thick blond hair and a baby face that seemed to belie his reputation in the county. He was fully aware of the disappearance of Ben and Livvy, and the careless confidence of his body and the bland set of his face

COLLIER'S "You know Shirley Temple?" LEONARD DOVE

as he made his way toward the door turned Mrs. Manney a little sick.

With an effort, she turned to say something to Mrs. Doster and found, to her surprise, that Mrs. Doster was no longer beside her. She was puzzling over this phenomenon when, outside the window at her elbow, Lance Watriss said, "Hello, Ben. Hello, Livvy."

There was a little puddle of silence on the veranda. Mrs. Manney dared not look around. Her wrists and ankles felt feverish and watery.

Livvy said uncertainly, "Listen, Lance . . ."

Watriss said amiably, "Like to talk to you a minute, Ben. Will you excuse us, Livvy?"

"I'll do nothing of the kind." Livvy sounded shaky. "If you think for one minute . . ."

Ben said, "Please go on in, Livvy."

MRS. MANNEY heard Livvy's gasp of temper, then the angry tapping of her heels along the veranda. Her eyes picked up Livvy at the door, saw her go straight to Martin and Tom Burnett near the fireplace and say something, but it was the voices on the porch that held her whole attention.

"You forgotten what I told you in the village the other night?" said Lance Watriss softly.

"No," said Ben. Mrs. Manney felt him choosing his words. "No," he said again, "but what made you think I'd knuckle to you?"

"Would you like to find out?" Lance's voice was getting stormy, but he kept it low.

"No," said Ben, and Mrs. Manney held her breath. Lance Watriss snorted.

"But I'm willing," Ben said.

A BOARD creaked as Lance Watriss shifted his weight.

"Not here," said Ben, as though talking to a child. She heard him take a step, then hesitate. "You coming?" he asked Lance.

"I'm coming," said Lance Watriss, and they were gone, stepping lightly.

Over by the piano, old Denny Adkins had finished tuning his fiddle. Now he drew the bow, and a full-flavored chord filled the room. All heads turned toward him.

Mrs. Manney looked for Martin. He and Tom Burnett were no longer in sight. Then Livvy Doster blocked her view, and she heard and felt the girl's quick breathing.

"Mother Manney—Ben and Lance—" began Livvy fearfully.

Mrs. Manney stood up, surprised to find that her knees had somehow become quite strong. "I know," she said.

Livvy stared. "Aren't you going to—to try to . . . ?"

"I don't know, dear," Mrs. Manney heard herself say gently. She started out, Livvy trotting at her side.

The veranda with its lanterns, the front yard dappled with light, were as unreal as the house they were leaving. Some people were arriving, and Mrs. Manney found herself nodding and smiling and murmuring greetings as they passed on the steps.

Livvy touched her arm. "This way," she said. They stepped out on thick, fragrant grass and went around the corner of the house. Then they saw them, halfway across the yard, Ben and Lance, on the brink of a pool of light flooding out from one of the kitchen windows. In the midnight shadow of a thick-leaved oak Mrs. Manney seized Livvy's wrist and the girl stopped obediently.

"Martin's there," said Mrs. Manney. She locked again. "And Tom Burnett." Her calm had yielded to a sick tumult now, but her hand on Livvy's wrist was perfectly steady. "They have to do it their own way," she said.

"But . . ." The word was little more than a sob. Mrs. Manney loosed the slender wrist and her arm went around the trembling shoulders.

"You know I love Ben, don't you, Mother Manney?" said Livvy. "You know that? I don't care what . . ."

She broke off short, for Lance Watriss had said something to Ben, and they saw Lance's white sleeve flash and heard a sound neither of them had ever heard before, the sharp, sickening sound of a fist on flesh. Ben went backward and down, and there was a wholly unreal tableau for a moment, Ben on his elbow on the ground, Lance looking down at him.

Livvy made a small, miserable noise. Mrs. Manney looked toward Martin. He and Tom Burnett were graven images in the half-light beyond Lance and Ben, watching, not moving.

Ben got up slowly. Lance charged, white-sleeved arms flailing. For a blurred second it seemed as though he would drive Ben into the sinister blackness outside the light, but at the last moment his round head flew back as though in amazement. Mrs. Manney saw a brown fist apparently bury itself in Lance's round belly just above his white belt. Another brown fist struck Lance's mouth with the same sickening sound they had heard at the start of the fight. Lance went sprawling into the center of the pool of light.

Mrs. Manney was dizzy. The pounding of her heart seemed to be right inside her ears. She forced herself to look at Ben. He looked very tall and strangely mature there, gazing down at Lance.

LANCE WATRISS drew himself together on the grass like a snake coiling, and while he was yet on his knees he reached behind him. Before they realized the significance of the gesture, Martin appeared from nowhere.

"You touch that knife and I'll kill you." He spoke very plainly and held out his hand. "Give it to me," he said.

Ben said, "Wait a minute, Father."

"Give it to me," repeated Martin. He bent suddenly and wrenched Lance's hand from behind him. There was a scuffle, over in a second, and Martin straightened up. They saw him swing his arm, and heard something crash, far off, in some bushes.

"Okay, son," said Martin, stepping back beside Tom Burnett.

Lance Watriss bounced up. The blows that drove him down again were only two, but they were as calculated and even as piston strokes, and the sound of the second made Mrs. Manney turn her head away and close her eyes. When she opened them again, Tom Burnett's bald head was shining over Lance, and he was helping Lance to his feet.

"Can you stand?" he asked disinterestedly, and Lance grunted thickly.

"Then stick your head under the pump before you come back in," said Tom Burnett. "We don't want to spoil the party." He watched Lance stumble off toward the back porch, then joined Martin and Ben.

Ben was talking in a low tone. Mrs. Manney could not hear what he said, but she heard Martin exclaim, "What!" Ben talked some more, and when he

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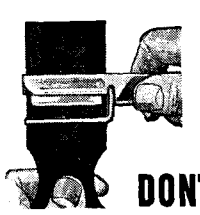

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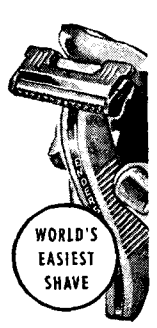

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

paused for breath his father chuckled in a queer sort of way and Tom Burnett laughed from his belly and said, "Let's go in."

The men moved toward them. Mrs. Manney shoved Livvy gently forward. Martin said, "Hello!" when he saw them, and Ben passed his hand over his mouth and looked embarrassed until Livvy ran to him and took his arm.

"Come on, Battler," she said. "We'll see if you can dance as well as you can fight."

Mrs. Manney knew Ben was going to look at her, and he did. She smiled reassuringly, and he smiled back. Livvy was tugging at his arm. Ben looked at his father, and his father nodded slowly. Then Ben yielded to Livvy and they began to walk briskly toward the house.

MRS. MANNEY felt her husband's arm through hers, strong and loving. "Upset?" he said.

"Not now," she answered.

They were strolling to the house. Tom Burnett said, "Go ahead, Mart."

"Ben's joined the Air Corps," said Martin, and his arm tightened against her. "He didn't tell us before because he didn't want us to worry any longer than was necessary. And I think he was kind of afraid he'd miss out on the examinations. He just got the letter this morning."

Her heart had begun to beat again now, but she did not try to speak.

"That time he walked away from Lance in the village," said Martin slowly, "he was going to take his physical exam over in town next day—remember when he said he'd gone to get the float for the carburetor? He was afraid Lance would mess him up and make him miss out on the physical." He chuckled. "He's a funny kid."

They were at the steps now, and indoors the fiddle was loud over the shuffling of many feet.

They mounted the steps. At the door Martin stopped. Denny Adkins was sawing out a waltz.

"Like to try a dance, Alice?" said Martin, almost shyly.

Then they were on the polished floor and she was in his arms. The house was friendly now, and real, and she knew as they stepped out that she would never forget that moment of music as long as she lived.

Ben danced by with Livvy. Mrs. Manney saw that he had told Livvy, for her head was tilted back and her eyes were deep and had stars in them.

LIVVY turned her head and for a second she met Mrs. Manney's glance. In Livvy's eyes Mrs. Manney saw mirrored all her own pride and happiness—and all the pain that would come later, when Ben was gone.

Ben was talking, quite volubly for him. Mrs. Manney caught a snatch of it: ". . . new motors . . . two thousand horsepower . . . if I can just get one of those . . ." He was rapt.

After the dance he and Livvy went out on the porch and down the steps into the kindly shadows. There, Mrs. Manney knew, there would be no more talk of motors; or at least, comparatively little.

THE END

Mike Moran's Men

Continued from page 19

the ship's doctor dug thirty-two pieces of shell fragment out of that leg and showed Lowry the tin hat he had been wearing. There was a jagged hole, two inches across, a souvenir of that blast.

Frank Hurst, a chief boatswain's mate, was the battery officer on Gun One. The blast that disabled his gun also threw him against a bulkhead, and a pile of empty shell cases showered around him as they hit the overhead and bounced back to the deck. Chief Hurst sized up the situation instantly. A fire had started on the splintered deck, so the first thing he did was to empty the ammunition hoist of live shells while two other men on Gun One's crew played a hose on the blaze. Luckily the ammunition passers had just completed a round trip from hoist to gun, so there was no live ammunition exposed at the time of the hit.

Gun Captain King checked his gun. Most of the electrical leads had been carried away which meant no more director control. He spent all of two minutes inspecting and testing the rest of the mount and decided to try firing it manually. From then on, the gun captain "kicked them out," ramming by hand and firing each shell by percussion. By this time, the fire on deck had been put out, and the ammunition again was coming up the hoist in a steady flow.

Manning a Disabled Gun

Dan Brand, a young junior lieutenant who was the starboard battery officer, watched anxiously as the gun captain thumbed the firing key for that first round. Lieutenant Brand knew what can happen to a gun when you try to fire it after it has been disabled. A defect in the barrel or breech mechanism might cause the gun itself to blow up and kill everyone in the vicinity. But Brand also had complete confidence in King's gunnery ability, backed up by five years' experience. King was one of the "plank owners" of the Boise. He had been aboard her since her commissioning in 1938 and he was as familiar with each of her guns as a mother hen with her chicks. He gave the order to fire.

The five-inch rifle spoke sharply, and the message it carried was a direct hit on the enemy heavy cruiser. Not bad for a cripple. And as round after round was "kicked out," Chief Hurst had the satisfaction of seeing his manually operated weapon score a total of three punishing hits on the Jap before it finally sank. When the "Cease firing" order came, Chief Hurst reached down and picked up a heavy hunk of shrapnel that had recently skimmed past his ear and bounced off the overhead to land at his feet. He handled the piece of steel gingerly; it was still hot. But he didn't have time to examine the Japanese characters on it closely—another target was coming up.

There had been a lull of almost two minutes. It was now close to midnight. The Boise had been in action less than a quarter of an hour and, together with the other ships in her task group, had disposed of four enemy ships, two of them huskier than herself.

Captain Mike stood on the flying bridge and watched tracer shells from his main battery crisscross tracers from the secondary as they plowed their way toward the enemy. The range was almost point-blank now. Both forces were steaming on courses that ultimately would reach the point of a huge V.

Signal Officer Davis realized then that it was for this moment he had joined the Navy twenty-three years before. To him, it was just like a skeet shoot. Fix your sights on the pigeon just released and—bang!—it disappeared. Turn half around and there was another pigeon. Bang!—no more pigeon! Turn and shoot. Turn and shoot.

The fifth pigeon was a Jap destroyer that apparently had been hit by other ships in the Boise's group and she was on fire. Her guns were still blasting away, however, when the Boise batteries opened up on her. In about two minutes, she too had been polished off, and the fires on her deck hissed out as she sank

"And if anybody had ever told me that some day we'd be dressing for dinner at our house I'd have said they were nuts!"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

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COLLIER'S "What an exquisite perfume you reek of, my dear!" ADOLPH SCHUS

under a cloud of steam and heavy smoke.

"Shift targets and resume firing." For five full minutes there was no target handy, which gave the Boise men a brief respite to catch their breath and police the deck around their busy guns. Empty shell cases were thrown over the side and debris from the enemy hits was cleared away hurriedly to give the gunners more room to operate. Below decks, the damage-control men were mopping up the fire in the captain's cabin and dousing water on the deck of the radio shack which had been scorched by the same blaze.

In Central Station, Lieutenant Commander Tom Wolverton, the ship's damage-control officer, was directing all this repair work. Telephone circuits connected him with his "branch offices," separate repair parties forward, aft and amidships. The job assigned Commander Wolverton and his men was comparable to that of a prize fighter's second. They did their work between rounds, moving quickly and surely to get the champ ready for the next bell.

Commander Wolverton had taken upon himself another job. Most of the ship's personnel were closed off below decks in sealed compartments behind dogged hatches and naturally could see none of the show topside. They could hear the muffled roar of the Boise's guns and the occasional burst of enemy shells ominously close, but that didn't help much. So the damage-control officer manned a microphone on the ship's loudspeaker system and broadcast a running account of the battle from reports which observers on deck relayed to him by phone.

The Face of Danger

When Commander Wolverton first passed the word that the enemy had been engaged, he noticed that most of the men crowded in the Central Station cubicle with him suddenly went tense. He recognized the symptoms immediately. These men, as brave as any aboard, were facing an enemy they couldn't see, and their nervousness was natural.

Their reaction reminded him of a remark his four-year-old son had made the first time Wolverton, senior, took him for a ride on a roller coaster when the car was approaching the top of the first steep dip. The men stationed around him with stern faces had heard this story and had chuckled over it. Now, Wolverton decided, was a good time to remind them of it. In the stillness of that crowded Central Station deep in the Boise's innards, a voice boomed out ridiculously in baby talk: "Daddy, I want to go home now!"

The effect was magical. Grins spread over a dozen men's faces as they settled back and relaxed. Psychology Professor Wolverton then resumed his other jobs as damage-control officer and radio announcer. Topside reports started coming in rapidly now and he was kept busy passing them on to the rest of the ship's company. "Enemy heavy cruiser is breaking in two . . . she's going down in flames . . . Another target coming up . . . Japanese destroyer . . . three direct hits . . . target sunk."

About five minutes past midnight, came his most startling announcement: "Torpedo approaching ship on starboard beam!"

Eagle eyes on the signal bridge had sighted the white foam of the torpedo track. An instant later, Captain Moran bellowed, "Right full rudder." The Boise heeled over in a sharp turn and aimed her bow directly at the enemy column. Men aboard the ship astern of the Boise thought she had gone out of control. But Iron Mike knew what he was doing. As the torpedo came closer, that sudden turn put the Boise on a parallel and opposite course to it. While men on deck held their breath, all hands below cocked a worried eye toward the starboard side of the ship. The few seconds they waited seemed hours long.

"Whee—it missed us!" Bill Butler, antiaircraft control officer, gleefully passed the word over his phone circuit. At his station on the bridge, he saw the torpedo slip by the Boise's bow, missing it by just a few feet. Had the Boise been on her normal course, the result would have been a direct hit.

Down in his broadcasting booth, Commander Wolverton got the good word by phone and passed it on to the rest of the ship. The stern lines on men's faces melted into happy smiles. Santa Claus had answered their letter. A spontaneous cheer rose in each buttoned-up compartment as that message poured out of the loud-speakers. And that wasn't all. A follow-up announcement reported that a second "fish," obviously fired in a "spread" from the same enemy destroyer, had missed the Boise's stern, clearing the fantail by about thirty yards.

"Left full rudder!" Iron Mike was swinging his ship back into battle formation.

Kicking along at flank speed, she soon had resumed her position in column, and already her batteries were firing on a sixth target—another Jap cruiser just abaft the Boise's starboard beam. The ship being on a steady course now, her fire-control men handily drew a bead on their newest target.

Everything was well under control. The fire in the captain's cabin had been quenched, and the relatively minor damage occasioned by that barrage of shellfire had been temporarily repaired. All guns were back in action now. Chief Hurst was still "kicking them out" on Gun Three forward, and high up in Spot One, Spotter Forter was busy watching the shells splash around the Jap cruiser and—more important—the shells that didn't splash.

Throughout all this action, there was a demonstration of Navy discipline that gave eloquent testimony to Mike Moran's iron-hand, velvet-glove policy of training fighting men. A dozen men stationed in the port secondary-battery director stuck grimly at their posts, their backs to the enemy ships and to all the shooting. During the entire time, not a man turned around to see what was going on behind him. They were too busy manning their director and watching the opposite dark horizon hopefully, just in case a Jap ship or two loomed up on that side to deliver a sneak punch. It was a sight to make any skipper proud of the men under his command.

In contrast to their immobility, the men on the starboard battery were now busier than ever. They had got the range on target six, a Jap cruiser, and that unit of Admiral Togo's fleet was getting a terrific pasting from Boise guns and from other ships in the task group.

Too Close for Safety

But just as the Boise's first salvos struck home, disaster came to her. Another Jap ship, a heavy cruiser, showed up in the distance, forward and to starboard of her. Using her eight-inch twin-mount turrets, the Jap opened up at several thousand yards, and it was soon obvious that the Boise was her intended victim. Both forces were operating under powerful searchlights then, and the cold white beam of these torches cut through the orange-red flashes of exploding shells.

One of these shells struck the Boise's starboard side, pierced it and exploded just forward of her sick bay. There were only a few patients there, but the ship's doctors and hospital-corps men bundled them out of there in a hurry and to a battle dressing station set up in the chief petty officers' quarters. One of the patients, his broken leg in a cast, hobbled along on crutches to the dressing station. Another, who had been relieved of his appendix three days before, got up from his bunk and brushed aside the corps men starting to put him on a stretcher. "Outta my way!" he told them. "I'm getting to hell out of here!" And he got.

Damage Control Officer Wolverton heard and felt that shell explode just above his Central Station. He dispatched a repair party there and reported the location of the hit to Captain Moran on the flying bridge. Jap shells from the newly arrived heavy cruiser were splashing dangerously close to the Boise then, as her batteries split up to fight off the two attackers.

Suddenly a terrific explosion on the fo'c'sle flung Captain Moran and everyone on the bridge prostrate. Before Gunnery Officer Laffan could scramble to his feet he heard an ominous report over his earphones:

"Fire in the forward magazine." Then: "Direct hits on Turret One and Turret Three."

Still prone on the exposed deck of the flying bridge, Captain Moran snapped out an order: "Hard left rudder. Flank speed." When he stood up and looked down at the ship's forward turrets, he saw the whole fo'c'sle afire, with flames leaping fifty feet in the air. The Boise was in trouble.

This is the first of two articles on the Boise by Frank D. Morris.

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Fourteen Dollars and a Girl

Continued from page 24

His mother smiled a little. "Yes," she said, "and how neatly you managed to change the subject!"

He grinned at her. "Couldn't have been so darned neat. You spotted it quick enough."

She patted his arm. "I'm maybe the smartest mother you'll ever have. But you'd better come downstairs, dear. Dinner's ready—and our guest is here."

Hilary had been rummaging for a handkerchief. He looked up and stared. "You don't mean that evacuated girl! You don't mean *she's* here!"

His mother nodded and Hilary responded with a hollow groan—as a matter of form. He was, actually, inured to girls. His sister Nora's friends had been clowning all over the house as long as he could remember. They'd never had any effect on his pulse. This new girl, though, wasn't a friend of Nora's. She was a stranger whose family had been evacuated from a section of the town that the government was taking over for an Army camp. She had been assigned to the Craigs because the Craigs' house was not too far from the school she attended.

"What's she like?" he asked.

"Oh, well, I guess she's a nice enough little thing."

He looked at her sharply. Her voice had sounded a trifle strained. "What's the matter, Mom? She bring a trunk?"

"No. Three large suitcases and a hatbox."

"You don't like her," Hilary said. "Why not?"

"I didn't say I didn't like her. I merely said she'd brought three large suitcases and a hatbox."

"But I know you, Mom. You've got that arsenic in your voice. Say! Is she awful to look at? Anything like that drip Nora brought home from the Red Cross?"

His mother turned from the doorway. "Now, Hilary! When did we ever discuss our guests?"

He was genuinely startled. "Why, my gosh!" he said. "We always discuss 'em!"

But Mrs. Craig had already started down the stairs. He clattered after her—into the dining room—there to confront the most wonderful girl he had ever seen in this world.

ELISE VARDEN had eyes as blue as a noonday sky and—exactly to match her eyes—she wore a blue ribbon threaded through her corn-colored curls. She had a little laugh like three notes down the scale. She frequently laughed when anyone spoke to her, even if there wasn't any reason. That was just one of the fascinating little tricks she had. The wonder was that the rest of the family went on eating and arguing and carrying on as if this were just an ordinary girl sitting at their dinner table.

Hilary strove to make amends for this. He leaned toward her solicitously. "I'll bet it was kind of inconvenient," he said, "to be kicked out of your own house the way you were!"

"Well, yes," she admitted, with her little laugh, "only we're moving into a terribly cute apartment, you know, the first of the month. The crazy thing was the way we waited till the last minute and I had to get taken in by perfect strangers this way! My goodness! You must think I'm some kind of a poverty-stricken refugee or something!"

Hilary glanced at his mother.

"Why, no," she was saying, "we don't think anything of the sort, my dear."

It was, Hilary felt, hardly adequate. He redoubled his efforts to see that their guest had everything she might need. He hung, spellbound, on her every word—and was annoyed when Nora cut into the conversation with an overlong story about herself. Elise, obviously, wasn't much interested. He failed to silence Nora with a few brotherly gibes, but he was rewarded by that tinkling little laugh from Elise.

HE WAS harassed, meanwhile, by a number of small embarrassments. He became aware that his father was mopping up the last of his gravy with a crust of bread. Wincing away from that spectacle, his newly sensitive eye detected something a shade too easy and informal

COLLIER'S "Speed is the keynote, Miss Simpson, not artistry" RODNEY DE SARRO

in the manner of Matty, the maid. He listened, with growing shame, to his mother's rollicking account of the argument she'd had that morning with the vegetable man.

Later, when he was tuning in the radio to Elise's favorite program, he tried to correct any wrong impression she might have received at the dinner table. He gave her a few hints in regard to his parents' importance in the community. He even tried to give Nora some kind of build-up. Then, suddenly, he heard himself bragging like a fool. He turned red.

"But I don't know why I'm telling you all this! We're just an ordinary family like anybody else. My gosh! I'll bet we're just a typical family for being ordinary like that. I don't know why you'd be interested!"

She smiled at him. "Of course, I'm interested!" she said. "I just simply love hearing about people! Joe says it's a feminine instinct I've got developed in me. But Joe, of course, is crazy."

"Who," asked Hilary, "is Joe?"

"Oh!" she said. "Aren't I dumb! As if you'd know who Joe was!"

"Your brother?"

"Joe?"

"Well," said Hilary, "he could be, couldn't he?"

"But he isn't!"

Hilary felt his throat tighten. "Okay," he said. "Who is he?"

"Why, he's a boy I know in the Army. His name's Joe Burdick. You must have heard of the Burdicks," she concluded, with some pride. "They're terribly well-to-do people—the Burdicks."

"No," said Hilary. "I've never heard of 'em."

"Well, anyway," she said, "I've been going with Joe for just ages. I told him I wouldn't have any serious dates with anybody—all the time he was gone."

Hilary swallowed hard. "He looks after himself—this guy!"

"Why, Hilary! That isn't a very nice thing to say about a soldier!"

"Maybe it isn't," he admitted. "Maybe I was just kind of sore."

"I don't see," she said, "what you'd have to be sore about."

As she said this, she put her hand over his in quite a sisterly fashion, but after a second, he pulled his hand away.

"You'd better not ask me," he said, "because the way things are—I can't ever tell you, Elise."

HE HAD to keep on reminding himself that she was somebody else's girl. It was just as well that they kept him in after school next day for an extra bout with the Spanish language. But he couldn't stay away from his own home forever. That, he thought, would be too much to expect of a guy. . . .

He found Elise in the kitchen. She was making a batch of cookies for her soldier.

"Of course," she said, "it's only a sort of a gag!"

She looked wonderful in a little frilled apron. From her hair came a faint, flowerlike fragrance. She was frowning importantly as she peered into the oven.

"I had a letter from Joe," she explained. "He reminded me about these cookies."

"A swell guy!" said Hilary. "A swell guy, all right! Making you slave in a hot kitchen! Yeah! That's swell!"

"No," she said, "it's only a sort of a gag—the way I told you."

She fished a letter out of the pocket of her dress and started to read it aloud. She made several false starts because there were a number of passages in that letter too impassioned for Hilary's ears. He sat at the end of the kitchen table with his chin propped in his hands and looked at her unhappily.

"Here it is!" she cried at last. "Here's what Joe says: 'I don't believe you about the cookies,' he says, 'because a girl who looks like you just naturally couldn't make cookies, too. It just wouldn't be possible. And while we're on the subject, I wish you'd send me some more snaps of yourself because the ones I have are about worn out from me looking at them so much—' " She broke off here and bit her lip. "But I guess that wouldn't interest you, Hilary. That's just the crazy way Joe always goes on!"

He didn't have to answer that because she wrinkled her nose just then and dashed to the stove. The cookies were burning.

IT TURNED out that only the edges were burnt. The cookies were still a little doughy in the middle.

"I don't understand it," Elise said thoughtfully, "but anyhow, I can tell Joe not to eat the middle part, and I won't send him the worst-looking ones. You can have those, Hilary."

"Thanks!"

She flashed a smile at him. "I didn't mean that the way it sounded!" she said.

He couldn't resist the smile. He ate six of the cookies and protested but weakly when she wrapped up the best ones and asked him to take them to the post office. Then Matty came in from the back yard, and Elise had another smile for her.

"I've been making cookies!" she explained.

Matty cast a morose eye around the kitchen. "It's not the one who makes the cookies," she said. "It's the one who has to clean up them pans."

Elise laughed gaily and waggled her fingers at Hilary and tripped out of the room.

"That girl," said Matty, "ain't worth the powder to blow her brains out. You hear me, Hilary!"

Matty had been with the Craigs for a long time and she felt privileged to say what she liked. On this occasion she had gone too far.

Hilary drew himself up. He spoke in tones of ice. "We will not discuss Miss Varden," he said.

"Well," asked Matty, "who wants to discuss her? The chit! And I've got work to do! Hilary, you get out of my kitchen this minute!"

So Hilary, with the package of cookies under his arm, got out of the kitchen with all the dignity at his command—which wasn't under the circumstances, a very great deal.

ELISE explained to Joe, in a letter, that Hilary had mailed the cookies to him. She had, in response, a stern word or two from Joe:

"Listen—here's what he says, Hilary: 'I don't think girls have much sense in some ways. You ought to know better than to ask some other guy to be mailing me cookies, because if I were this other guy, I wouldn't want to be mailing another guy cookies from you.' " Elise looked up, with her little laugh in three notes. "Well, that's how crazy Joe is! Don't you think he's crazy?"

Hilary shook his head. He didn't

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think Joe was crazy. Hilary was beginning, about this time, to take a certain unwilling interest in Joe. He wanted to hate him, but Joe wasn't the sort of person anybody could hate. He wrote quite a lot of interesting stuff about the camp. Most of the time Joe was cracking wise—but once in a while he got kind of serious. Elise didn't understand this serious side of Joe's character.

"It won't be long before we're sent overseas," he wrote her one time, "and I can tell you one thing—the fellows are ready for it. I'm not bragging, Elise, when I say the men in this company are the best bunch of men you'd find anywhere. I've got to know some of them pretty well and I don't mind saying they're men I'd like to fight with. You get pretty much stripped down to the important things about a person at a time like this. Maybe you're finding the same thing these days in civilian life. Anyway, it's queer what a war can do to your sense of values. It can change your whole slant on things you'd never even bothered to think about."

Elise looked up from the letter in complete astonishment. "You wouldn't think Joe was writing to *me* any more! You'd think he was writing a book!"

"No," Hilary said. "I guess you don't get it, but he'd naturally want to be writing you what he had in his mind."

He felt compelled to explain how it was with Joe, although he often told himself he was a dope to do it. If Joe hadn't been in the Army, it might have been different. But it would be a lousy trick, he thought, to chisel in on a guy in the Army.

The fact that Elise was Joe's girl was the one thing Hilary had settled for himself. Of course, there were times when, without realizing it, she made things kind of tough for him. Reading from Joe's letters or listening to the radio or just talking about nothing in particular, she would look at him teasingly out of the corner of her eye and wrinkle up her nose in the funny little way she had. He would turn red and growl at her. "Aw, cut it out!" he would say. Then she would laugh at him and lean over to pat his hand.

THEY had agreed there wasn't any reason they couldn't be friends. But Hilary carried the ideal of this friendship into the distant years. He saw himself hovering always, in the background of Elise Varden's life, ready to serve her when she needed him. There were times, before he drifted off to sleep at night, when he would save Joe's life at the cost of his own—muttering a hoarse and manly farewell into the pillow: "It's okay, Elise—I was glad to do it. Just try and think of me—once in a while. And so long, Elise. . . ."

Meanwhile, Joe was counting on a furlough. He was planning to come to see Elise. There was nothing Hilary could offer which could compete with that furlough of Joe's. Hilary could tell himself it was just the Army word for vacation, but he was not consoled.

He looked at her glumly. "I was kind of hoping," he said, "you'd let me take you to the Junior Club dance over at the country club. But I suppose that's out all right . . . on account of Joe."

She turned to him eagerly. "Oh, I don't think Joe would mind. It wouldn't really be like a date—you and me being so kind of platonic the way we are!"

Hilary winced. "Yeah," he said, "but that's a week from next Saturday. That's when that guy's going to have his furlough."

She shook her head. "No, he isn't. I had a letter from Joe today about that. They've changed their minds. They aren't going to let anybody leave camp. And Joe wants me to come and see *him!* He's crazy!"

Hilary struggled briefly with his better self. "I don't suppose he's any crazier than anybody else," he said. "Why wouldn't you go and see him?"

"It's fourteen dollars! On the bus!"

"That's a lot of money," Hilary admitted, "but still—if a guy's going to war any minute, he'd maybe expect a girl to put herself out a little bit!"

"But, Hilary!" she cried, staring at him. "Where on earth would anybody get fourteen dollars?"

He thought about that for a minute. "You've got me," he said. "Darned if *I* know!"

He felt better. After all, he thought, he'd behaved in a very honorable way about the whole situation. Nobody could say he hadn't done all he could for Joe. But Joe's hard luck was Joe's hard luck. Hilary began to imagine, now, what it would be like to take Elise to that dance—to maneuver her past the stag line. It could be platonic enough as far as she was concerned, but there was no law saying it had to be platonic for him. He began to make plans . . .

"MOM!" he said.

Janet Craig looked up from the bottom shelf of the linen cupboard. "I don't understand about the pillowcases," she observed mildly. "Why don't we lose the sheets, too?"

"I don't know, Mom. But I want to talk to you about something. It's more than a guy can get away with."

"What is? Hilary, if you're leading up to another advance—"

"Yeah, but listen, Mom. You're the one who's always saying I ought to take more interest in what goes on at that joint for the younger crowd. Always having ten thousand cat fits because I *didn't* take an interest."

"It is not polite, darling, to imply that your mother is subject to fits. And are you by any chance talking about the Junior Club dance?"

"Sure! And I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Mom. I'll go to that dance if I can have a pair of shoes!"

She eyed him incredulously.

"Well, look—the way it was, I spilled some kind of acid on one of those best black shoes I had. Of course, I know what you're going to say, Mom, but it wasn't anything I could help."

"Perhaps not," she said, smiling at him, "but if you want a new pair, Hilary, you'll just have to go out and earn about six dollars." She put up her hand against an anguished protest. "That's final, dear!"

And it was final. Hilary, walking heavily down the stairs, turned the whole thing over in his mind. Before he came to the bottom step, he had come to a decision that appalled him. He was going to get himself a job with old Mrs. Nesbit.

IT TURNED out to be a matter of cleaning out henhouses.

The old lady was looking him up and down. "Well," she said, "you're certainly a great strappin' hulk!"

Hilary reddened. "I guess I can do the work all right."

"Young man, none of your back talk!"

"No, ma'am," said Hilary. "Will you tell me where I begin, ma'am?"

"When it's a hen farm," said the old lady, "you begin with the hens. And you end with the hens! You goin' to take up my time with dumb fool questions?"

"No, ma'am."

"No, ma'am—yes, ma'am! Yes, ma'am—no, ma'am!"

"Excuse *me*, ma'am."

"You talk all the time! Talk, talk!

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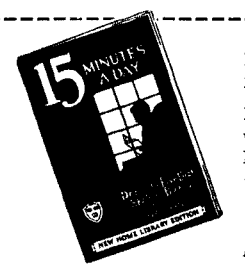

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Talk's cheap, young man! When you goin' to clean out a henhouse? When you goin' to git *at* it?"

Well, Hilary thought, she certainly was peculiar. But he got to work. He began on the walls of the first of the poultry houses, tackling it with something like a chisel.

"The last boy left it all," the old lady rasped in his ear.

"He sure did," muttered Hilary.

"What say?"

"Nothing," Hilary said hastily. "I'm getting along fine, ma'am."

The old lady sniffed. She went out then with an apron full of corn. He heard her talking to the hens and he turned to look at a red rooster, a lordly creature scrabbling for corn in a dignified way and calling his flock to the feast. But the old lady caught him at this. She flew back into the henhouse.

"Clean, clean!" she shrilled at him. "Clean, clean!"

HE HELD heroically to his unheroic task. Every afternoon, after school, he hurried to old Mrs. Nesbit's farm. He worked all day Saturday as well. He had earned his six dollars—only to realize that he actually needed more than six dollars. A pair of shoes was not enough. He had to have a white shirt and a new tie. He also had to consider buying Elise a couple of gardenias to wear to the dance. Then he really needed some extra cash in case the crowd went somewhere to buy hamburgers.

He kept adding these items in his mind as he scrubbed down walls and perches and edged his way cautiously around a bad-tempered broody hen. Old Mrs. Nesbit reiterated, in vain, her candid opinion of boys in general, and of Hilary in particular. He merely reddened uncomfortably and went on with his scrubbing.

His mother's first amazement and pleasure had given way to a mild alarm.

"Hilary!" she said. "You're working too hard! You aren't leaving any time for your studying at all! And what in the world are you going to *do* with all that money?"

"Now, Mom," he said, "I don't see why I get this cross-inquisition. A guy has to go out and pick up a little cash for himself."

"To spend on that stupid little Varden girl!"

"Mom! Elise isn't stupid! How could you say a thing like that, Mom?"

His mother put out a placating hand. "It just slipped out, darling. I'm sorry." She eyed him pensively. "But about this job of yours—I really don't want to interfere if it isn't going to last forever. Only, I do think you'd better have your bath right away, son. That *chicken* smell—"

Hurriedly, Hilary made for the stairs.

THEN it was all over. He had said goodby to old Mrs. Nesbit. "You wasn't as good as you might 'a' been," she had observed, in parting, "but you wasn't no worse than most o' the rest of 'em." This, from her, was the utmost in praise.

He felt pretty important, too, with all his hard-earned cash in his pocket. He sat beside Elise on the porch swing and looked down on her with the certain assurance that money gives a man.

"I was thinking about the dance," he said.

She turned to him swiftly. "The Junior Club dance?"

"Yeah."

He hesitated here. He had the picture in his mind of Elise in his arms—dancing to the local boogie-woogie with his gardenias on her shoulder. All he had to do was tell her about it. But he battled peevishly with some obscure inhibition. He wondered what was the matter with him. After all, when a guy had worked the way he had on a batty old lady's chicken farm just to earn enough money to take a girl to a dance—

Well, what was the matter with him? He had the money. He had, actually, fourteen dollars. Well, there it was—that fourteen dollars. He could see, now, how he'd been kidding himself all along. He hadn't been working for any pair of shoes. He hadn't been working for gardenias and hamburger money. What had he been working for—dope that he was? For bus fare!

"What did you say, Hilary?"

He got his beautiful gesture over with—in a hurry. "That dance," he said, "will stink."

"Why," she said, "what makes you say a thing like that?"

"Because it will. It's practically bound to. But look, I've got this folding money you might as well take and go and see Joe with. I thought I might as well fix it up."

"But that's crazy," she said, smiling at him. "I'd rather go to the dance with you, Hilary!"

"No," he said. "No, I don't get it."

"It's true! Anyway, it's all over between me and Joe," she went on happily, "because the way it was—it was so awful for me. I mean I couldn't have any fun or anything. And what if they sent Joe to Australia or somewhere and he fell for some Australian girl or somebody like that? Then where would *I* be, I'd like to know!"

"You wrote Joe? You told him that?"

She nodded, and he looked at her without seeing her. There'd be all the other fellows around, he thought, when Joe Burdick got his mail. They'd all be ribbing him, most likely, about having a letter from his girl. He felt the way Joe would feel, reading that letter. He felt sick to the stomach. But it wouldn't take Joe long to get over it. Joe would be just as well pleased he hadn't got too involved with a girl like that. He'd be glad he was free again. Once he got over the shock of it, he'd be mighty darn' glad. . . .

"Hilary!" she said. "You're acting so funny! Don't you want to take me to the dance? Pul-ease, Hilary?"

HE CHECKED a simple and fervent negative. He remembered, just in time, to lie in a gentlemanly fashion.

"Well, it's too bad," he said glibly, "but it's just kind of crossed my mind—this other date I'd forgotten all about. A bowling date. Strictly stag."

"Oh!"

"Sure," he said. "That's the way I am sometimes—sort of absent-minded about stuff. But excuse me. I think my mother wants me."

He escaped then and made his way to the kitchen. They were going to have roast pork and applesauce for dinner—a fact which pleased him immensely.

"Darling," said his mother, "get out of Matty's way!"

"Yes," said Matty. "Dinner's ready anyhow. I'm puttin' it on the table."

"Go get Elise," said his mother.

But he had no need to get her. As he pushed back the swinging door, he saw her coming into the dining room. He glanced at her in casual disfavor. Gosh! She had a silly face!

THE END

"Why don't you bring the young man home for dinner one day, Mother—and let me meet him?"

COLLIER'S JARO FABRY

They Can't Hurt Us, Kid

Continued from page 26

good. He got 'em for me on my thirteenth birthday. It should've been my lucky day. That night Johnny fought Young Willard. Remember? Johnny got killed that night."

There was a silence. Pudge looked at the kid. He had the same race-horse trimness that Johnny had when he came to Pudge as a youngster. But his face. It was different. There weren't the heavy features, or the bright blue eyes that gleamed dangerous hate in battle; and Danny didn't carry that thatch of flaming hair that endeared the Fighting Irishman to every sports writer looking for color. The kid's face was almost delicately turned—not the kind that would look good after a few years of training rings and tough battles.

"I was with Johnny when he died," the kid said. "Me and the old man followed the ambulance to the hospital. He never did come to really. But he was talking to you, Mr. Golder. He said, 'We'll get 'em next round, Boss. He's tough, Boss, but we'll get 'em. We'll murder the bum.' Then just before he died, he said, 'Don't throw in that towel, Boss. Don't ever throw in that towel for a Gallaher. He can't beat us, Boss . . .' That was the last thing he ever said. That's why we Gallahers never took any stock in what the papers said. We knew Johnny wanted it that way."

The kid flushed again. He stammered out, "I'm sorry I got all wound up like this, but it's something I've kinda thought about a long time."

"It's okay, kid, it's okay," Pudge said in a soothing tone.

As Danny went to his locker to dress, Pudge thought again of that night seven years ago. Johnny was old and tired and just another ex-champion of the world when they matched him with a new sensation from the Bronx, Young Willard. But Johnny was Golder's boy, and Golder's boys were battlers. They put on a show for the fans, or Pudge didn't want them. Lots of people came to see the fight. They knew Johnny Gallaher, Golder's boy, would show them whether Young Willard was a fighter.

Johnny threw a right cross in the second round that had the Bronx boy hanging on. Again Johnny was the killer of old. Up on his toes with his thin lips split in a sardonic grin, he pounded away to the face and body. He danced to his corner at the bell and grunted to Pudge, "I got 'em, I got 'em."

"Not yet, you ain't," Pudge said. "You gotta get 'em this round, champ. Time's run out on yuh, champ. This round, get it! We'll murder the bum!"

Johnny almost ran across the ring and let go a right hand that just grazed Willard's chin. Pudge flinched in the corner. Johnny had telegraphed that punch in capital letters.

He's old, thought Pudge. Old and washed up.

Johnny swarmed over the younger man. Willard retreated, covering. Finally Johnny stopped in mid-ring. He motioned for the youngster to come in

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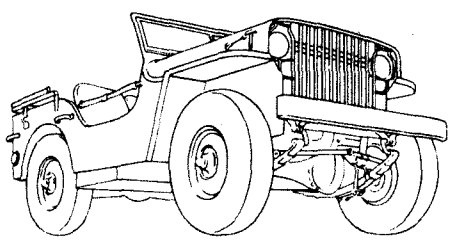

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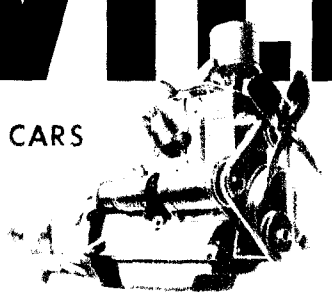

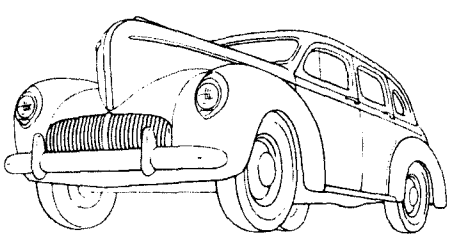

AMERICAR—the People's Car

THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS

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and fight. Willard obliged. Stepping in close, he threw stiff, short hurting punches. His arms working like pistons, he battered at Johnny's body—into the stomach, over the kidneys, over the heart.

The rest of that round was a ghastly chapter in ring history. Five times the powerful bull of the Bronx sent Johnny Gallaher, ex-champion of the world, crashing to the canvas. With blood streaming from a gash under the eye and a body covered with purple welts, gallant Johnny continued to stumble to his feet. The last time, he crawled to the ropes, slipped twice, then painfully pulled himself erect.

The crowd was on its feet. No longer were they screaming for blood. Stop the fight . . . that's what they wanted. The referee cast anxious glances at Pudge Golder in Johnny's corner. He was a house man . . . had been told not to stop the fight for Johnny . . . that was up to Pudge. Pudge's face was an immobile mask. He made no motion. There were no towels for a Golder boy.

Willard hesitated as he stepped toward his helpless opponent. Gone was his lust for battle. He, too, looked to see if the white towel was fluttering in. Pudge didn't move. Willard turned, set himself, threw three left jabs to Johnny's unprotected face, then crossed with a right that could be heard in the galleries. Johnny Gallaher dropped his arms, sagged, slipped heavily to the canvas. His head hit the ring post and he lay very still. A ringside doctor looked at him. He was rushed to a hospital.

PUDGE went immediately to Frizbee's office, filled with the fight fraternity. "My boy put on quite a show, huh? We sent the suckers home happy, we did. It oughta be worth a couple extra Cs to Johnny and me, Mart."

"Yeah, Pudge. You'll get it," Frizbee said. "The crowd was happy, all right."

"Tell me, you guys. How happy is Johnny right now?" It was a young sports writer, Ling Sherwood. He was new to Pudge.

"Shut up, punk," Pudge said.

The hospital called Pudge in his hotel room at three in the morning. They told him Johnny Gallaher was dead. Pudge dressed and went out in the streets. He bought a paper. There was a story on the sports page saying Pudge Golder had sold his boy's life for a "couple extra Cs," and then hadn't taken the trouble to go to his deathbed. It was signed by Ling Sherwood.

"The dirty punk," Pudge said. He swore softly to himself.

There was no apparent change in Pudge Golder after Johnny Gallaher's death. Maybe a bit heavier through the middle and the suspicion of a slight double chin. But his eyes remained as cold, as fathomless, as penetrating. He got another champion—Freddie Pawnee, the welter—and he had his contenders and club fighters. Golder's boys. They were battlers.

Then the skids. Depression. No crowds, no purses. The market crash. The horses. Broke. Seven years. And now another Gallaher—brother of the Fighting Irishman. He'd be a natural. The fans would eat it up. A kid, living in the memory of his brother, traveling the road to gold and glory. What the writing boys could do with that!

The kid was dressed now, looking self-conscious in a new sports coat.

"Done much fighting?" Pudge asked.

"Champ at school. Hadn't much to beat, though."

"Going into the pro game like your brother, ain'tcha?"

"I've thought lots about it. I know I'd have to live up to Johnny's name. I'm not very sure I could do that."

"I think yuh could, kid."

"Maybe . . ."

"It's in your blood, kid. You're a natural. Just like Johnny. Tell yuh what. Think it over and I'll drop in tomorrow. Yuh can't miss, kid."

"Yeah, Mr. Golder. Okay."

Pudge walked rapidly as he left the gym. A year. Maybe two. Then he'd knock 'em dead again. Him and Danny Gallaher. A natural. Like seven-eleven. Golder's boy would pack the suckers ten deep.

We'll murder the bums, reflected Pudge Golder.

So started again the fistic combine of Golder and Gallaher. Danny, a kid with the old moxie, returning the family name to a public which still remembered the carrot-topped man who took the long count as a champion. And Pudge Golder. Wise. Tough. Back with another Gallaher. A colorful story. A year. Maybe two.

Pudge played the game to its fullest. nothing between. Sleep plenty. Regular. No night clubs. No late shows. Work, kid, work."

Danny made a quick hit with Cauliflower Row when he started the professional grind. Easy to meet, smiling, he was a welcome change from the sullen beaten men who worked at the ring game. Pudge took the kid through the state, where he scored half a dozen quick knockouts. Then the sports writers were invited up to Frizbee's gym to meet Johnny's brother Danny, talk to him and watch him work on the light bag. It was the bag that got them all. They passed up his shortcomings in the ring and wrote about the bag.

Even Ling Sherwood made one of his infrequent visits to the fight gym. He was standing with Pudge as Danny worked in the ring.

"He's a nice-looking boy," Ling said. "But he's just a good amateur. He'll get hurt. Plenty."

"He'll do," Pudge said.

The round ended. Pudge rubbed the boy down, sent him to a shower.

COLLIER'S "No wonder we're losing. We bet on the horses when we should be betting on the jockey's soft brown eyes!" A. ROSS

"Yuh've got lots to learn, kid. I'm not talking about boxing, either. But when these writing guys come around, turn it on. Give 'em the old one-two. You're fighting for Johnny, see? Revenge, see? You've come to carry the Gallaher name back to the top. And yuh come to me to get yuh there. Gallaher and Golder once more. Understand?"

"Yeah, Boss." Danny hesitated. "But I'd like to keep that stuff to myself. It sounds kinda cheap spreading that around."

"Get this straight, kid. You do the fighting. I'll do the thinking. All of it. You wanna go someplace? Okay—do like I say, kid."

"Yeah, Boss, yeah."

GALLAHER and Golder. Pudge and Danny. Slowly, very slowly, the names grew in the consciousness of the entire sporting public. It took time. Time for Danny to learn his lessons. Time for Pudge to teach him. Time for writers to tumble to the story that was there. Time to maneuver managers, promoters and fighters into a string of sensational victories for the Irish boy and his boss who was wise.

Pudge was with the boy constantly. "No drinking, kid. Gotta girl? Not a real one, huh? Forget all of 'em, kid. All of 'em. They're no good to yuh now. Watch your eating, kid. Three meals and

Danny was learning his jabs and hooks from Punchy Hogan. Punchy'd been slated for big things, but ran into too many right hands one night in Chicago. He was never quite the same afterward. But he got two dollars a round for working with Golder's boys. He didn't have to worry any more about keeping in shape. It was nice to have money in the pocket when he wanted to lift a few. Pudge found him in a smelly tavern around the corner from the gym.

"Hello, Punchy."

"Hiya, Boss."

"I wanna know about the kid. How's he?"

"So, so."

"Can he learn, Punchy? Has he got the stuff? The savvy? You're in there with him, Punchy. You tell me."

"I'll tell yuh, Boss. He's got some swift and he's good in close. He can think and he can take it and come back for more. You know that."

Punchy paused and then tapped the breast pocket of his coat. "It's here he ain't got it. He fights just like it was a job to do. He don't fight 'cause he likes to. Up there punching the bag he looks like something. He likes to do that. But not fighting. All the time I leave myself open to see if he'll go for me. All the time he pulls his punch. Don't wanna hurt me. That's a laugh, Boss. He can't hurt old Punchy. But he's gonna get hurt hisself, Boss—plenty if yuh don't watch out after him. He's a nice boy, Boss."

The two men finished their drinks in silence. Pudge handed the fighter a bill.

"Here's a fin," Pudge said. "Be sober when yuh show up tomorrow. Teach him what yuh know, Punchy. Remember he's Golder's boy."

"Yeah, Boss. He's Golder's boy."

Pudge Golder's next stop was at Mart Frizbee's hangout. The promoter was poring over a racing form.

"Forget the nags, Mart. This is business," Pudge said.

"Okay. Spill it, Pudge."

"Who's got Young Willard now?" Pudge asked.

"Old Doc Baffle still has him around for a meal ticket. Fighting him down South. Doc's something like you, Pudge. Never lets a boy go that still packs a meal ticket in his right hand."

"Yeah. Doc always liked money. Listen. We'll give the kid a couple of spots on your card. Build him up. We know the boys he can beat. Then Willard. The suckers will eat it up. The kid fighting for revenge against the guy that killed his brother. A natural, Mart."

"The kid ain't ready, Pudge. You know he ain't. Willard can't be much any more, but he's got the savvy. What's the rush?"

"The kid's about as ready as he'll ever be, Mart. He's plenty ready if Willard puts on the heavy shoes. And if I know Doc Baffle, it'll be no trouble to sell him. Not as long as we talk in dollar marks."

"It's a natural, all right, Pudge. We'll use the ball park. Standing room only, Pudge."

"Yeah, Mart. A natural."

DANNY GALLAHER was sent through a whirlwind list of fights. Sensational. Dynamite. A kid with a punch and a heart. That's what the papers said. And now Young Willard. The fight that Danny had pointed for . . . Danny and Pudge Golder. Together they had planned step by step to get this fight, to revenge the defeat and death of Johnny. Pudge, the brains, the companion, the ring father. . . . Danny, the boy with TNT in his fists and mayhem in his heart. That's what the papers said.

Ling Sherwood was a daily visitor at ringside as Danny went through his final paces. He talked to Mart and Pudge and to Danny and Willard and Doc Baffle. There was method to his manner.

"Sherwood looks like he's gonna spill something." Pudge was talking to Frizbee. It was the day before the fight.

"Looks like it," Frizbee said. "He'll only be guessing."

"He won't be far wrong," Pudge said.

"He can't hurt us," Frizbee said.

"Not us. Maybe somebody, but not us," Pudge said.

The next morning, it was spread clear across the top of Sherwood's sports page. It was in big type and by fight time everybody in town had read it. It said the Willard-Gallaher fight was a frame, that Willard was going to dive for Danny, that it was just a step for Danny as he knocked over bums on his way to the champ. It said Pudge Golder, with Mart Frizbee's help, was manufacturing the whole thing for a pot of gold. It said Danny Gallaher was a nice boy. "Just the tool of a sordid game and crooked men," it said. The piece made interesting reading, and everybody in town wanted to go and see Danny Gallaher and Young Willard fight.

Pudge Golder, Mart Frizbee and Doc Baffle talked together shortly after the weighing-in ceremony.

"Sherwood made us a cinch for a sell-out," Frizbee said.

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"You might need it," Doc Baffle argued. "If this fight ain't good, you'll be living on peanuts for a long time."

"The suckers will forget the story in a month. They always do."

"But they won't forget a tank fight," Pudge pointed out. "Even the suckers can tell a boy with the heavy shoes on when they've been told he's wearing 'em."

"We gotta take 'em off, that's all," Doc Baffle said.

"Yeah, we gotta take 'em off," Frizbee agreed.

"The kid ain't ready for Willard. It might be slaughter," Pudge said.

"We gotta fight it straight," Doc Baffle said.

"Yeah. We gotta," Pudge muttered.

DANNY was nervous as he warmed up during the semifinal. Pudge was silent as he taped the kid's hands. He avoided Danny's eyes. A handler yelled in, "You're on."

Danny spoke, "It's level, ain't it, Boss? I'm on my own, ain't I? I don't need any of that kinda help, do I, Boss? I gotta know before I go out there. No clinching, Boss. Give it to me—straight!"

"Sure, kid, sure. It's square. Pudge Golder's telling yuh it's square. It's a tough fight. You'll have to be good to win. But you're a Gallaher, ain'tcha? You're Golder's boy. Go out and punch hell out of this guy. For Johnny. For us. He can't hurt us, kid."

Danny Gallaher grinned at Pudge Golder. It was his first real smile in days. Awkwardly he stuck out a taped hand. "We'll murder the bum, Boss."

Early in the first round, Young Willard slipped inside of Danny's guard and, as they clinched on the ropes, butted him over the eye. It was streaming blood at the bell. Pudge Golder had a hard time closing the cut. Danny slowed Willard in the second with some long hooks that bounced off his head. Young Willard was smart. He knew all the answers. He'd cover up, let the kid get close, and then blast him downstairs. When Danny's guard dropped, he'd whip to the head and work on the eye.

It was the kind of fight that had the crowd on their feet from bell to bell. Danny threw caution to the winds, trading blows with a past master of counterpunching. "Use your left, kid, your left!" Pudge pleaded. "Keep him away from yuh. Box him. Don't punch with him. He'll knock yuh stiff unless yuh keep him off!"

In the fourth, the kid began to tire. Willard's body blows were slowing him up. He couldn't see much out of his injured eye. Danny came out slow for the fifth. He brushed at his eye with his glove. Willard wrestled the kid into the ropes. As they bounced off, he threw a left jab at Danny's eye. He followed with a right hook. It caught the kid in the Adam's apple and he sprawled back against the ropes. Willard came in for the kill. He threw two short lefts into Danny's unprotected face. He crossed with another right that smashed into the kid's mouth. Danny sagged slowly toward the canvas. Willard set himself and ripped a right that spun Danny half around. He fell hard.

Willard danced to a neutral corner. He waved to his handlers. It looked as if it was all over. Willard turned to the ring. There was Danny pulling himself slowly to his feet by the ropes. His face was a bloody smear, and he pawed at his neck with his gloved fist. He shuffled toward the center of the ring. Willard blinked and then charged back. The kid was still standing when the round ended. He was braced against the ropes as Young Willard smashed with both hands at his head and body.

Pudge had to lead the kid to his corner. He worked desperately getting Danny ready for the sixth. At the rasp of the ten-second warning, Pudge gripped Danny tightly by the shoulders and said something he'd said before, to another Gallaher: "You're through, kid. Willard's gotcha. But remember you're a Gallaher, Danny. You're a champ, Danny. You're Golder's boy. Get in there now. He can't hurt us."

Danny's bleeding lips split in a grin. "Don't let the ref stop the fight, Boss. Don't ever take a technical kayo for a Gallaher. He's tough, Boss, but we'll get 'em. We'll murder the bum."

Danny jerked to his feet at the bell, staggered across the squared circle. Both of his eyes were almost shut now, and he squinted at Willard. He stumbled forward. A right hook to the chin caught him as he was coming in. It lifted him almost off his feet and he fell straight backward onto the canvas. His head hit hard and he lay still.

It was ten minutes before they got Danny out of the ring. Pudge worked over the kid. He was thinking fast—thinking the kind of thoughts that made him the tough, wise man he was.

He's no champ, thought Pudge. But he's a fighter. Good for lots of nickels. A club boy. He'll put on a show for the suckers. There's plenty of peanuts in the sticks. Yeah!

Danny was silent as he showered and dressed.

"I'll drive yuh home, kid," Pudge said.

As they stopped Danny blurted, "I'm sorry I let yuh down, Boss. I . . . I guess I just wasn't good enough for that guy. But everybody gets beat, don't they, Boss? We'll start in again, huh? We can still murder 'em, huh?"

Pudge looked straight ahead. His eyes were expressionless. The muscles in his large face worked rapidly. He was thinking . . . meal ticket . . . peanuts . . . the sticks . . . suckers . . . peanuts. . . . He didn't speak.

"Don't be too sore, Boss." The kid's words tumbled out: "I can improve, that's a cinch. I'll work harder than ever, Boss. It's okay now, isn't it, Boss?"

Pudge turned to the kid. "You're through, kid," he said. "Yuh haven't got it. Starting now, you're not Golder's boy any more. Take up tennis, kid, not fighting."

"But Boss . . . I . . . I can't quit now. You're kidding, ain't yuh, Boss? Just wanna see if I still wanna fight, huh, Boss? I gotta. We'll start again, huh? Like you say, Boss, they can't hurt us . . ."

"I'm through with you, kid. You're headed straight for punch-drunk alley. So long!"

A mask of pain spread over Danny's face. Pudge slammed the door and jerked the car into gear. He drove along the lake and into the country and let the wind blow in his face, and he felt better than he had for a long time.

PUDGE GOLDER quickly settled his affairs in the big city. He drifted west, taking up headquarters in Chicago. Time passed. December 7th. It was tough to get young kids as fighters. They had another battle on their hands. And the older champs and chumps—they were being taken. The racket got tougher—almost tougher than the tough man, Pudge Golder. He started handling soldier shows. Matching the best in the service with the best outside. Promotion was difficult. People didn't have time to watch other people fight. Bart Manders, the best of Golder's boys, was gone. Air Corps. Things were tough.

Pudge came early to the gym that afternoon. A bunch of soldiers were down from the fort to work out. Maybe one of them had class enough to fill a spot on his next bill. Pudge slumped into a chair, watched a young Negro work in the ring.

Slowly, like the first beats of a hot drummer, came the low staccato of the light bag. The tempo increased, and ice ran down Pudge's backbone. The gym rocked with the volume of the bag. The two sparring in the ring turned to watch. Pudge remained glued to his seat, afraid to turn. Danny Gallaher . . . it couldn't be. He'd quit fighting, hadn't he? Pudge had made inquiries. Danny had disappeared.

Faster and faster went the bag, and the echoes boomed across the gym. Pudge slowly turned and watched the man crash at the bag with a defiant surge. There was silence as it bounced crazily to rest. The man's body relaxed, and the fire went out of his eyes. He shuffled off the platform with his head bent down.

PUDGE was tense as he looked at the man. His body was heavy and he was thick through the waist—the body of a man who had absorbed punishment for years in the ring. And his face. Both ears were bent oddly out of shape. There were scars over the eyes and across one cheek. The skin had thickened around the eyebrows. His nose looked as if the bridge had been shoved back into the face. The eyes were sunken deep into the head. They looked dully at the people. The man's movements were slow and mechanical, as if he realized there was nothing to hurry about or no place to go.

It was Danny Gallaher.

Pudge Golder's knees shook as he got to his feet. He went to his small office at the end of the gym. He sat and stared at the pictures on the wall. Golder's boys. Pretty soon the door opened. Danny Gallaher was in a private's uniform.

"Hello, Pudge."

"Hello, Danny."

"Surprised, Pudge? Don't look quite the same, do I? Not very pretty, am I? Didn't take up tennis like you said. I've been fighting, Pudge. Out on the West Coast. They call me Tommy O'Toole out there. Maybe you heard of me. . . ."

Pudge nodded. O'Toole. Not much shucks as a boxer, he'd been told. But a club fighter. Put on a good show. Took a lot of punishment. But always a good show.

Danny walked around the room. "See you've got your boys on the wall here. Golder's boys, you call 'em, ain't it? There's Johnny. Made yuh a nice piece of change, didn't he, Pudge? Johnny's dead, huh, Pudge? Don't see my picture. Is that nice, Pudge? Here. Here's a picture for your wall. Yuh can frame my head, Pudge. It won't be a pretty picture, will it?"

Danny laughed deep down in his throat. "But I'm here on business, Pudge. Give me a spot on your next card, huh? Give me a tough boy. I'll put on a good show for the suckers. What the hell, Pudge! They can't hurt us. Isn't that what you've gotta say? Yeah, that's it. They can't hurt us."

Danny Gallaher turned and was gone.

Pudge Golder sat a long time and looked at the door. Then he opened a side drawer. Lying on top was a picture. It was an old picture but it still had a shine. Pudge stood it on his desk.

Then Pudge Golder opened his bottom drawer. He took out a quart bottle of Scotch whisky. He filled up a water glass and sat there and looked at the picture and got very drunk.

THE END

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THE PATRIOT

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

I am backstage helping this blonde warm up, holding her while she ties herself in knots. But, it seems, Susie is out on the snooperoo

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Somewheres, Sunday

Editor, THE AMUSEMENT WORLD, New York City.

Dear Sir: I guess there has been plenty of talk around since the names of Barton & Barton has started failing to appear on the markeys and I am writing this letter in hopes you will publish it to tell my hosts of friends where I am —though I can't tell that—and also Susie Barton, my ex-assistant in the act and wife.

It goes back aways. We was booked for a split week at the Two Star in some town upstate that I have forgot the name of and though our act is a staple commodity in the entertainment field I will tell you in case you have forgot through our long absence that it was known as Barton & Barton Mentalists and Magicians. At the Two Star through some mistake we are dropped into next-to-closing, between a blond kinker name of Marjorie something and a dumb act consisting of two dogs who jumped through hoops, set up and so forth.

This kinker, the blonde, is a medium-looking dish and I am backstage helping her warm up, holding her back while she ties herself in knots, etc., and Susie is dressing. Only it seems Susie is not dressing but out on the snooperoo and from where she's standing behind the scenery, I guess me helping this blonde loosen up looks to her like I am bending over this jill to give her a light smooch. Well, Susie is edgy over a little hoofer in Buffalo the week before, that she held against me long after I had let her go.

However, I did not think that her revenge for this platonic assist would take such a disastrous result. But I will get to that.

WE GET out on the stage after the kinker has closed to the tumultuous silence, and Susie goes down into the audience after blindfolding me. The first part of the act is the mental part. I read the numbers off bills and cereal numbers from keys and stuff and I guess it is not letting fall any professional secrets to say in this publication that I do not exactly read Susie's mind like a open book but that we have a *certain* method. Anyway, this method involves a little co-operation from Susie but Susie is giving from strictly a Woman Scorned, with the result I get the cereal numbers all wrong and can't tell a Ingersoll from a RR watch and in general go very sour on the mental part.

Well the audience don't go for this so good and there is some rather rude remarks made sotto vocco and not all of them so sotto neither. So I cut the mental part short and Susie comes up on stage to stand there while I do the prestidigitating.

Now all Susie has to do is stand there and hand me a gimmick every once in a while and I figure she cannot queer me here and that I will give a unparalleled performance in the art of necromancy and have these peasants eating out of my hand in no time. Do you remember the old song Cantor used to use—If You Knew Susie Like I Know Susie . . . ?

Now my magic act is not absolutely new but it is the finess with which I do it that has brought me my place in the show-business world. I use rabbits and a tall silk hat and I finish off with flags. I take all the little United Nations flags and I put them in the hat one at a time and then I hand the hat to Susie and reach in and pull them out and they are all tied together.

And as the grand final I stuff them back in the hat and pull out a very large edition of Old Glory.

Now I am giving this performance, you remember, shortly before Xmas of the year 1941, so you can see this last touch is sceduled to have them laying in the aisles and whistling.

So I am up there working my heart out, with my rabbits. I use a little dialogue which I can't give you verbattim because of space but which is pretty funny —"They say rabbits can't do anything but multiply but I got one here that can subtract and add." Just a sample, I wrote it myself.

Anyway, I am up there working my heart out with my rabbits and I am going pr good. I at least got them quiet and not mak no sotto remarks and I go to work with flags.

I stuff the little flags in and I stir th around. Well I pull the flags out and they tied together because of *certain* things I do when the flag of China comes out there couple of people clap and I guess I have 2 Chinese in the audience and that when I h out the big U. S. flag they'll come arou They would have to clap at their own flag!

I stuff the little tied-up flags back in Susie is standing there holding the hat an reach in and I pull out the big flag and s waving it. The audience is rapt, and then t start coming unwrapt. In a word frank *did not expect no reaction like I got.*

The band is giving it Hail Columbia dc in the pit and there is a low mutter runn through the audience like the wind in S bert's alley before a storm. The mutter ra to a crescendo and I see a couple of guys ing to get through the orchestra pit and get the stage and I am saying to myself that thi the crowning performance of a long and trous career. Which is also strictly from tru

But the pandemonium has a strangely ister sound to it and I look around and Su has took a powder. I look down at the fl It is the biggest Rising Sun you ever saw. W frankly the only thing that saves me is that first man of the mob has stepped in the b drum and lost a few seconts. I am for the st door but swift and I hear Susie yell at "Tell that blond sidewinder about *this,* n time you see her." But I did not have time.

I make it into the alley and the mob breathing on my neck like and I am figur that I have got to get to a safe place and I ca think of any safe place and I am lamm down the stem and I see a police station an dart in there. The angry mob arrives with th hot breath on my heels and that is the mild thing they are calling me.

The cops don't let them at me and the s gant gets on the phone and gets a J.P. do there and the first thing I know I am ch with exciting a riot, treason, arson and so for

"Judge," I says when I gets a chance, "I a artiste, a performer. I never meant to wi any Jap flag out of that hat. I hate them sla eyes as good as any man but my wife and sistant is sore, see, and she plants this other f which I have not used since we made a umphant tour of the Orient some time henc

"So," the judge says, "you do not subse after all but are a good 100% American."

"No man is more anxious to defend Country, your honor," I says. "The only r son I am not in uniform is that I am a 3A m with a dependent wife, not mentioning l family."

AT THAT point I hear a familiar voice fr the back of the milling throng: "Whe married him I was making twice what the draws now hoofing single on the Keith ti and I can do it again." I'll let you guess wh voice it was.

"She don't sound very dependent to m the J.P. says, "and I intend to hold you with bail and arrange you before the grand jur

"Okay," I says, "but you are depriving yc Country of a Soldier because when I hea that Calumy I made up my mind right there enlist."

"You did?" the judge says.

"Yes, sir," I says. "I don't take off my hat any man in my desire to make this fair land . .

"You don't have to make a stump speech the judge says. "Sergant, just go down t street and fetch up that recruiting officer."

Well, that is really the end and I guess I ai giving away no military secrets when I ask y to translate to my hosts of friends that I a working up a act with a k——g——oo, who wo be jealous of no blondes, and will bring the home soon though I am figuring on breaki it in in M——a, or maybe just opening it cc in T——o.

Yours truthfully,
Eddie Barton (The Great)
and his Kollege K——g——c

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How Doth the Busy Beaver—

Continued from page 13

no sure way to feed. And there's still mamma and the little ones. What's a fellow to do?

Well, the beaver figured it out, and his answer is a dam, bringing into creation a personal pond, with a winter's supply of eating timber anchored in the mud at the bottom of the pond, plus an impregnable family mansion, built on what amounts to piles.

First, the homesteading beaver spots a forest plentifully populated with soft-barked trees. There must be a stream running through it; he doesn't especially care how large or how small.

This stream he proceeds to dam, his operations depending exactly upon the type of problem. If it's practically a dry bed, the start may be made with sticks and brush pulled in from the shore. If it's really a stream with a current he'll cut a tree up above and float it down with the current until it jams near the point at which he wants to build. If it's a stream with little motion he may even start his logging operations downstream and tow up his foundation.

Such a tree, or trees, of course, once set, catch silt and driftwood, but the beaver is working like fury lugging in material from the side lines. Mud, sticks, stones, grass are all grubbed up or pulled in and worked into the mass. Even dead trunks ashore may be cut and steered to the place. Sticks and twigs are usually dragged in with the teeth.

Mud in the House

Mud, the major ingredient, once the foundation is set, is carried in the hands, sometimes after minute-long dives to the bottom, and worked into place with the hands and the sides of the face. The beaver starts in the middle and builds toward either shore.

A dam may be ten feet long, or it may be a thousand. There's a 900-footer in Alaska, another almost as long in Yellowstone Park. There's one 400 feet long in Wisconsin, and any number 200 feet long in some of our northern states.

Beavers don't work on a dam in great labor gangs either. Colonies are small, and while several may be working at one time, they never seem to pay any attention to one another. Beavers work preferably on clear, moonlight nights. They almost never work days except in case of emergency—something such as a break.

And, as the dam goes up, each beaver couple starts to build a house, keeping the top of the construction just above the height of the deepening water. This house may be affixed to the dam, to the shore or to an island in the pond.

Its foundation is practically the same as the dam, being composed of sticks and stones and twigs and such, so woven that it can't dissolve or collapse. But once the dam is completed and the water level established, this family residence is topped with a big domelike room slightly clearing the water, and provided with a dry wooden floor the water doesn't quite reach. This room is usually from four to eight feet in diameter and three or four feet high. Some as large as twenty feet across have been found.

"The two entrances and exits are down through the floor and under the water. One of these is primarily for the pulling in of timber. The other is for family use. The spare hatch is convenient if submersible enemies come up from under to pay an unexpected call.

The top of the lodge is of heavily woven thatch, but it is never completed until freezing weather sets in. Then, the beavers plaster it thickly with mud, which freezes in an armor plate often ten inches thick.

In the meantime, a full winter's supply of edible timber has been felled upstream, ferried down to the dam and anchored butt-first in the mud.

So! Come ice and sleet and cold and snow, the beaver family is dry and snug. Nothing that prowls has the strength in its claws to tear out that roof. When anybody gets hungry, the old gentleman merely slides down the chute and comes back with a suitable sapling.

The naked sticks are tossed out for subsequent use in repairing the dam or maybe the home the next summer. For repairs, of course, must be constantly made. Break a beaver dam and the reaction is prompt. The pond may be still, with not a ripple, or a sound, but suddenly a brown head will break through the water near a lodge, and the beaver will swim unerringly to the point of trouble. Surveying the break thoughtfully, if briefly, he'll slide down into the hole and go to work.

The lodge is allowed to go more or less to rack and ruin in the summer. The mud melts and the rains wash it loose. But when the nights grow chill and the leaves about the pond begin to turn to flaming scarlet and shimmering gold, the family reassembles at the old homestead and starts looking it over. Shortly, they're repairing all the leaks and sealing it tightly shut again.

It takes a pair of beaver about six months to build a lodge at leisure, but if rushed by threat of freezing weather, they can do the job in thirty days.

The beaver's logging operations are as amazing as his carpentry and engineering. Standing on his hind feet, he eats round and round a tree until what are going to be the stump and the falling trunk look like a couple of smooth, if briefly tapering, spikes balanced point upon point. The wind or the law of gravity finally brings the tree crashing.

Stories that a beaver can drop a tree in any desired direction are exaggerations. A toppling tree often falls upon the beaver responsible, trapping and even killing him.

His hope, of course, is that it will fall in the water. If it doesn't, he may have to cut it into smaller pieces, and roll or drag these into the drink. If his pond is old, and the shores are pretty well cleaned, he'll dig canals back into the forest and float his timber out.

They Gnaw 'Em Down

While beavers usually work on saplings they frequently saw down trees a foot and a half thick. Contrary, again, to accepted lore, only one beaver works on one tree. He cuts with special dental equipment consisting of long, curved teeth, hard and sharp and covered in front with almost unbreakable enamel. These teeth grow constantly. He has to keep sawing and wearing them down.

Eventually, of course, although it may not come for generations, he logs the place bare of his type of wood and moves on. Or, as has happened many times, he is completely killed out of a section by fur-hungry trappers. Then those untended dams constitute definite dangers. A big beaver dam, breaking in British Columbia, flooded a valley, derailed a train and killed several people. Other damaging floods of lesser proportions have happened all over the map.

The commercial value of the beaver, of course, is his pelt. Surprisingly easy to trap because of his trusting disposition, and possessed of soft but durable brown fur once used exclusively in male millinery but now a favorite with the ladies, he was almost literally slaughtered from the face of the earth.

Conservationists came to his rescue just in time, and he came bouncing back. All he needed was the chance.

In the spring of 1920, the State of New York loosed three pairs in the woods of Palisades Park over on the Jersey side of the Hudson. A survey made fifteen years later revealed that these six had become approximately one thousand, that they had spread over one hundred and sixty square miles, had built more than one hundred dams, that several had crossed the Hudson, and that one pair of rugged pioneers had migrated all the way to the Catskills more than one hundred miles northward.

Unknown Quantity

Nobody knows what the beaver census is in New York State today. It may be a half million. I've seen 'em as far north as Saranac Lake.

Maine reports an approximate population of 200,000.

The real headquarters of beaver life in this country, however, still is where it always was—the upper reaches of the Mississippi.

Trapping now is generally done under state supervision in regions where their care-free damming operations are really damaging human property. The state game commissioner having been appealed to, declares open season on him, and the trappers, paying an extra fee for the privilege, start to arrive from all directions.

The state carefully watches the proceedings, and officially tags each skin. Last year in Maine, a total of 7,249 were officially taken. The pelts are worth about $25 apiece. Furriers must remove long, coarse, apparently protective hairs scattered through the soft, close fur, but a newly developed process of clipping rather than plucking now promises to make beaver the most beautiful, if not the most precious, fur on the market.

A few years ago, the Federal Department of the Interior officially recognized the beaver as an agent of progress by assembling him in numbers and scattering him widely to assist its human operatives in sundry projects ranging from erosion control to the better housing of trout.

The Indians had a legend that a Great White Beaver, living far to the northward, was the father of all mankind. At current quotations that would seem to be something of a libel. He has made his contribution in clothes, contours and customs.

He's changed boundaries and histories. Men have been shot and killed over him—there have even been "beaver wars"—but to hang mankind and all its works around his neck isn't fair.

He'd never let his world get in our sort of shape.

He couldn't. The principal reason was previously noted. Nature taught him to work hard, stay home, and keep the general peace.

There may not be much color to that type of living, but its aspirin content is low.

THE END

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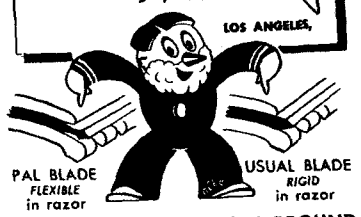

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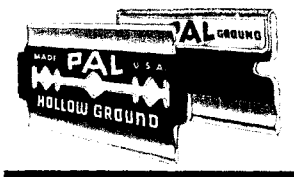

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STALINGRAD...
which we shall also take

ADOLF HITLER

BACK in September, Hitler ranted over the radio that Stalingrad would be taken, that its capture would be concluded. But once again the Nazi timetable ran into a snag. The man whose name the heroic city bears appealed to his people to die, but not to retreat and—like Moscow—Stalingrad still stands. This Red Verdun, under siege since August 24th, is striking back, and methodically, decisively, brilliantly, the resolute men and women of Russia have cut deep into the ranks of the Nazi invader, who has lost his boastful initiative. Well over 300,000 enemy troops have been killed or captured in the area where the Volga and the Don bend.

These exclusive photographs, recently brought back from Russia by Collier's correspondent Irina Skariatina, show a phase of actual combat in the stirring Battle of Stalingrad. ★★★

Tanks rumble forward to clear the way for Red infantrymen. This photograph was taken through the open port of one of the advancing tanks. The Russians have adapted and perfected panzer tactics, their tank columns attacking far in advance of the infantry

The objective is a strategically important village occupied by the Germans near Stalingrad. In the dusk of early evening, Red scouts and sappers are sent out to reconnoiter. Armed with automatic rifles and carrying explosive charges, they make their way stealthily through the forest

The infantry follows in the wake of the devastating tanks. Supremely confident Russians rush in to reclaim land that has been too long in the enemy's possession. Today this same field is snow-wrapped, and biting blizzards are whipping tired Nazi bodies

Above: Antitank gun crews set out at dawn. This crew, commanded by Lt. Stolypin, has been ordered to take up position on the bank of a stream to repel any counterattacks by enemy tanks

Below: Soviet field artillery is moved into firing position for an attack on the enemy. Sergeant Sergeyev's men move up field gun under heavy fire from the enemy who has detected their movements

The village is again in Soviet hands. The battle is over and these Nazis who have not found death near Stalingrad will live in dismal defeat. Even now the raucous, unfulfilled predictions of their Fuehrer may be ringing in their ears as, herded together, they march silently to a prison camp

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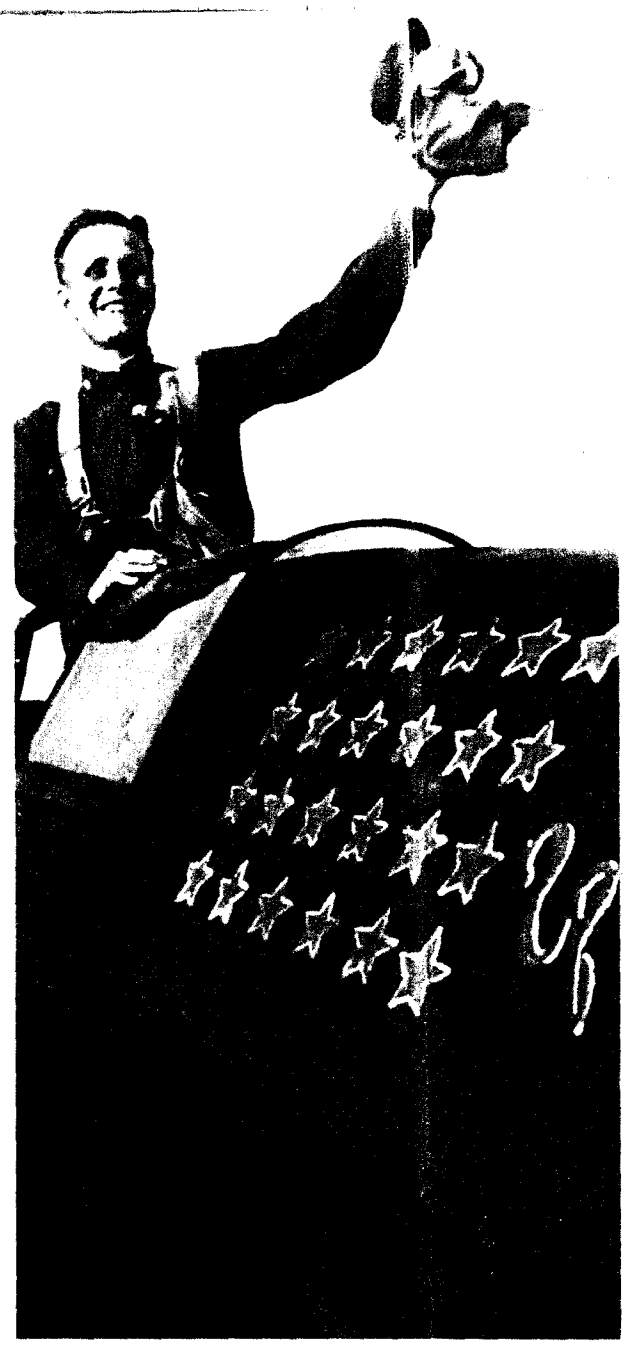
amouflaged infantrymen approach closer to the ne.ny, crawl toward the Nazis' outer defense nes. They take advantage of the uneven ter-in while the Red artillery covers their advance



The Red air force has been busy overhead, straf-ing and bombing. In this attack, Sr. Lt. Baranov again distinguished himself by shooting down two more enemy planes to bring his total to 26

When the first houses in the village are captured Soviet troops maintain fire from doorways and win-dows to dislodge reluctant Nazis. Here two Red soldiers are firing a mortar from an attic window

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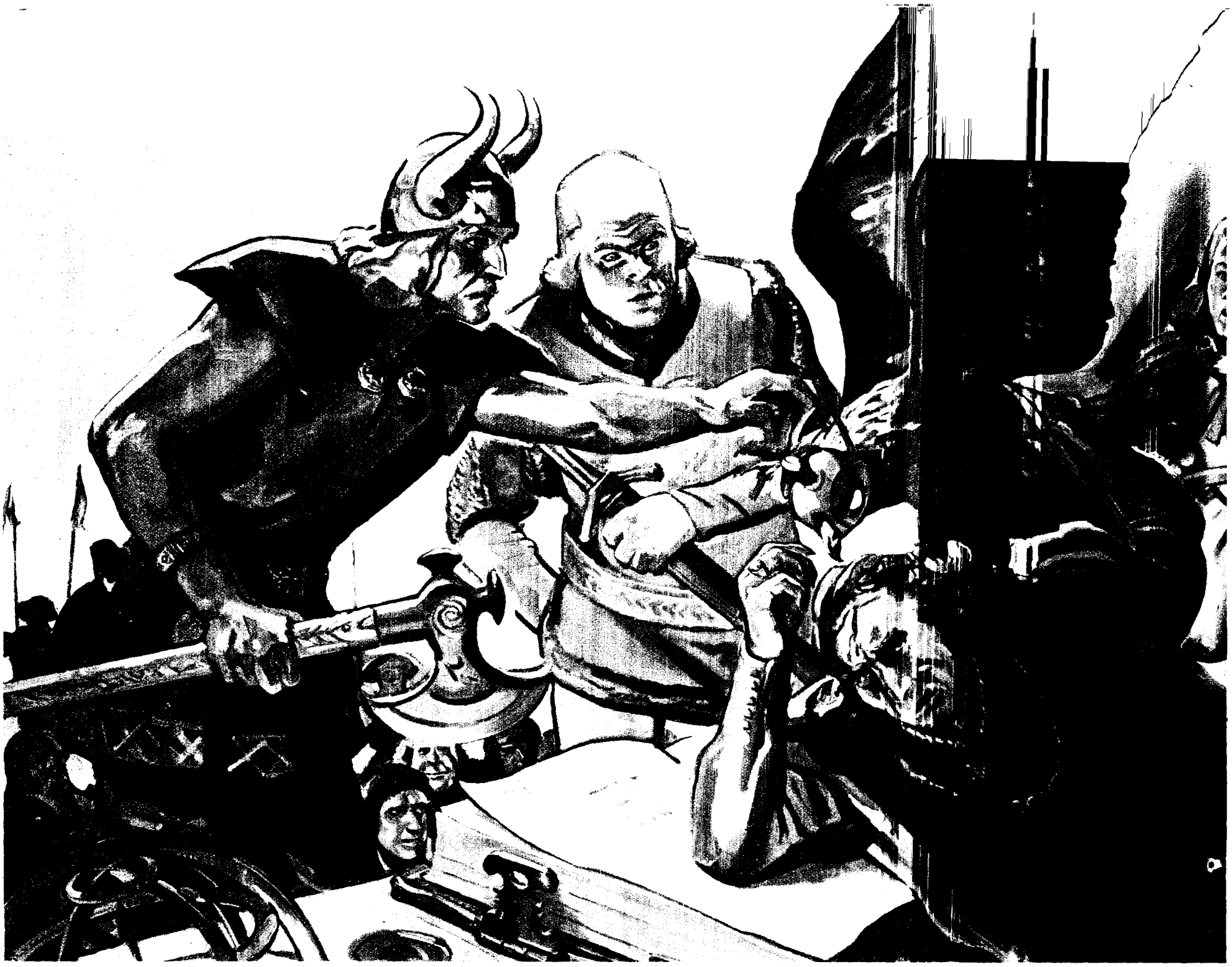

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The hawk's beak flashed down, and Salza, with a cry of pain, struck at the falcon

It was a magnificent bird, trained to capture meat for its Viking master. Ernst of Salza desired it mightily, and his greed betrayed him

THE first of it was Ernst Salza's waking in the morning. Straight to the window opening he went, and saw a sea mist coming in. Then he felt sure that this would be his great day. Mist and a light breeze—they were sheer good luck.

To check his excitement, he smoothed out the blanket on his wall pallet; he cut himself a slice of black bread and spread cheese sparingly upon it with his knife. Drinking a little water, he gave himself the pleasure of eating a few Syrian dates that had come in on his last ship. For Ernst Salza was a careful man.

As he broke his fast there in his sleeping cell, his thin body towering in its black gown, he lifted his eyes to the whip on the wall, the whip that had lashed raw the flesh of his back when he had become an apprentice, forty-eight years before. An apprentice of the Hansa that outsiders called the Hanseatic League, which he now served as agent.

Beside the whip hung the motto he had picked: *"Success comes only with the last farthing."*

Once Klas Stortebecker had seen that motto and laughed. "Never try for the last farthing, Ernst," he had gibed. " 'Tis bad luck, that."

Klas was superstitious. Klas buried the men he killed, and had a Mass said for them, with candle and bell. But Ernst Salza had shed the blood of no man.

But Klas would come as he promised, and the mist would hide his coming.

At the window, Salza could barely make out the masts of his own cogs moored to the Bridge that divided his Kontor, or warehouse, from the rest of Bergen-town. He could not see the fishing fleet clustered in the half-moon harbor, or the quays of his competitors, the Norwegians and foreign merchants on the opposite side.

He had closed, by virtue of the power of the League, all the Norwegian coast to those foreigners except the Bergen port of arrival. He had fixed a high duty on the goods they imported, while the Hansa goods came in to the Kontor free. Still the strangers flocked in, to gnaw at his monopoly of the fisheries and the lumber. . . .

With a key from his chain he unlocked the clasps of his record book. Carefully selecting a quill and touching up its point with his knife, he dipped it in ink, and wrote:

"Declaration. I, Ernst of Salza, Achtzehuer of the Bergen Kontor of the Hansa League do avouch and affirm on this day of St. Olaf in the Year of Our Lord 1428, the harbor of Bergen was attacked during the fourth hour—"

He hesitated, thinking whether he should write more.

"—by the masterless men and outlaws of Visby," his pen traced out the words crisply. *"Wherefore, I do accuse these men of Visby commanded by one Klas Stortebecker, of piracy. I demand that all Christian ports be closed to them, and victuals kept from them, and that they be hunted down and harried to their deaths."*

THIS he read through carefully, and signed his name beneath. Now, whatever happened to Ernst of Salza this day, there would be evidence in writing that the Hansa had neither part nor parcel in the raid. And who would know the hour in which he had written it?

Out in the mist he thought he saw the tracery of a ship's mast moving in. With a tingle of excitement he closed and locked the book. Quickly he carried it out to his desk in the meeting hall. Over that desk hung his new map of the Northern Sea, marked boldly *Mare Germanicum* and in smaller letters beneath, *oder Nord-See*. For forty and eight years Ernst Salza had driven himself unsparingly to make that inscription a fact.

A glance at the dripping water clock showed him that it lacked a quarter of the third hour of the morning. The time was close.

When he strode out of the hall, the journeymen on the stairs bowed to their belts. At the gate, the Kontor guards clashed their halberds in salute. Ernst Salza kept military discipline within this warehouse that he had built like a fortress. Glancing to right and left as he crossed the courtyard, he noted mechanically that the pack of mastiff dogs were loose, the men-at-arms cleaning their crossbows, as he had ordered.

But out on the quay, where apprentices trundled barrels of pitch and soap ashes, the half-dozen men of the Bridge watch were gathered around something, and that something wore a skirt.

No women were allowed upon the Bridge. Not that Salza cared what might go on between the Kontor's men and Norwegian wenches, but he was jealous of the trade secrets of the Kontor. So his men slept in their cells of nights, like

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monks, and the women were kept out.

"A redhead, my sir," Bode of the guardsmen explained. "With a trifle to sell."

Red indeed was her hair, hanging long upon her shoulders—so she could not be married. White and clean her small linen slippers, so she could not have walked far. No broad-cheeked peasant lass, but a girl with impudent eyes.

"What to sell, woman?" Salza asked.

She curtsied gracefully, smiling, showing him a blue cape, bright with embroidery that she held. "My name, sir, is Kari. And will not the merchants of the great Hansa give me a price for this that I made?"

"No," said the agent, without a second glance at it. The girl Kari drew back the mass of her henna-red hair, and the lustful eyes of the halberdiers went up and down her body. Her long eyes had the green of the sea in them. "We have cloth, narrow and broad, to sell, not to buy," Salza added mechanically, wondering what had brought her here.

BODE touched his arm, and he saw the square leather sail of a longboat turning in to the quay, with one man at the steering sweep. This stranger let down the yard with a crash, and let go an anchor stone. "Ho—good is the landfall," he called, "on St. Olaf's day i' the morning."

Jumping up to them, he swayed with the feel of the sea in his legs. Leather covered his long body; a pair of horns projected from a dinted and polished iron cap. "I rode the long ways," his voice chanted, "on this steed of the sea."

A gold ring gleamed on his arm, and Salza saw that it had Icelandic runes upon it. He thought that this man might have stepped out of the mist of a century before now.

Suddenly Kari laughed. "By the saints—he hath the look of a Viking. Do ghosts, coming out of the mist, have a way of speaking, my sir?"

Vikings, Salza thought, no longer sailed in their dragon ships to raid out of Norway's coast. No, they had lived in a darker age of barbarians. The seafarer looked at Kari's hair, and the scar along his chin made it seem as if he grinned. "Ay, woman," he said, "they come back at times from the isles of the sea to the old country."

Reaching down, under the aft deck of the boat, he pulled up a hoop, with a great brown bird, perched upon it, hooded. Its wings lifted restlessly as it sensed the men near it.

"An eagle, that," cried Bode.

"Nay, a falcon of the Green Land that gathers meat for me."

"At sea?" demanded Salza, noticing the white marking on the bird's throat, the grip of its talons. Not for many years had a trading ship touched at Greenland, to fetch back one of these giant falcons, the rarest of their species, and seldom trained.

"The sea or the land—it is all the same to this sky-soarer," the Viking said. Over the water a crane was winging lazily. "Now watch," he said, "for this bird is fast."

Pulling loose the thongs, he drew the hood clear of the restless head. Taking the falcon's talons on his arm, he tossed it up. The brown wings threshed over Salza's head, and the hawk was soaring.

"Hungry it is indeed," cried the Viking.

So swiftly did the brown falcon circle up that it was over the crane before it passed. The wide-winged creature sighted the falcon and swerved, its long beak pointing up. The falcon circled higher, and the crane headed for shore.

Suddenly the brown bird swooped, driving down at its prey. Cutting in from the side, it struck the crane, and feathers sprang into the air. Hawk and quarry shot down, until the brown wings threshed, and the falcon reached the ground tearing at its victim.

"Savage it seems," Salza said coldly, "yet I'll pay thirty nobles in hand for it."

The Viking, watching the bird, shook his head. "Elijah ne'er sold his raven."

"Forty then," Salza nodded. "Coin of Lubeck."

"Not for forty, or a hundred."

The Viking, it seemed, was quick at bargaining. And Salza wanted that falcon the more. His mind quested along its possibilities. The falcon could go with the Baltic convoy, from Lubeck the headquarters of the League, on to Muscovy, or even down the rivers and over the Brenner Pass to Venice, where he could get Eastern jewels for the bird. And those jewels might be cleared in the Amsterdam market for more than a thousand nobles.

"We can give the highest price," he conceded, "because we have a market. Agreed at a hundred."

The Viking only shook his head.

Unreasonably—for he was watching the haze over the harbor intently for a sign of the ships coming in—Ernst Salza craved the brown falcon, as he had never craved liquor. He could see the picture of it so clearly now; himself appearing with the royal Greenland bird, before the council at Lubeck to announce the triumph of this St. Olaf's day, and the full mastery of the Norwegian coast. "Have it your way," he cried, "and name your price for the falcon. Almighty! Have you no need of monies?"

"That have I," the Viking laughed, "for this is the day of my namesake, Olaf. And I shall be opening up the ale kegs in Bergen-town."

"Well, so—"

"So the falcon is mine, and will be mine, merchant." Olaf the Viking rubbed the scar on his chin. "For I doubt much if the bird can be held by any hand than mine, devil that he is. Here!" He pulled off the gold arm ring. "Lend me a fistful of farthings on this surety."

Checking an exclamation of anger, Salza turned the heavy ring in his fingers, pondering. "There are runes written on it," he murmured.

"Aye."

Salza glanced into Olaf's gray eyes, level with his own, and made his decision. This seafarer, who kept a rare falcon for hunting mate, who knew so little of the power of money, who thirsted after ale from a keg, would not have the skill to read. He handed back the arm ring to Olaf. "As you will, outlander," he said indifferently. "Keep the ring. The Hansa does not deal in pawn. If it is coppers you want, my men will bring you out two score, and a quittance to sign against their repayment."

He called out in German to a passing clerk, and strode away from them into the Kontor gate. Across the harbor he had seen four sailing barges coming in from the fiord, and he had made out the wolf's-head crest of Klas Stortebecker on the leading sail. Olaf was watching his falcon, which had taken to the air again and was coming down in lazy circles to the longboat. Carefully Olaf coaxed the bird to its perch and tied the hood upon his head. He gave the bird water.

WHEN a journeyman approached with a fistful of copper coins, Olaf pouched the farthings without counting them. He took the pen the other gave him, and made a cross where the man's finger pointed, beneath some lines of fine writing on a scrap of parchment.

"Dunderhead!" cried Kari involuntarily, when the man had gone with his receipt. "Did you read what you put your name to?"

"Not I." Olaf stretched his long arms, and picked up an ax with a bone handle and shining steel head from the boat. "I know what was said and agreed between us. And who says dunderhead?"

Taking the girl's chin in his great fist, he tipped up her face. "Red hair dye from Venice," he muttered, "and a lady's slippers on your hoofs."

Crimson flooded Kari's throat and surged up to her cheeks. She had tried to dye her hair for this morning as she had heard the famous ladies did in Venice—who were the loveliest in the world.

"Are you light of love?" demanded Olaf. "I think not."

Kari choked with rage upon a word. Yet the harshness of the Viking frightened her.

"Word maker!" she gasped. "Duck stealer!"

"The falcon steals the ducks, Kari. I think well you have stolen away from the farm for this holyday."

It was true enough. Kari had become weary with tending the cattle up in the mountain *saeter* of her father; she had got together this splendor—as she thought—of garments and appearance, to come to Bergen-town.

"Still, you are lovely enough underneath, girl," Olaf admitted. "And as this

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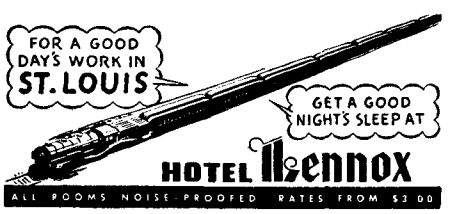

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is my day for wine and women, you can come with me to the feasting."

"If you are thinking that I will sit on your knee and pour your farthing's worth of beer—"

"Ale," said Olaf, shouldering his ax. After consideration, he drew the cape she had brought, over her shoulders, and pulled the hood over her head, hiding the hair. "You will do well enough," he said, taking her hand, "young as you are."

Kari was nearly sixteen years old. Tears of rage filled her eyes, and she pulled away her hand.

She hoped that this boaster who had wounded her tenderest feelings would choke on his ale and lose his wild hawk. And she wanted to run away from him quickly.

But at the end of the Bridge, the Kontor apprentices were ranging barrels in a row across the way, and behind the barrels loitered Bode and his men-at-arms, leering at her now that they were clear of the *Achtzehuer's* eye. Olaf had to push through the apprentices.

"No weapons on this holyday," shouted Bode, noticing Olaf's long ax. "Put away that woodchopper."

Olaf stopped, turning this way and that. He saw that the Kontor's men carried no arms here, but crossbows and halberds were stacked out of sight back of the heavy casks which made a fair breast-high barricade.

He looked at Bode, and his voice chanted slowly, "Messmate, when I make use of this ax, wolves and ravens are fed, and strife starts, and a war is waged, for I am a fast fighting man. Now what do you say?"

Kari felt a thrill of excitement, seeing Bode's hands grip hard on his belt. But he hesitated, glancing at the Kontor. "Well, take it off the Bridge," he growled, "you and your light o' love."

WHEN they walked through the Street of the Shoemakers, Kari tossed her head. "What war have you seen, seafarer?"

Looking into the open shops, Olaf answered thoughtfully, "In Tsargrad, in Hispania where the Moors are. In Granada and the Isle of Crete, and across the western sea. But this is a day of homecoming and peace."

He headed after the townspeople in festive cloaks, where a merrymaker walked on stilts, and a trained bear danced. Down in the square by the docks, tables had been set and kegs opened. Olaf sniffed the odor of steaming cod and hot punch, and something else.

"Reindeer steak!" he muttered happily. Kari shivered.

Finding a place by the dancing bear, where they could hear the fiddle music, Olaf called for cheese and a horn of ale, and berries and cake for the maiden. At first Kari would not touch the dainties. Then, because she was hungry, she began to eat.

Pushing back his sleeves, Olaf leaned his elbows on the table. "Eh," he said contentedly, "they are singing 'Come All Ye Faithful.' "

When the singing stopped, Kari noticed that the best-dressed burghers and Norwegian shopkeepers went from the tables toward the quays, and a buzz of whispered talk ran around her. Visitors were landing from a convoy—sailors who had lost their way in the mist, and put in for the feasting: Klas Stortebecker and the mariners of Visby island.

The first group of strangers rolled up to the tables, talking with the *meisters* of Bergen. They wore sea capes and some had on mail but their scabbards were empty of swords.

"Stortebecker and his lads fly the peace flag," called out a Flemish trader. "They come to drink. They bring honey mead."

Klas Stortebecker came up, broad as a bear with half his head bald, and white scars showing on the bare skin. "Fire the pots," he bellowed, "fill the tankards, ye Bergen folk. Kindle up for Stortebecker."

Behind him more men staggered up from the boats, with hogsheads on their shoulders. These they set down by the great open bed of coals where an ox had been roasted.

"They stint not their drink," said Olaf, watching.

Some of the women around them were fearful of the Visby sea rovers, who had put the torch to more than one town. Still, they seemed peaceful enough on this St. Olaf's day, and across the harbor stood the walls of the German Kontor, with a strong garrison. Kari looked at the fine wolf's head embroidered on Stortebecker's tunic.

Olaf had not put his arm around her, or tried to pull her to his knee and for that she was glad. The shouting rose loud about her, as the seamen gulped meat and swallowed beer.

"Bergen beer," said Olaf. "They do not open their own hogsheads."

A giant from Visby kicked away the dancing bear and called for a champion to tug at war with him. The stout Flemish merchant came forward at the challenge.

"The bull's hide, Lefard," roared Stortebecker. "Pull the hide, man."

The Visby gamester took one end of the rawhide stripped from the bull's carcass, and showed the Fleming how to hold to the other end by the legs. Lefard took his stand at one side of the smoldering bed of coals, and, at a word from Stortebecker, heaved at the hide, while the Fleming strained back, across the fire. The taut hide moved back and forth as the giants tugged. Suddenly the man Lefard threw himself back on his heels. Jerked off balance, the merchant plunged into the embers, the hide falling across him.

He writhed up, and fell again and dragged himself clear of the fire, smoking and blackened. A whimpering came from his mouth.

"The goat bleats," said Stortebecker, looking around. The Bergen men were silent, startled. *"Let the goats bleat!"* Stortebecker roared.

Olaf grinned and drank more ale. Kari shivered, feeling for the hurt of the burned man. And Lefard, striding back to their table, took the nearest ale horn, which was Olaf's, and emptied it. The big Visby man looked at Olaf who said nothing. Then he bent over Kari, pulling the hood back from her head. At sight of the flaming red hair, he crowed.

Two heavy hands gripped the girl's waist and lifted her high. She felt the blood rush through her body. And then she jolted down on Lefard's knee, as he seated himself on the bench.

"Pour out the ale, girl," Lefard said in her ear.

Kari felt cold with fright. She made no move to touch the ale horn. Now she felt ashamed of her red hair.

"For wine or for a woman," laughed Lefard, "I wait not."

HIS shaven head turned toward her, and his hand smelled of the wet bull's hide. Beside her, Olaf watched curiously, saying nothing. And Kari closed her eyes as she felt her throat choking.

She heard Olaf's chanting voice: "Messmate, you play hard. Let this child go, and pour your own drink."

While the Visby man stared at him, Olaf reached down to the ground between them. His hand came up gripping the ax under the head. The head of the ax caught Lefard under jaw and ear, knocking him aside.

"Blood!" Stortebecker bellowed. "Beware and yare, lads. Out with the steel."

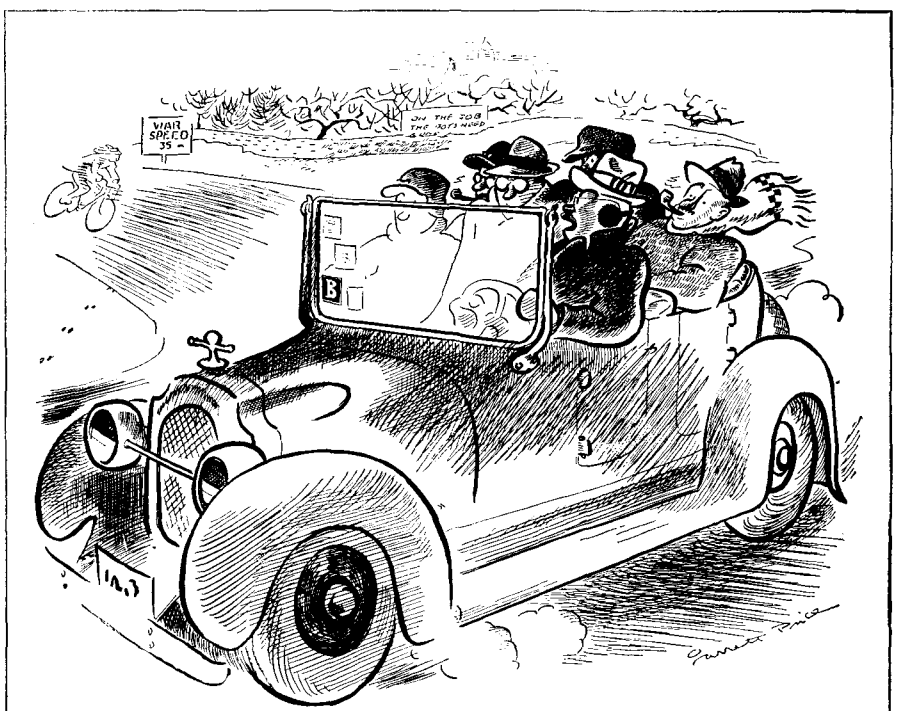
Getting to his feet, his ax arm swinging, the Viking called, "You find a quarrel easily."

Kari, gasping at the bellow of voices, saw twenty men of Visby run to the unopened hogsheads. Ripping off the tops, they began to pull out swords, shields, battle-axes. Some of these weapons they tossed to their mates at the tables. A wailing rose among the women, and the unarmed Bergen men surged up like cattle startled by a wolf's coming.

"Steel it is," sang out Olaf, vaulting the table, and making for the hogshead.

The nearest swordsman stepped out to him, slashing at his head. Olaf checked his run, poised, braced on his feet. His ax flashed in front of him as the sword came down. This sword and the hand gripping it flew up into the air, cut off by the ax blade.

Stortebecker caught an ax from a man near him. His eyes gleamed red and he



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snarled as he ran at Olaf, who turned to meet him. Neither man had a shield.

Swinging his hands over one shoulder, Klas Stortebecker slashed wide with all the reach of his arms. As he did so the Viking leaped forward, inside the stroke. His hands gripped the ax haft short and the head of the ax smashed at Stortebecker's face. The Visby chieftain bent his head taking the blow on his skull, falling to the ground.

As he did so, his hands clutched at Olaf's legs. But the Viking, quicker than he, was away from him. A glance to right and left showed Olaf that the swordsmen were closing around him, and he leaped clear of them, back to the table.

He came running to Kari, his ax in one hand. Catching her about the knees in his right arm, he heaved her up over his shoulder, and ran on.

Behind him the bearlike Klas hauled himself up shaking his head. "Leave the goats," he bawled. "Fetch back that strife starter."

As he ran through the Street of the Shoemakers, Olaf heard them coming after him. He headed for the barricade at the Bridge, for the wall of kegs and the men-at-arms. Without slowing his pace, he thrust his ax hand on the top of the kegs and slid over. "There is a hue and cry," he called to Bode, "coming this way."

THE Kontor's men stared at him bewildered, when he raced down the Bridge toward his longboat. Kari's breath was squeezed out of her, and she hung fast to his swaying shoulders, until she felt him jump down into the boat. Then he lowered her to the aft deck and reached for the rope of the anchor stone. Abruptly he stopped, staring beyond her.

The brown falcon with its hoop had gone from the boat.

"Hide and hair of the Horned One!" Olaf swore. For the first time anger twisted his face, and he swung round to search the quay with his eyes. Down at the barricade voices clamored and metal crashed. Two apprentices ran out the Kontor gate with a pack of mastiff dogs. All this seemed to Olaf to have the making of a brawl, but he saw no sign of his falcon.

Taking his ax he ran into the unguarded gate of the Kontor. When he came upon stairs leading up, he took them three at a time, and so he found himself in the great meeting hall of the Kontor. And he found himself not alone—men in uniform lined the wall, waiting, leaning upon staves and halberds. Behind the table Ernst Salza sat in his high seat calmly, with a massive book before him. Behind him the hooded falcon perched on its hoop in a clerk's hand.

It seemed to Olaf that these silent men were waiting and listening. Through the window opening he could hear the disturbance on the Bridge. Pushing through the attendants, he went up to take his hawk, and he spoke to it. At his voice the bird spread its wings

But the clerk would not give up the hoop. "*Achtzehuer*," the man exclaimed, troubled.

Salza was listening intently to the tumult below—to the brawling that had passed from the streets of the town to the quay, against his instructions. It was coming closer now, and he wanted to go to the opening to look out, but thought that he should remain at the desk, taking no notice of it. Impatiently, he turned on Olaf, snapping out words: "The Greenland falcon? The Kontor owns it."

Olaf shook his head, startled. "No—"

"Here!" Salza flung open the huge book, taking a parchment slip from between the pages. "The quittance for it." And he read swiftly: "*For the value of forty farthings, more or less, paid into my hand, I, Olaf, an outlander, do sell and devise unto the Bergen Kontor of the Hansa League, a brown falcon marked with white, weighing—*"

"That was never said between us—"

"Never? You signed to it." Salza nodded at the clerk. "He witnessed."

Before Olaf could answer, a rush of feet came upon the stair, and Klas Stortebecker plunged into the meeting hall with his Visby weapon men wedged behind him. When he sighted the Kontor guards along the walls, and Olaf at the desk, his broad face darkened, and he came forward slowly.

Salza, motionless, watched him without expression. "Well, Klas?"

"Ho!" the sea raider snarled. "'Tis not well, Ernst. Not with the Bridge held against me, and this woodchopper holed up here."

He glared his suspicion, breathing heavily. Salza glanced from one weapon man to the other. "If you want him, Klas, take him." And quietly he drew the record book toward him.

It happened then so quickly that only Olaf saw it all. The falcon at Salza's side moved its wings, restless at the voices. And Salza thrust it away with his hand, unheeding. The hawk's beak flashed down, and Salza, with a cry of pain, struck at the falcon. The threshing hooded bird rose into the air, clawing at the man.

The talons struck into the man's head, and the falcon's beak ripped across his forehead. Jumping for them, Olaf caught the hawk beneath one wing, and pulled him clear, loosening the hood on the brown head and tossing him up. The falcon threshed and headed out the opening toward the light.

Salza screamed, throwing himself down on the table. Even Stortebecker swore at the sight, for the iron dignity of the *Achtzehuer* had been stripped from him. Hurt, with blood running into his eyes, he groped about the table. But he had no thought of his own pain. His fingers searched frantically for the book.

"Wait, Klas!" he cried. "I will explain—"

One hand struck the book and he caught the pages to close them. Stortebecker looked at the written page, and planted one fist on it. He had seen his own name.

The Viking backed against the wall, feeling behind him, not taking his eyes from the two at the table.

"It says St. Olaf's day," Stortebecker muttered, and pulled the book around to him suddenly. "It says—"

"Wait!" cried Salza again, reaching for the book.

Tracing out the words with his finger, Stortebecker was reading slowly, chewing at his lip, "'*And that they be hunted down and harried to their deaths,*'" he repeated at the end. And he ripped out the page, dropping the book. "Sold out by the Kontor, lads!" he roared. "Ay—invited hither by this Kontor head, to frolic with the Bergen folk over the bay, and help ourselves with free hands to gear and goods of the merchants' stalls—"

Olaf spoke from the wall, "Well here are gear and goods."

STORTEBECKER glared around at the rich tapestries on the walls, at the silver lanterns hanging over the desk, at the open door leading to the warehouse beyond. "Turn to, lads!" he shouted. He stuffed the parchment page into his belt. "Great liars these merchants be, for we have lifted no hand against the honest Bergen folk. Let them buy back their own goods in Lubeck."

And the sea raiders leaped for the walls.

Hidden under the aft deck of the boat, Kari heard the uproar of battle inside the Kontor. Frightened, and not knowing what to do without Olaf, she lay quiet on a robe of eider-duck feathers. First the brown falcon came down to its perch by her. Then Olaf leaped in.

Without a word he hauled up the anchor stone and shoved off with an oar. Hoisting the yard, he knotted taut the sheets. Throwing himself down beside her, he fastened a hood on the restless falcon. Then he wiped the sweat from his eyes, and shook his head. "It seems that I do not understand trading in the old country," he said.

Kari laughed a little. Now she did not feel frightened. "No," she said, "you do not, Olaf."

Settling down on the feather robe she felt warm and comfortable, between Olaf and the hawk. It was as if this place had been made for her. When she felt the sea breath from the fiord's mouth, she pulled the hood over her red hair, and under its cover her eyes searched the troubled face of the seafarer. "Nor do I," she admitted.

She was thinking, watching the line of the sea, when Olaf asked where he should set her ashore.

"On the isles," she said softly, "of the western sea."

THE END

COLLIER'S "Don't worry about me, dear—just write before each furlough so I can cancel all my dates" LEO GAREL

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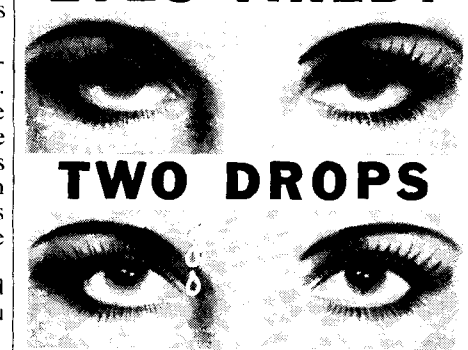

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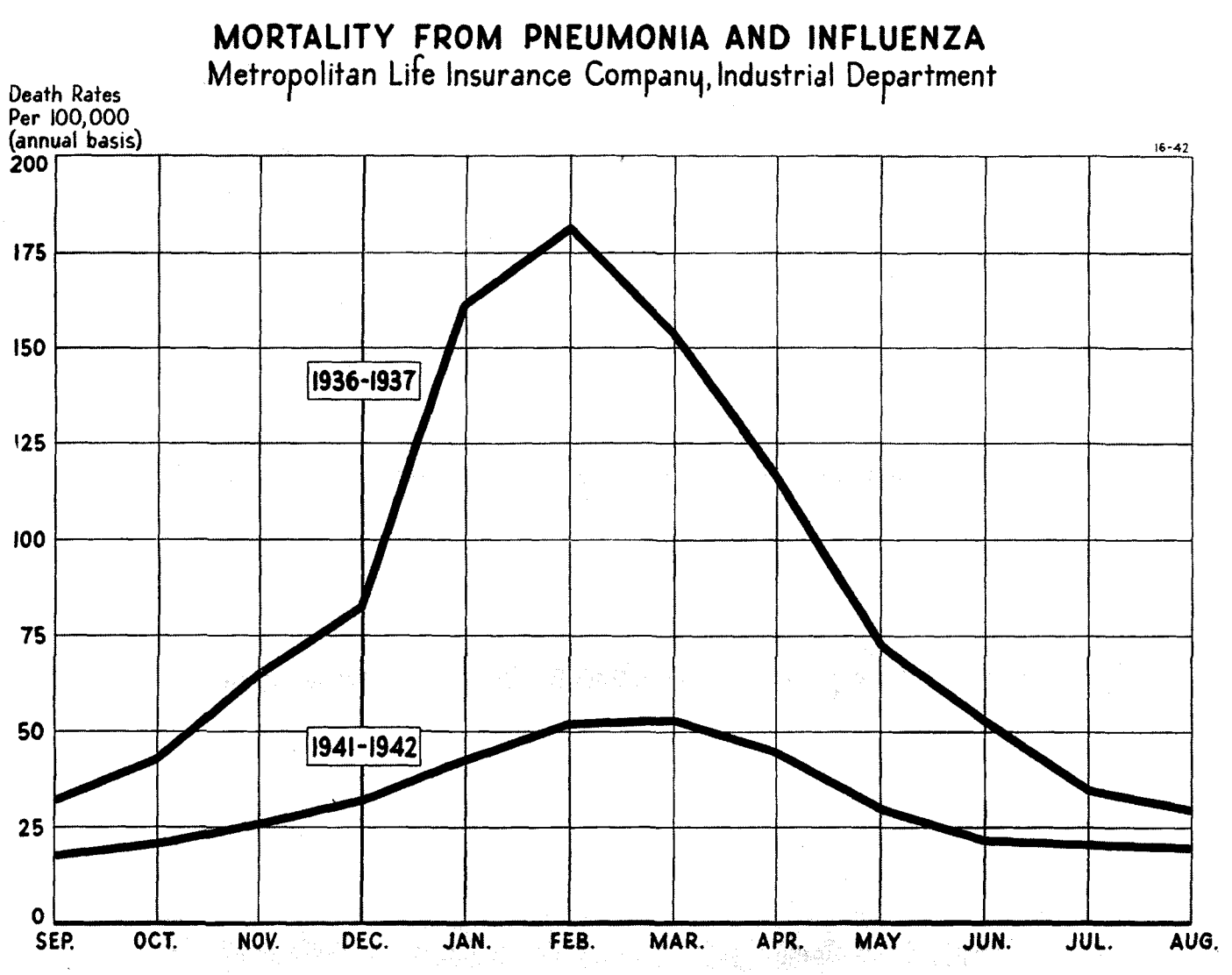

THE WAR AGAINST DEATH

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, a young Austrian student discovered something he called sulfanilamide. Neither he nor anyone else knew what it was or how it could be used. Today that chemical and its derivatives are saving the lives of hundreds of thousands of Americans and giving new protection to our fighting men on far-flung battle lines.

The chart printed on this page tells a stirring story of a part of this great human achievement. Five years ago, more than 175 people out of every 100,000 Americans died from pneumonia and influenza. Now the loss every twelve months has been brought down to about 50. Sulfa drugs chiefly have saved these lives.

More than that, sulfa drugs promise health and recovery to the untold myriads of American soldiers and sailors who have been and who will be injured in battle. On his return from Honolulu after inspecting the damage done at Pearl Harbor, Dr. I. S. Ravdin of the University of Pennsylvania reported: "It has been repeatedly said by great generals of the past that an army is no better than its surgeons. If the experience in Honolulu is to be taken as an expression of the type of medical service our Armed Forces are to receive, we can be sure that in the end victory will be ours."

More than three fourths of the men who received abdominal wounds in the first World War died as a result of infection. After the Pearl Harbor attack, infection was almost nonexistent. No amputations were necessary because of infected wounds. Yet in the first World War, one hospital reported that 47 per cent of the amputations were due to infections.

Although this war is being fought in places peculiarly menacing from the standpoint of infections, lives are being saved and disabilities prevented.

Whatever else is true, this is a great record of achievement. It is not ours alone, although American doctors have been and are pioneers in this development.

Chemists, physicians, industrial laboratories in Germany, in France, in England and in the United States all aided in developing the sulfa drugs. Dr. Perrin H. Long of Johns Hopkins University has the chief credit for bringing sulfanilamide to America.

After the Austrian Gelmo discovered the drug, the German chemical firm, I. G. Farbenindustrie, worked on it. That is the company that sold many inventions to American corporations, and Thurman Arnold, Assistant Attorney General, has been holding the purchasers of the patents up to public scorn because of their purchases.

The Germans made great progress, and so did the British, in following up the clue offered by the Austrian student's work. A ten-month-old baby near death from blood poisoning was saved in Düsseldorf in 1933. This case became famous. So too was the recovery of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., who was cured of a streptococcic sore throat by sulfa.

Now at Johns Hopkins University and in many other college laboratories and in the laboratories of the drug houses, new researches are being carried on. During the last ten years, immense strides have been made. New sulfa combinations have been found, and brilliant studies are being made of the methods by which the drugs accomplish their beneficial effects.

The sulfa drugs are not cures for everything. Their limitations are sharply defined. But the chart of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company shows how vast is the saving.

In the United States and wherever American soldiers and sailors and Marines are serving, the chances to recover from wounds and from a great group of diseases are bettered because of the work of these scientists in many lands and in more laboratories.

In the table below is the experience of the Metropolitan Life's industrial policyholders.

Literally hundreds of thousands and, before the story is finished, millions will live in health and without mutilation because of these drugs.

Men who are able to do so much may be able to apply the same qualities of intelligence and of good will to the greater task of establishing a social order in which the nations can live together in peace.

The Sulfa Drugs in the Treatment of Various Diseases

Disease / Organism	Drug of choice	Case Fatality: Before chemotherapy	Case Fatality: With chemotherapy	Death Rates Per 100,000*: Before chemotherapy	Death Rates Per 100,000*: With chemotherapy	Per cent decline
Pneumonia—all forms				67.6	30.5	55
Pneumococcus	Sulfadiazine	25–30%	7–12%			
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine		15–20%			
Appendicitis				11.3	7.4	35
With peritonitis Mixed (B. Coli predominant)	Sulfanilamide	20–30%	5%			
Puerperal sepsis						
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine	20–25%	5–7%	5.5**	3.8**	31
Cerebrospinal meningitis						
Meningococcus	Sulfadiazine / Sulfapyridine	20–75%	5–15%	1.8	.5	72
Other meningitis				2.2	1.4	36
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine	95%	25–35%			
Pneumococcus	Sulfapyridine	98%	70–80%			
Septicemia (blood stream infection)				1.7	.9	47
Streptococcus	Sulfanilamide	75%				
Staphylococcus	Sulfathiazole	80%	35%			
Erysipelas						
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine	13–15%	4%	1.0	.2	80
Tonsillitis and pharyngitis						
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine			3.7	1.3	65
Disease of the ear and mastoid				3.2	2.0	38
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine					
Pneumococcus	Sulfapyridine					

* Based upon experience among industrial policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Before chemotherapy—1935-1937; after chemotherapy—1940, except for pneumonia and appendicitis for which 1941 rates are given.

** Deaths per 1,000 live births, United States.

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50c for unique Coronet snifter . . . yours without advertising, thin, hand-blown glass with face and crown (illustrated above), satin-etched. 33 oz., 6" high. Order one or more. Shipped postpaid. Send check or money order to Schenley Distillers Corp., P. O. box 78, department G, New York City.

California grape brandy 84 proof, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

tune in! JACK PEARL and Morton Gould's orchestra in Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival." Your Mutual station every week (consult your local newspaper for exact time).

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Women in the War

Co-ed leaves Campus to fill a Man's job

She's "in the service"—even to her choice of cigarettes ...Camels, of course!

• The Pan American Airways' captain eases his big Clipper down. Through the cockpit window he sees a little girl behind the big flags guiding him to the ramp. She's Patricia Garner, and proud of her job for a lot of reasons...including the fact that by taking it a man was released for fighting service. Behind those flags in her hands there's a flag in her heart... the Stars and Stripes she's serving by working at a war job. A *man's* job!—but she's the *real* All-American Girl, 1942 model.

• Off duty—and "on the beam"... for an afternoon's fun. On the "smoking beam," too! Pat may not know a thing about the rare care with which Camel's costlier tobaccos are chosen and blended, or any of the behind-the-scenes reasons for the flavor, mildness, and "mmmh-that-smells-good" fragrance. But she does know that it adds up to what she describes as "the most delightful cigarette I ever smoked." And does her escort agree? You bet! Camels are the favorite with men in the Navy and in the Army, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, too!*

• Very appropriately, Pat and her Camel cigarette are snap-shotted in front of the globe. Because nowadays "the sun never sets on Camels"... they're first in the service* all the way from Libya to Barnegat Bay, from Iceland to "Way Down Under." As Pat says: "Camels have something that's all their own. A flavor like no other cigarette. And they're so mild that my throat stays happy, too."

Here the real story of cigarettes is told..

THE "T-ZONE"

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. What will your throat say about the mildness, mellowness, flavor, fragrance of Camel's costlier tobaccos? Try Camels—and see. They may—as they apparently have with tens of millions of smokers—suit *your* "T-ZONE" to a "T."

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

***The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)**

Camel

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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